Price 15 Cent

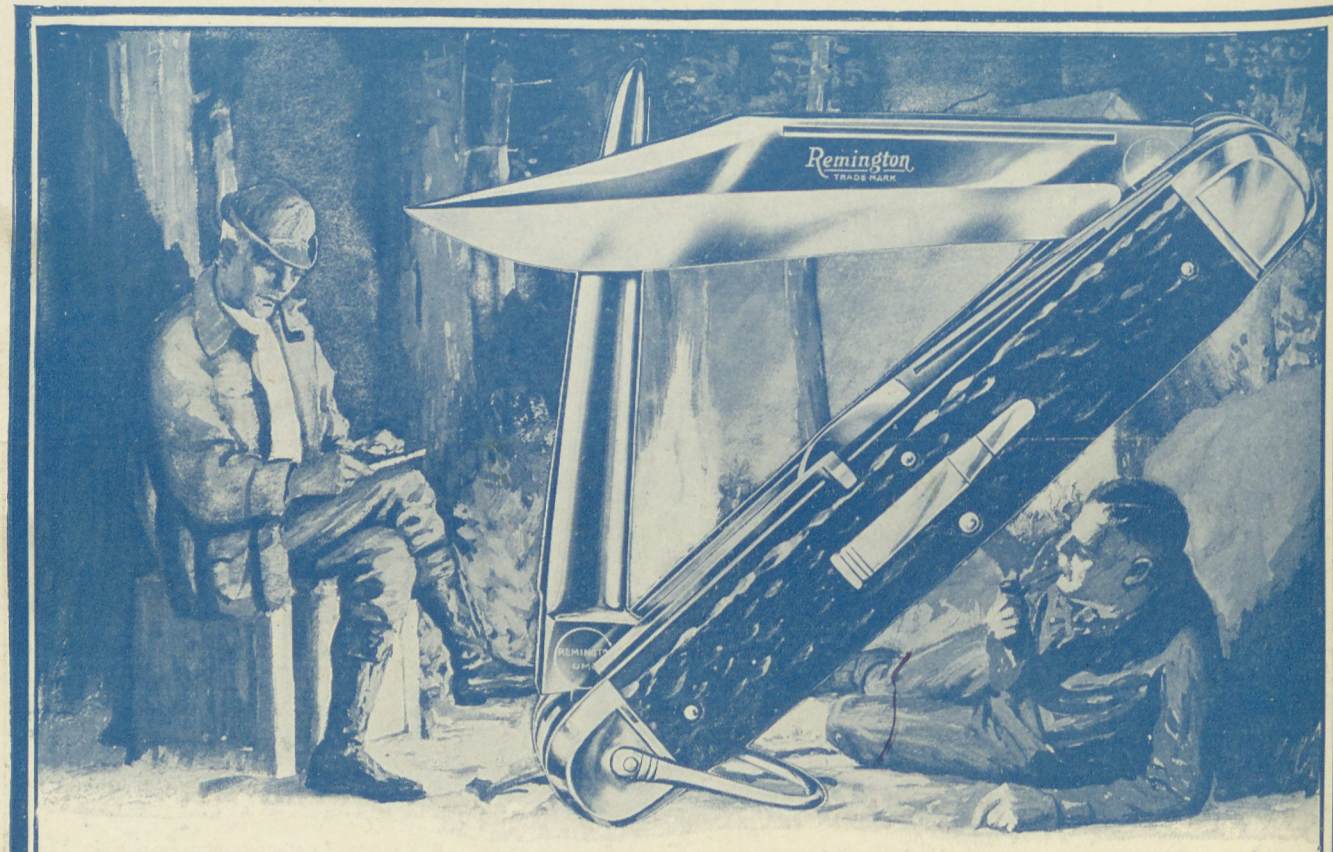
Outdoor America

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

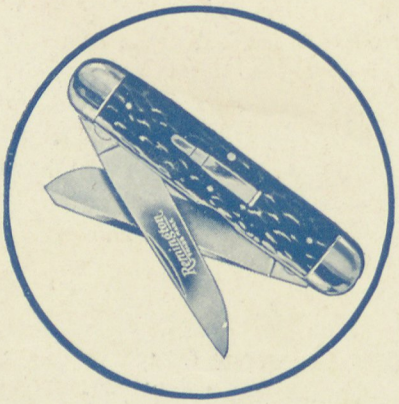
VOLUME III DECEMBER, 1924 NUMBER 5

The Prince of Wales in Canada. Hal Evarts—Henry van Dyke—Zane Grey—J. M. Dickinson—



The Ideal Gift from one Sportsman to Another—*a Remington Knife*

No. R3843



No. R4353

THERE'S one thing that makes a Remington Knife different from all others—and doubly acceptable as a gift.

It's a *real knife.*

Real steel—with all of Remington's 108 years of scientific steel working back of it.

Blades properly shaped, hardened and tempered—for fishing, hunting, trapping, camping. Close association with sportsmen has enabled Remington to produce outdoor knives to meet their exacting requirements.

So when you want a knife for yourself or a real gift for a fellow sportsman, you need only go to the Remington dealer and select the knife to meet your requirements.

Run your thumb over the edge of the blade. Note its keenness, sturdy construction. Built *right* for the job it is intended to do.

There are many patterns to choose from. Each one a knife that a man will be proud to give, and glad to own.

Remington Arms Company, Inc., *New York City*
Established 1816

Remington

FIREARMS—AMMUNITION—CUTLERY—CASH REGISTERS

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than three years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. A list of the League's officers and directors will be found in each issue of the magazine. None of these officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

COPYRIGHT 1924

EDITORIAL STAFF

WILL H. DILG—*Editor*
E. H. ROSS, *Associate Editor*

DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL — ZANE GREY
DR. HENRY VAN DYKE — DONALD HOUGH
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD — WARREN H. MILLER
HAROLD T. PULSIFER — THOMAS AMBROSE
M. L. GOCHENOUR — HAROLD TITUS
BEN EAST

Owned and Published by
The IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE of AMERICA
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly
Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. and Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Volume III — DECEMBER, 1924 — Number 5

CONTENTS

Cover: An Exciting Moment . . . . . *Frank Stick*
Original owned by George E. Scott.

When Royalty A-Ranching Goes—The Prince of Wales in Canada . . . *Fred James* 5
Photos Courtesy Canadian Government.

The Final Rally . . . . . *Hal G. Evarts* 8
Photos Courtesy U. S. Bur. Biol. Survey.

The Fisherman . . . . . *Zane Grey* 13
Illustrated by Frank Stick.

The Gray Canoe . . . . . *Charles B. Reed* 17
Illustrated by Earl H. Reed.

Various Fishing . . . . . *Henry Van Dyke* 20
Photos by the Author.

Ghosts of Other Days . . . . . *Donald Hough* 22
Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull.

Fools' Luck . . . . . *George Parker Holden* 24
Illustrated by Louis Rhead.

Field O' My Dreams . . . . . *Gene Stratton-Porter* 26
Illustrated by Bessie Bethel Crank.

The Accident . . . . . *El Comancho* 28
Illustrated by C. Otis Wilson.

Stories and Reminiscences . . . . . *Jacob M. Dickinson* 21
Photos by the Author.

The American Egret Returns . . . . . *James Clyde Gilbert* 33
Photos Courtesy Am. Mus. Nat. History.

Pollution . . . . . *Edited by Dr. James A. Henshall* 35
Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry.

Conservation of Our Fur Bearers . . . . . *David C. Mills* 38

Duck Bag Limits . . . . . *E. H. Ross* 40
Illustrated by William Schmedtgen.

Make the Final Rally Count . . . . . *Don't Fail to Read These Pages* 42

Mostly About Boys . . . . . *Edited by Ben East* 44
Photos by Kenneth Wright and Fernand de Gueldre.

Editorial 47

Wisconsin Convention . . . . . *Judge Henry Graass* 48

Chapter News . . . . . *Conducted by M. S. Heiss* 50

When Game Was Tame . . . . . *Edited by M. L. Gochenour* 52
The Hunting Story Contest.

A Day of Doubles . . . . . *Thomas Ambrose* 56

Trap Shooting Department . . . . . *Edited by George C. Franklin* 58

Superior National Forest News . . . . . *Paul B. Riis* 60

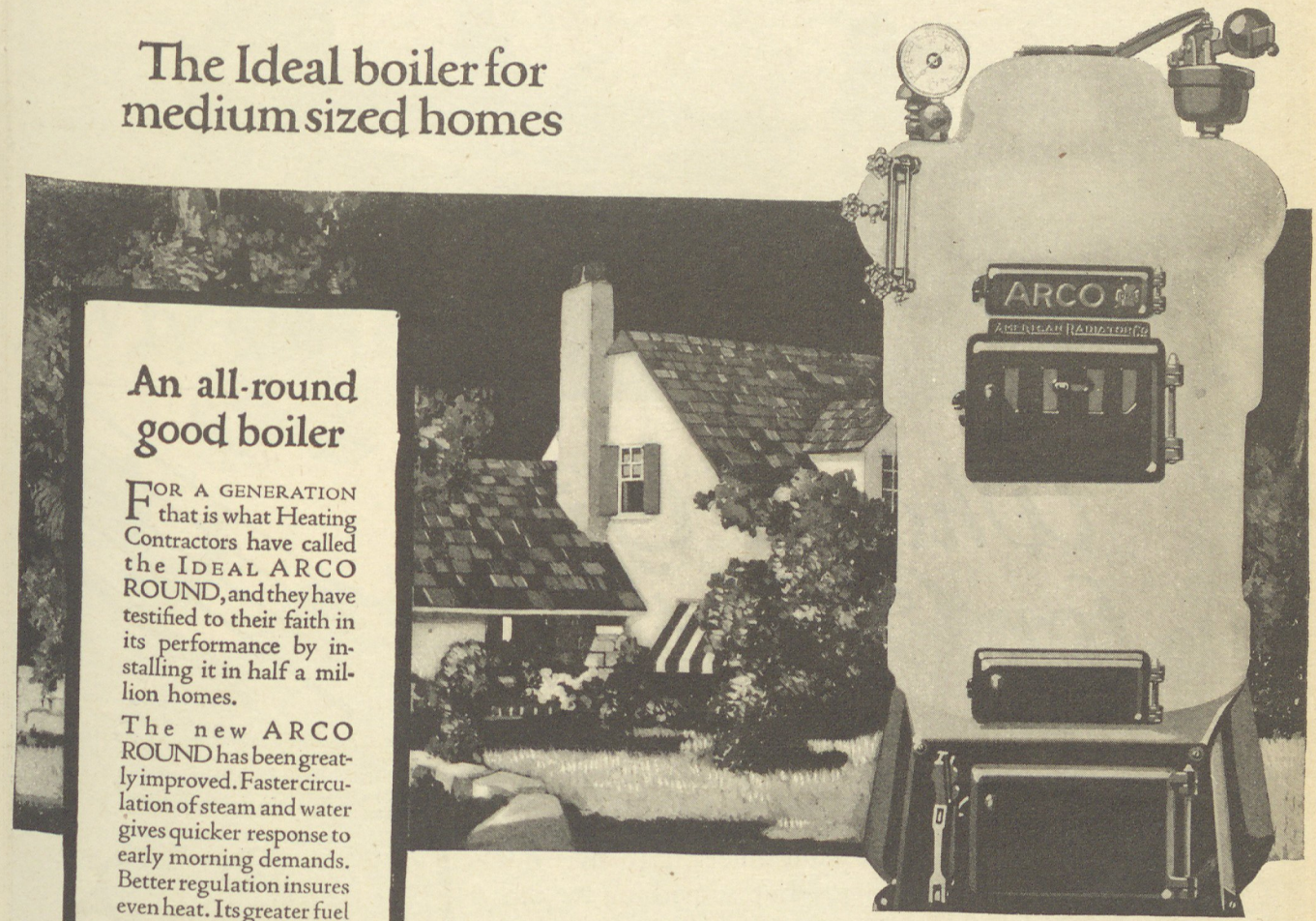
Angling Memories . . . . . *Edited by Will H. Dilg* 66

Kennel Department . . . . . *Andrew Brooks* 72

30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The new ARCO ROUND

The Ideal boiler for medium sized homes



An all-round good boiler

FOR A GENERATION that is what Heating Contractors have called the IDEAL ARCO ROUND, and they have testified to their faith in its performance by installing it in half a million homes.

The new ARCO ROUND has been greatly improved. Faster circulation of steam and water gives quicker response to early morning demands. Better regulation insures even heat. Its greater fuel capacity spells coal economy and gives you a boiler requiring very little attention.

Connected to AMERICAN Radiators, it can be depended upon to furnish even, healthful warmth to the whole house. It burns any kind of fuel, soft coal or hard, wood or coke, and is adaptable for burning oil.

It is compact and sturdy, and surprisingly easy to care for. Best of all, it is lower in price than ever, and is available everywhere for immediate installation.

Ask your Heating Contractor for an estimate

IDEAL BOILERS
COAL · OIL · GAS
and AMERICAN RADIATORS
save fuel

HOME OWNERS
HOME BUILDERS
HOME PLANNERS
} *Send for this book* →

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
Dept. 256-A, 1803 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N.Y.

My home has _____ rooms. Send me the book describing the IDEAL Boiler that will increase comfort and save money in a home of this size.

Name _____

Address _____

Town, State _____

(My home has no _____ has a _____ basement)

What a Gift for Christmas

Could you bring more joy to the heart of the sportsman than to give him this Christmas a good rod, a perfect running reel or an assortment of the finest of fishing lines?

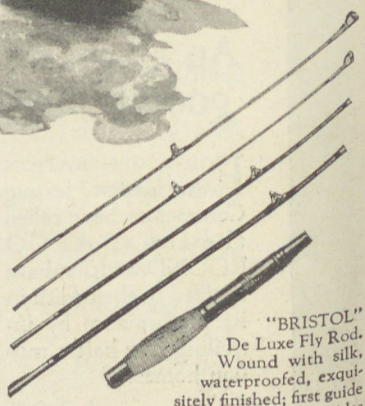
Of course you will want this gift to be—not necessarily expensive—but something he can cherish and point to with pride. For this reason your choice will be with these three leaders—Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Meek and Blue Grass Reels and Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines.

Bristol, Meek and Kingfisher Catalogs mailed free upon request.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING COMPANY
322 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.

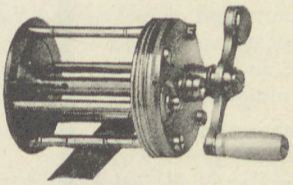
Manufacturers of the famous Bristol Steel Golf Shaft

Pacific Coast Agents:
The Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



"BRISTOL" De Luxe Fly Rod. Wound with silk, waterproofed, exquisitely finished; first guide and top fitted with finest agate, intermediate guides snake; cork handle with patented locking reel band. Extra tip joint with agate. 8½ feet long, joints 33 inches long. Weight 7 oz. Washable glove leather, silk lined case. Price $25.00

"KINGFISHER" Slickest Casting Line for general fishing and bait casting. Close braided, strong, durable and smooth running. No waterproofing 50 yards to spool, 2 connected—100 yards in box. Color—drab with small red check. Prices per 100 yards · 16 lb. test, $3,50; 25 lb. test, $4.25.



No. 2 "MEEK" Reel for light bait casting. Capacity 85 yards No 5 Kingfisher Line. Diameter end-plate, 1¾ inch, length spool, 1⅝ in., diameter spool head, 1¼ inch. Watch nickel silver, click, balance handle forward, screw off oil caps. Price, not jeweled, $30.00; jeweled, $36.00

MEEK and Blue Grass REELS
"Bristol"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Steel Fishing Rods
Kingfisher Silk Fishing Lines

DEDICATED TO THE SPORTSMEN OF OUR NATION

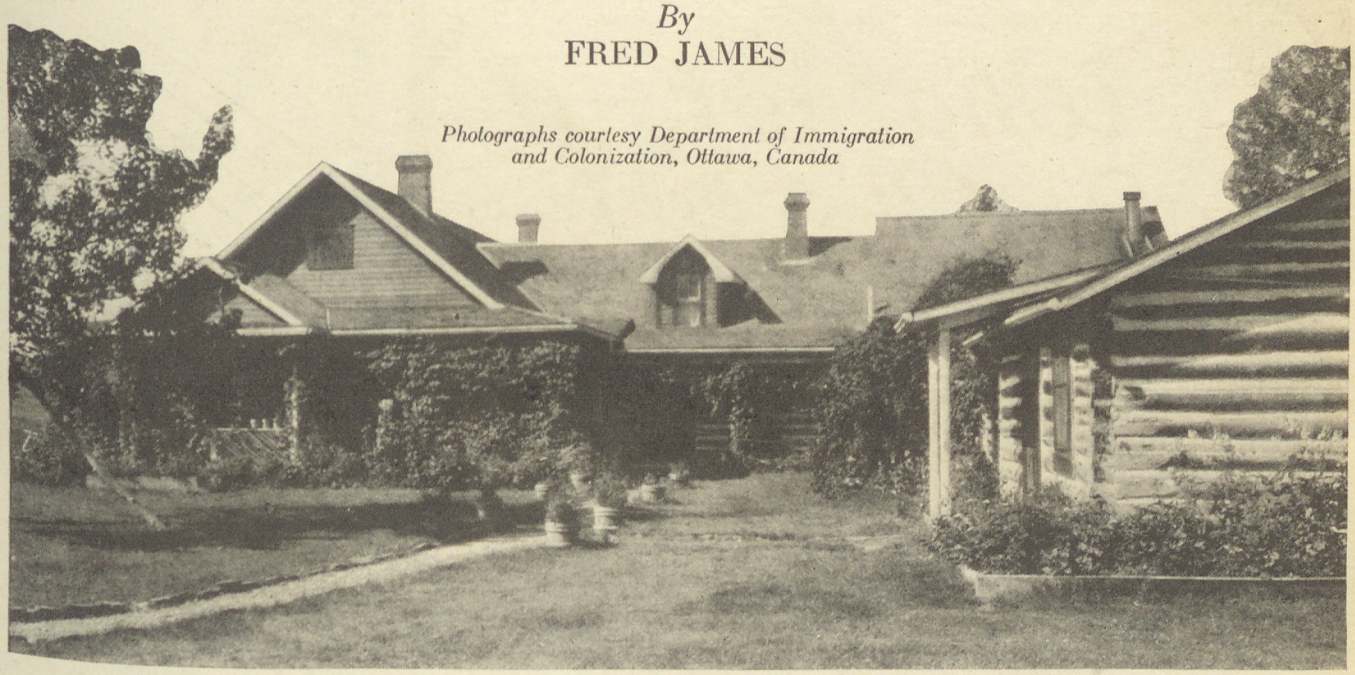
Outdoor America

OWNED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

When Royalty A-Ranching Goes

By
FRED JAMES

Photographs courtesy Department of Immigration and Colonization, Ottawa, Canada



"Windsor Castle" in Canada, Prince of Wales' ranch house in Alberta, Canada.

WHEN Edward, Prince of Wales, eldest son of King George V of England and therefore direct heir to the British throne, was quite a little boy he told General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout Movement, that if he became King of England there would be at least two laws he would like to have passed, one to forbid the cutting off of puppies' tails and the other the use of the bearing or check reins on horses. That youthful expression of consideration for dumb animals may be taken as evidence of a good sporting spirit that has since developed until today Edward Albert Christian George Andrew David Windsor, to give the future King his family name in full, is recognized as one of the champions and most eager participants of outdoor sports and recreation in the world.

While he enjoys the pleasures of the ballroom and other social functions, he loves best the more rugged pastimes of the field, forest, stream, etc., at most of which he is more or less proficient. His chief delight is riding, either to hounds or in a steeplechase. Though he has had some spectacular falls from his horses, it is claimed that the cause is not due to faulty horsemanship, but rather to the element of recklessness. Give the Prince a rifle and shotgun and he will account for a creditable bag. With a fishing rod he can become as enthusiastic as the most ardent disciple of Izaak Walton. On the polo field he expects no quarter to be shown to him, neither will he give any to his opponents. This was shown during the games he played at Meadowbrook field, Long Island, last September. The same is true of him on the football field. He can play an average game of golf, tennis and cricket and as a motorist he is as skillful at the wheel as some of the most expert habitues of a garage.

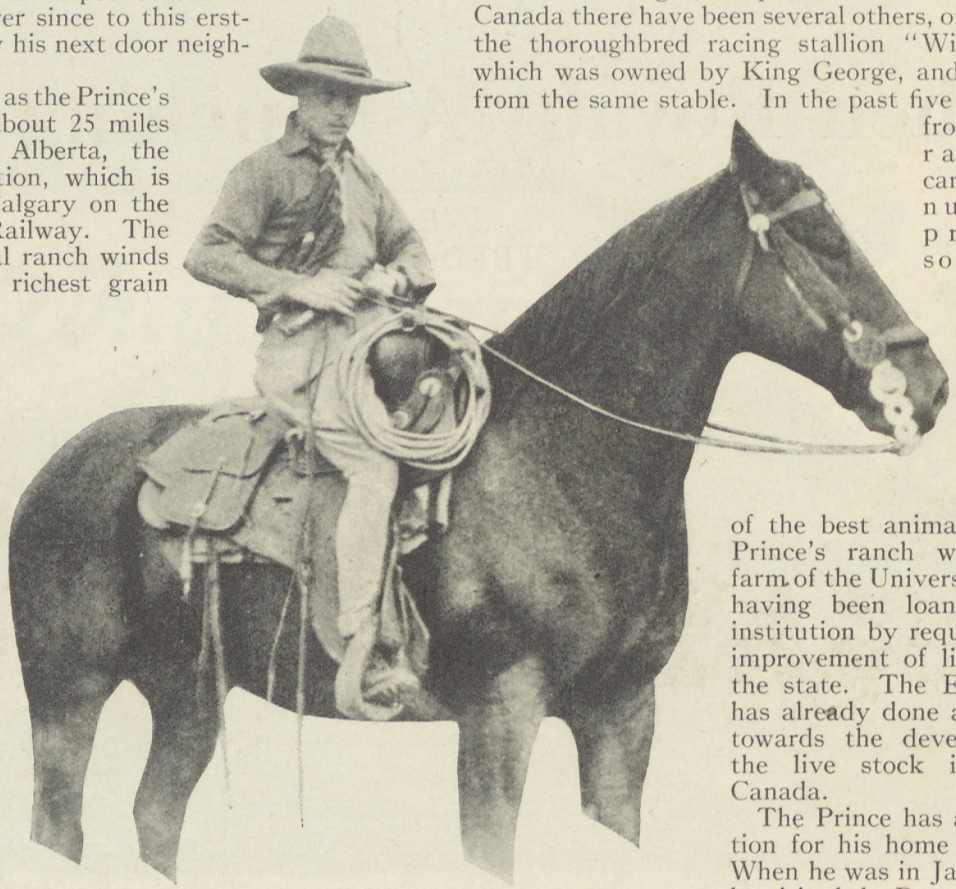
Like every lover of the great outdoors, he wanted, from his early youth, a place far from the congested centres of population; a place where he could have

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

some sport, where he could forget the punctilious demands of his position and throw off the fine vestments of ultra conventional society and don some old camp togs and just be a "regular fellow."

When he visited the United States and Canada in 1919, it was a former American, George Lane, a native of Iowa, owner of the "Bar U," a 6000 acre ranch in Alberta, who persuaded the future King of the British Empire to buy the Beddingfield ranch adjoining the "Bar U." The Prince was spending a few days with George Lane and was so pleased with the country that he intimated that he would like to have a ranch of his own. Mr. Lane told Wales that there was a good ranch about a mile and a half south of the "Bar U" that could be bought reasonably cheap. The Prince asked George Lane to arrange the purchase. Before he returned to England a few weeks later Edward David Windsor had the deed of the 6000 acre ranch in his pocket and he has been grateful ever since to this erstwhile American, now his next door neighbor.

The "E. P." ranch, as the Prince's place is named, is about 25 miles from High River, Alberta, the nearest railway station, which is 40 miles south of Calgary on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The way out to the royal ranch winds through one of the richest grain growing and stock raising sections of country in North America. For the first 10 miles or so from High River the road goes through an undulating country, where in the summertime great fields of wheat and rich pasture lands stretch away as far as the eye can see. Then come generous grazing areas. In the distance the jagged peaks of the Rockies clip the clouds and below, well wooded, are the foothills, with extensive belts of succulent native grass, on which horses, cattle and sheep thrive. The road cuts through the center of the "Bar U" ranch and about one mile and a half from the limits of the extensive domain of the "Bar U" the low rambling bungalow, the Prince's ranch house, is seen through a pretty glen of cotton wood, balm of Gilead, and poplar trees. It is a homelike looking place, typical of many a rancher's home in "Sunny Alberta." No doubt it is a striking contrast to the palaces where the Prince has to spend most of his time, but it affords all the essentials of comfort necessary. The 6000 acres owned by the Prince reach out and across verdant valleys in the foothills, where silvery streams, well filled with factious mountain trout, riple through, where partridges, ducks and prairie chickens are plentiful and where a fleet footed deer may occasionally be seen grazing. It is an ideal place for a prospective King to enjoy himself as fancy dictates, a privilege he is so seldom allowed.



Edward Windsor, rancher, on his favorite horse, Black Star.

When the Prince returned to England after buying his ranch in 1919 he made arrangements to have the pick of some of the pure bred animals in the British Isles shipped out. Thoroughbred horses came from the Royal stud owned by his father and from the King's famous herds of cattle at Sandringham, England, some of the best animals were selected.

The Duke of Westminster, who owns some of the most famous flocks of sheep in the Old World, sold the Prince a number of prize winning rams and ewes, principally of the Shropshire and Hampshire breed. The first shipment was made up of some of the finest race horses, percherons, clydesdales, beef and dairy cattle, and sheep, that it was possible to get in the United Kingdom.

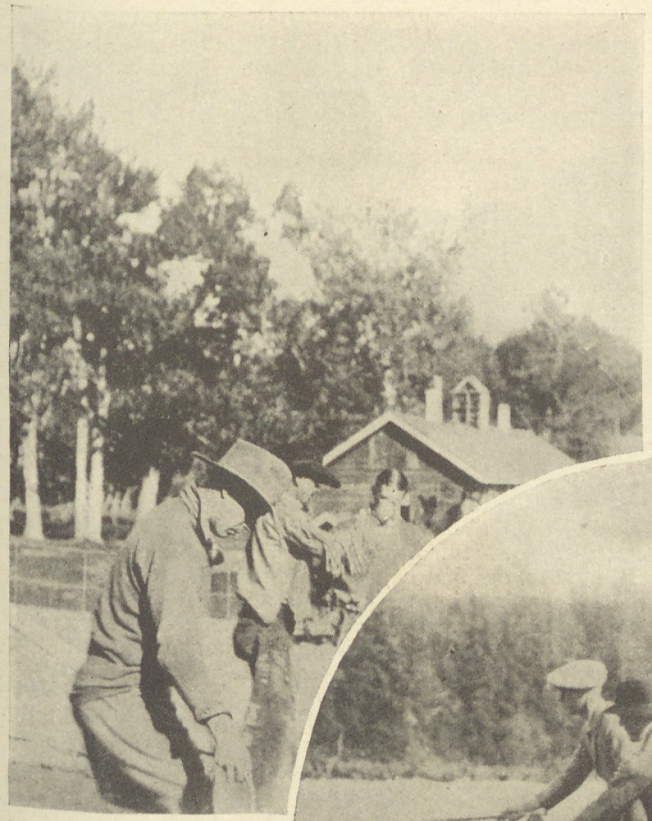
Since the original shipment of live stock reached Canada there have been several others, one including the thoroughbred racing stallion "Will Somers," which was owned by King George, and five mares from the same stable. In the past five years stock from the E. P. ranch has carried off a number of prizes at some of the largest fairs in the middle WesternStates and in Canada. Recently a number of the best animals from the Prince's ranch were at the farm of the University of Iowa, having been loaned to that institution by request, for the improvement of live stock in the state. The E. P. ranch has already done a great deal towards the development of the live stock industry in Canada.

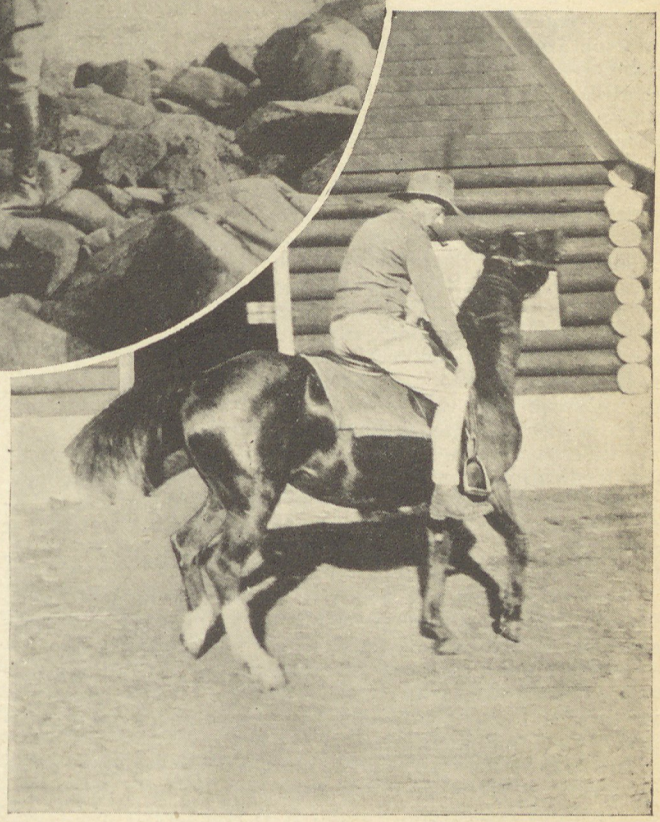
The Prince has a real affection for his home in Canada. When he was in Japan in 1922 he visited the Peace Exposition in Tokio and the first thing that caught his eye as he entered the building was a large map of Canada. "Why, here's Canada!" he exclaimed in a tone of delight. "I have been to all these places," he said to those gathered near him. "Where's my ranch?" For about twenty minutes he studied the map closely, particularly the places in the district of his ranch. Every town was a pleasant memory to him and every district a happy reminiscence. The map, so the story goes, was all he saw of the exposition. It had made him forget Japan. It had taken him back to Canada. He had lost himself as in fancy he wandered once more across his own green pastures among the foothills of Alberta.

During his visit to the United States and Canada the Prince not only has enjoyed himself immensely, but has done a great deal to promote international amity. What is the secret of his success? What has enabled him to play two roles, which he had to change

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

almost in an instant? In Canada his was the role of the heir apparent, the man who had the right to expect loyal sympathy, who could rely on the pride of Empire. The moment he was in the United States the role was changed. Though "the house" seemed superficially made up of the same elements, of men and women talking the same language in the same key as the Canadians, yet a complete change of tone was necessary to hold, or not to offend, the audience. In the United States the Prince was a guest, not a fellow subject, and yet no foreigner. He had to render it clear that while his heart warmed to the other half of the English speaking race, he would be making an error both in their regard and in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]





Center—Fishing on the Nipigon. *Upper left—Spinning the rope.* *Upper right—His return from the wheat field*
Lower left—The Prince and his foreman putting in a new gate to corral. *Lower right—Mounting Black Star for the morning canter.*

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

THE FINAL RALLY

by HAL G. EVARTS

Photographs courtesy Bureau Biological Survey

Elk waiting for food.

WE sat on the shores of Jenny Lake, a sparkling jewel framed to the waterline by virgin forest. On the far side the Grand Teton thrust its snow-mantled needle peak aloft, towering five thousand feet above the placid lake in whose mirrored surface the reflection seemed to plunge to an equal depth; even the fleecy white clouds that toyed above the mighty peak, caressing it, were distinctly visible in the mirrored image, so clear as to resemble a Japanese print. The overflow waters escaped through a boulder-studded outlet. Two giant bull moose stepped from the fringe of trees and waded into the outlet, approaching within thirty yards of us and remaining there for several minutes.

It seemed the ultimate in primeval solitude, hemmed in by lofty ranges, the nearest railroad point some sixty miles away.

Two years later we were back in the Jackson Hole and we sought this spot, eager to know once more the charm and solitude of Jenny Lake. The charm was there, the solitude was not. A number of people were camped at Jenny Lake. There were boats for hire.

And thereby hangs a tale—the story of the disappearance of the American wilderness. It was right that all those others should be there. That still others should come in thousands the following year, in swarms the year after that. It belongs to them—to the American public. And since they have evidenced their devotion to it in its present natural state, should we not preserve it for them just as it is?

This is not an ordinary article. It is a call to action. It is the opening gun in a great campaign to save the elk of America. Read every word of it. Then read the announcement that follows it.

Each year we spend tens of millions in monuments or memorials, erecting piles of cold gray stone and iron, dedicating them to our warriors, our statesmen, our inventors and great captains of finance, great leaders of labor, historical events and what-not. No village so small but that it proudly erects a memorial, even if only a single lettered stone, to some local or national personage or event.

Why would it not be fitting to set up a monument to the American pioneers, the greatest breed of men the world has ever known? Not some edifice of stone and bronze, but by preserving some few last areas of wilderness so that future generations of Americans may come to know and love the country as it was when the first Americans penetrated the untrodden fastness of mountain and forest.

If this is to be done—and it must be done—I know of no more suitable spot than the Jackson Hole region of Wyoming. The reasons are several. First, it is still largely wilderness country, the most of its lakes and streams unpolluted, its forests as yet unrazed by the lumbermen. Next, because it encompasses perhaps the greatest variety of outdoor attractions of any area of its size. Almost any human with inclinations toward the out-of-doors, no matter what slant those inclinations take, can find enjoyment there. If one would enjoy ranch life he may have it, either in a primitive cabin or upon dude ranches with every creature comfort. He may follow wilderness trails, or no trails at all, far from human habitation, on foot or on a horse as he chooses. He may canoe on lake or stream. If he has botanical leanings he may find unbelievable profusion of flowers, from those of the valley and the sage-brush flats on up to the alpine species that bloom above the timberline. A mountain climber will find many a peak in the ragged saw-teeth of the mighty Tetons that has never been scaled. The streams and lakes of the Jackson Hole region swarm with trout of several varieties and the fisherman may revel in his favorite pursuit.

The hunter, trapper, or nature student may find his mecca there, for wild life abounds in greater variety than in any other spot in America save perhaps the game-fields of Alaska.

The game of lowland and highland, the feathered and furred of north and south, of plain and forest, of land and water, meet here and mingle. The bighorn of the peaks still exists in goodly numbers in adjacent ranges to the north, east, and southeast, though not in the Hole itself. Bears,—black, brown, and grizzly—are fairly abundant. There are mule deer, perhaps a few whitetails too, and the giant moose still hold their own. The coyote, once the prairie wolf but now a hill-dweller of renown, crosses tracks with foxes—red, cross, and silver—that follow the high bald ridges; elk in great droves, mink, muskrat, and otter follow the streams and play upon the dams and houses erected by beaver, of which there are thousands in Jackson's Hole. The wolverine, glutton of the north, feasts on kills left behind by the cougar, slayer of the south; marten, ermine, gray wolf, Canada lynx, and bobcat, mingle their trails with those of the badger and the big striped prairie skunk. Ducks of many varieties, Canada geese, sandhill cranes and even swans, nest there and find refuge. There are rookeries of great blue herons and at least one of the cormorants in the swamp above Moran. These, with mergansers, gulls, pelicans, kingfishers, ospreys and other feathered fisherfolk, congregate daily at favorite fishing grounds. The sage-hens of our western foothills raise their young on the sage-clad benches, the ruffed grouse, in the willow thickets or adjacent stands of spruce or pine; and the big dusky grouse abounds.

Once the bison ranged here, and antelope thronged the valley

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

in thousands. These last two are gone. The rest are going. Immediately adjacent, joining Jackson's Hole on the north is the Yellowstone National Park with all its wonders. A man who could find nothing to intrigue his interest in this region would be difficult to please indeed.

In addition to all the things already cited, the Yellowstone region contains the only remaining big elk herds that are left to us. The original estimates of the Jackson Hole, or southern herds, were placed at 50,000 head. There are something over 10,000 head still ranging there. They must be saved. And it must be done at once.

This problem is not new. For the past quarter of a century its importance has been stressed by conservation interests everywhere. The remedy, too, has long been known in many quarters. It is the proper application of the remedy that has constituted the chief obstacle.

There has been widespread misunderstanding in the matter; conflicting interests; conflict of opinion between those whose interest should be the same; the issue of State's rights versus Federal aid and partial control; departmental differences and strife; well-meant effort that was ill-advised.

Ruthless over-shooting has been the chief factor in the extermination of our seemingly inexhaustible resources of wild life. It was found that by prohibiting shooting of certain species in certain localities, or by closely restricting the kill, those so protected would increase. Thus, in some quarters, it was presumed that this one method was the logical one to apply in all. Many sincere enthusiasts campaigned for a closed season on elk in the Jackson Hole. The inhabitants were scathingly written up as game-hogs, butchers, tusk-hunters and so on. The natives, who had serious problems of their own, felt that they had been denied a hearing, which they had, and this protracted campaign of vituperation so seriously antagonized them as to render impossible any constructive co-operation.

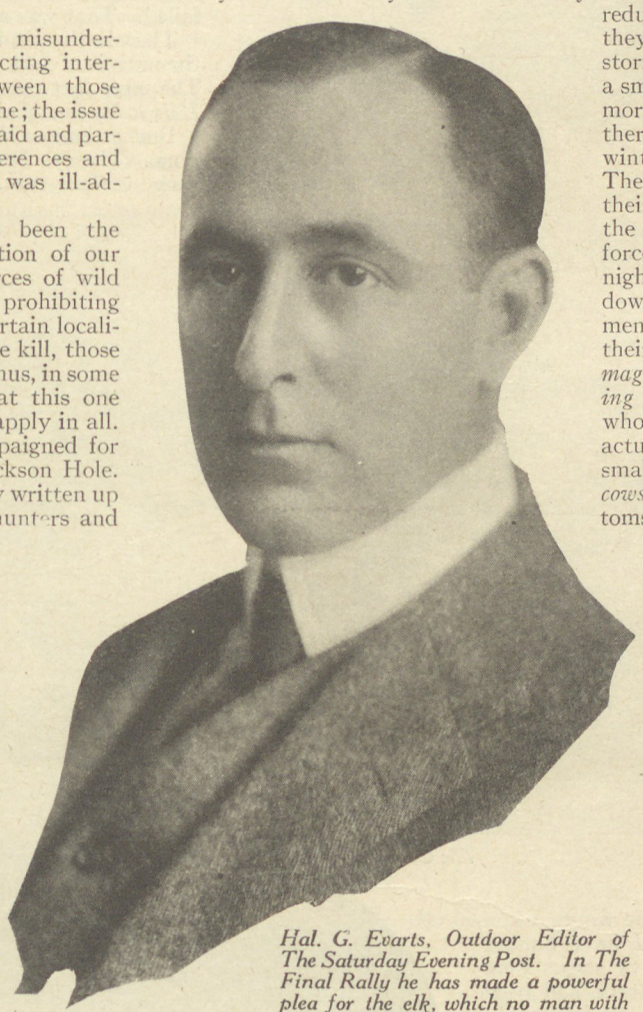
There has been over-shooting of elk at various times in the Jackson Hole. Nevertheless, I believe that if never a shot had been fired in that region for the past twenty years, there would not be many more elk in the Hole than there are today.

Here is the situation, not a new solution, but merely a rehash of what the Wyoming game authorities, the Bureau of Biological Survey, the Forest Service, the National Park Service, and every dweller of the Wyoming hills has known for years.

The original estimates of 50,000 head of elk could not have been far wrong. The herds scattered to the higher hills in summer, where there was grass in plenty. When the heavy fall snows blanketed the mountains they descended somewhat. Winds scoured the ridges free of snow and exposed the cured feed that grew there. On this the elk subsisted. Other snows—and this is a country of long winters and much snow—forced them gradually lower. There are many bald ridges in the Blackrock, Spread Creek, Ditch Creek, and the Gros Ventre. Thousands of elk wintered through on these exposed ridges, last to be covered in winter, first to be uncovered in spring. The Snake River winds its way through Jackson Hole. Its course is flanked by goodly expanses of marshy meadows where natural hay grows rankly; when heavy snows finally drove vast herds of elk to the bottoms they could reach this long marsh grass by pawing; they could forage on the scattering grass of the sage flats and benches and on the buttes that rise from the floor of the valley itself and which, being exposed, were soon swept free of snow.

The valley settled up. Ranchers filed claims on the marshy hay flats of the bottoms. They threw their cows out in the hills to rustle in the spring. Domestic stock fed off the grass from the sidehill parks and the bald ridges. When snow drove the cows to the bottoms they picked them bare, foraging on the sage flats, the exposed buttes, and points of the lower ridges. The ranchers had cut the hay from the meadows and after the snow lay deep in the bottoms they fed this precious hay sparingly and wintered their livestock through.

The elk found feed in abundance in their summer range. They started down with the snows, to find less feed on the fall range, which hastened their migration to the lower windswept ridges of the winter ranges. *These had been badly fed off by domestic stock during the summer.* Eventually they were forced to the bottoms. The choicest meadows had been cut over for hay *and there was no feed to be obtained by pawing.* Eventually, reduced to desperation by starvation, they assembled in great droves and stormed the ranchers' hay stacks. Many a small rancher was destined to rise of a morning to find his hay gone and was thereby doomed to see his own stock winter-kill to the last head before spring. They built twelve-foot stockades round their stack yards. Snow drifted up and the elk would get over. Ranchers were forced to sleep in their stacks night after night with the thermometer ranging down to fifty below zero. Most of these men deplored the condition of the elk, their hearts wrung by the sight of *these magnificent animals emaciated and tottering from starvation.* Many a rancher who had a bit of surplus hay over the actual needs of his stock wintered a small bunch of elk, *feeding them with his cows.* He saw the sidehills and the bottoms dotted with the carcasses of *hundreds of starved elk.* Those remaining alive near his stack yards were alive by virtue of the hay he had fed into them. Naturally he would not view it as a crime to kill an elk instead of a steer when his family was in dire need of meat. Through it all he was held up to the public outside as a ruthless, bloody slaughterer of game. That didn't make him any the happier or any more willing to listen when some outsider launched a new drive toward restricting the shooting of elk in the Hole.



Hal. G. Evarts, Outdoor Editor of The Saturday Evening Post. In The Final Rally he has made a powerful plea for the elk, which no man with a heart beneath his shirt can pass by.

There were, of course, instances where enraged ranchers shot elk down in wholesale numbers. Such occurrences were *very few.* Tusk hunters plied their hideous calling, but the better class of residents have never countenanced any of that sort of thing.

Conditions grew worse. More and more little homesteads were granted, more stock thrown in the hills. Winter feed became scarcer. Three severe winters, each taking a heavy toll of the elk, culminated in the winter of 1910-11, which accounted *for the starvation of 2500 head.* The following winter, too, took its toll, and a count of the elk made in March, 1912, showed that there were *but 20,000 head left in the herds.*

The Bureau of Biological Survey has charge of a government feeding ranch in the valley. The hay is cut and fed to elk in the winter. From 3,000 to 4,500 head have been saved annually on this ranch. Feeding is supplemented by a small annual state appropriation for hay. The State of Wyoming and the Forest Service have long since set aside the Teton Game Preserve, a vast tract at the upper end of the Jackson Hole and adjoining the Yellowstone Park, prohibiting shooting in this area and restricting grazing over the greater part of it. This reserves some fall range for the elk that summer in the Yellowstone National Park and in the higher levels of the game preserve. They hold back in this restricted area as late in the fall as food and snow conditions will permit. After those four bad winters the herds

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

held their own for almost ten years. Then came the winter of 1919-20 and worked frightful havoc. A careful count the next season revealed the fact that there were *less than 10,000 head left alive in the Hole.*

The Start.

It is, then, self-evident that inadequate feed is chiefly instrumental in destroying our last great elk herds of America. Conditions grow worse, not better. Land is still open to entry in the Hole. Every year many additional filings are made. More little patches of meadow and marsh are cut over for hay. The rancher must of necessity keep the elk from his hay; and the elk, finding nothing else, must reach that hay *or perish.*

The Course.

I have never been on the Jackson feeding ranch in the winter when the elk had congregated there. I have hunted above it in the late fall after heavy snows were driving the elk down. The Blackrock had been heavily grazed and there was but little feed available after the snow was on. The bald ridges of Spread Creek and Ditch Creek, high up in the hills, had been closely cropped, so closely in fact, that 85 head of cows died of larkspur poisoning on Spread Creek after the first early storms. The lower shoulders and open ridges, down near the ranches, had been *grazed to the gravel.* There was ample evidence that starving elk had straddled down aspens to tear off the bark and limbs in preceding winters. Willow swamps are abundant, and the elk had been eating these willows. An elk is a grazing animal and does not browse *except from dire necessity.* The fact of this heavy browsing was in itself a testimonial that this country had been *badly overgrazed,* all statistics that may be brought forward in refutation notwithstanding.

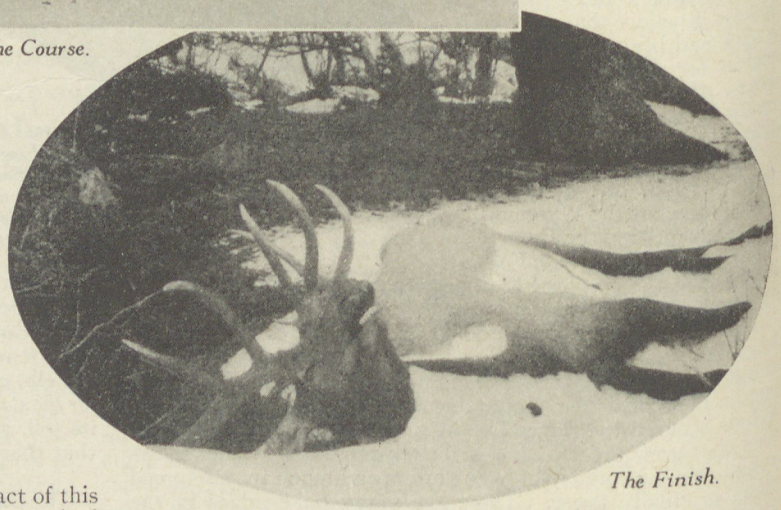
It is a plain statement of fact. There are certain areas lower down where grazing is prohibited, others where only portions of certain regions can be grazed. I have had recent notification that these areas too, have been grazed by stock that has either drifted in or has been drifted in. I have no knowledge of this from my own personal observation, not having visited those areas in four years, but I know my informants to be reliable men. It would be surprising if a certain amount of stock had failed to drift into these restricted areas.

Certain stockmen have made every effort to have thrown open for grazing every bit of range that is now closed or restricted. Some years ago a stockman boasted that he would force the issue. He invited officials to accompany him into certain valleys in the Teton Game Preserve to show them that the grass was not used by the elk and was going to waste. He failed to state that these lower areas were required for late fall feed as the elk were forced down. Higher up he traveled only in the heat of the day, holding only to the open bottoms at a time when the elk were sure to be in the timber. They saw no elk. The officials were unacquainted with local conditions or the habits of elk. The ruse almost worked. Fortunately the officials were apprised of the hoax by other interested parties and the plan failed. That was a stock joke in the Hole.

That is the situation today. The majority of the natives of Jackson Hole *have helped save the elk.* The mere fact that there is a *single elk alive in the Hole today is sufficient evidence of that.*

But, as long as that deadlock exists, little can be done. The rancher must protect his hay and his range or face ruin. The elk must have both or perish *to the last head from starvation.*

Now comes the Izaak Walton League of America with the definite intention of applying *the only remedy.* The only solution is this: More hay lands must be purchased to supplement those already acquired by the Government. Grazing by domestic stock must be checked in the vicinity of the feeding grounds so that natural forage will be available for the thousands of elk that collect there annually. Other areas of winter range must be closed to the grazing of domestic stock. *That, and that only, will save our elk.*



The Finish.

I will not go into detail as to the necessary ranches to be acquired, the areas in which it will be necessary to prohibit grazing, the tonnage of hay required and so on. All that is a matter of record. The facts have long been known, the necessary details painstakingly gathered and agreed upon by experts of the Forest Service, Bureau of Biological Survey, Wyoming State game authorities and the National Park Service. Any one of them will supply those details on request. Perhaps OUTDOOR AMERICA will publish them in tabulated form.

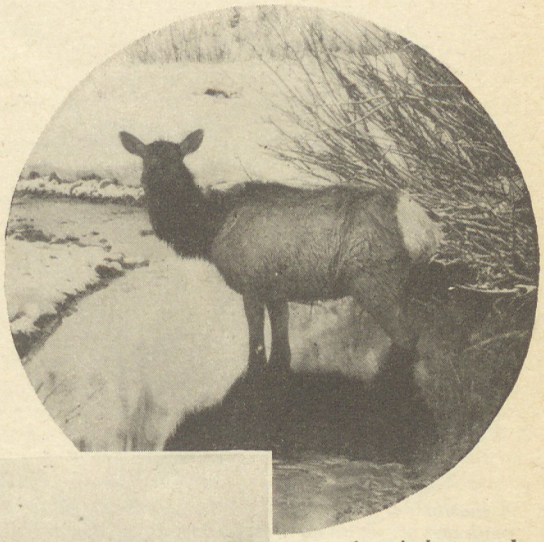
Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

The main issue is to get before the outdoor public of America the facts that this is *the one remedy*, that it has proven successful, and to urge the necessity for instant action. *The time is right now or never.*

Since the terrible winter of 1919-20 that cut the herds almost in half, the elk have held their own; have even increased slightly. Right now they are facing the worst crisis that has confronted them. Almost daily I receive letters and telegrams from accurate observers and the testimony is the same. A severe summer drouth burned up the fall and winter range. Exceptionally early heavy snows, badly crusted, forced the elk down far earlier than usual. They moved more swiftly than usual across the fall range. This throws them on the winter range weeks earlier than ever before. That means a longer carrying period on a range that has never proven adequate and which is now in the worst shape in years with the certainty of a long severe winter ahead. *Unless prompt action* is taken the spring may find the *Jackson Hole elk herds cut in half.*

We are essentially a wilderness loving people but our wilderness has passed from us. Millions annually seek for some bit that remains in its virgin state, some spot where they may follow wilderness trails or waterways with camera, rod and gun. If we do not preserve a few such areas at once it will be forever *just too late* and your son and mine will never know the American outdoors as it was. We must rally now or resign ourselves to watch it pass for all time to come.

There is no more suitable spot for such a wilderness playground than the Jackson Hole. It has been cited that any mortal can find something of interest there. There are stretches of country where one may travel through the hills for days without other than game trails to follow. The scenic effects of the majestic Tetons is unexcelled. There are few spots in America that afford better fishing. As a game refuge and national hunting ground *it is supreme.* Black, brown, and grizzly bears, moose, and deer are sufficiently abundant to increase to thousands under adequate protection. Waterfowl flourish there; sagehens and several varieties of grouse; more varieties of fur-bearers than in any other one region that I know of. Within five years, under proper restrictions and feed conditions, the elk herds could be built up to 20,000 head. The Hole will support a herd of that size or larger and provide the best hunting ground in the nation for all time to come. The Yellowstone Park herd of buffalo is increasing so rapidly as to become an embarrassment. No doubt the Park authorities would be glad to divert some of these animals to the Jackson Hole region and it is not inconceivable that within a few years there would be surplus buffalo bulls for the hunters.



A cow's last stand.

Ravenous—they go after hay.

Beautiful bull elk dying of hunger.

The time is ripe for it now. The majority of the stock raisers in the Jackson's Hole realize that it is the poorest sort of a stock country. *The winters are too long and severe.* There is insufficient hay to carry many cows through the winter and no possible way to increase the output of hay. As a farming country—well, it's not. They admit it. The most of them are discouraged, ready to sell out and quit.

The various departments of the Government are in sympathy with any constructive effort to save the elk, as are the State game authorities of Wyoming. Conservation interests everywhere will acclaim it. Right now all of the formerly conflicting interests have fused.

This campaign of the Izaak Walton League of America to raise the money to buy these lands is a magnificent venture, one of tremendous scope. It is no less than a plan to secure the Jackson Hole region as a wilderness playground for future generations *for all time to come.*

There are various departmental organizations that are well equipped to administer this area according to their several purposes. The expert game management may be safely entrusted to the Bureau of Biological Survey. The new recreational branch of the Forest Service could find no better spot than this in which to serve the recreational interests of the public, co-operating with the recreational facilities of the Yellowstone National Park.

There are, however, one or two points which must be settled. The Izaak Walton League's program should not be less ambitious than the eventual acquirement of all the ranch lands in the Jackson Hole region now used for stock-raising purposes. *It is, therefore, necessary to ask the Forest Service to have all lands now open for entry withdrawn.* Many new filings are allowed each year. It is extremely doubtful if there is a homestead site

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

left in the Jackson Hole upon which a family could scratch a living. Each new filing simply means one more tract that will have to be re-purchased. *It is paramount, then, that the open lands be withdrawn from entry.*

As each rancher's holdings are acquired, the grazing permits in the Jackson Hole region should be permanently reduced by the number of head of stock represented by those holdings, and on agreement by the Forest Service that *this reduction must be for all time. Those two items are essential to success.*

A ghastly reminder.

This magnificent venture of the Izaak Walton League of America should receive the active support of every outdoor lover in America and every nature lover in America with a spare dollar in his pocket should send it in to swell the fund the Izaak Walton League is now raising to buy these grazing lands. Now is the time for the Jackson Hole to be turned back to the purpose which, more than all others combined, it is best fitted to serve—a wilderness playground for the American public, a marvelous land where all who will may summer, the fulfillment of every angler's dream and a hunter's paradise; a bit of America held intact in all its native beauty; a spot where your son and mine may go and know the delights of America as it was, as their fathers loved it—an everlasting, living monument to the American pioneer.

Elk, tame as cows, fighting for hay.

willing to act for the principles we profess, *we can not let this challenge go unanswered.*

Needless to say, it is not going unanswered. Realizing the urgent need of quick action, believing in the unanimity of opinion among Waltonions that such an affair as that at Jackson Hole must, in the name of conservation, humanity, and common sense, be dealt with summarily, the League, in conjunction with the Biological Survey, is securing options on virtually all of the privately owned land of the natural elk range now being utilized for cattle grazing.

It asks the sportsmen of a nation to buy this land for the elk.

This appeal is directed not only to sportsmen, but to all persons and groups recognizing the patriotism, humanity, and duty to posterity that is involved. To all sportsmen, to all people who realize the important part that wild-life and outdoor recreation has played, is playing, and always will play, in the formation of the character of this nation, this appeal is directed.

The Izaak Walton League of America believes in action. It believes in the adage, "Be sure you're right—then go ahead." This campaign to save the elk of America is initiated in this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA following arrangements to preclude the slightest possibility of anything but a successful termination. Forestalling possible land speculators, the League has taken steps to assure the purchase of the land at market prices. The committee which has been organized to administer the detail of finances is composed of the finest business ability in America.

We must use foresight now, when it will do some good. Foresight used as a post mortem never has done anybody or anything any good, and it never will. Regret is the most passive, futile thing in the world. Foresight is the most active. It forestalls regret.

Starved in a land of plenty.

Make The Final Rally Count

THE elk of Jackson Hole, Wyoming, are starving. You have read Hal Evarts' article, and you know that it is true. You know that something must be done.

Something will be done. But you must do it. All other agencies have failed, and *it is up to you.*

Here is virtually the last stand of elk in America. They must not be allowed to starve. The Izaak Walton League of America must not allow this national tragedy to happen. If we are

Being sorry for the elk after they are gone will not keep them from starving now. Being sorry for the elk now will not keep them from starving, either.

Passing resolutions will not save them.

Writing letters will not save them.

"Viewing with alarm" will not save them.

Food will save them.

The elk must have food—or die. Elk eat grass. So they must have grass.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 42]

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

The Fisherman

by Zane Grey

Illustrated by Frank Stick

Here is the continuation of the "Compleat Angler" of American literature that is being written exclusively for and contributed to this magazine by that peer of outdoorsmen, Zane Grey. Every lover of the out of doors knows Mr. Grey, who has given thousands of dollars worth of his writings to Outdoor America because his heart and soul is in the work the League is doing.

LORRY had not made a mistake about the dire possibilities of his father's reaction to Homer's latest fishing adventure. Not that night, however, but the morning after, both boys were taken separately into the large unfurnished parlor of the house, where they made further poignant acquaintance with the apple switch.

This punishment did not result in any improvement in the behavior of the brothers, according to Mrs. Dunn's confidence to a neighbor, but it did keep in Lorry's memory the need to look after Homer. That boy bade fair to grow up bad, and what was worse, to be a poor fisherman. So for several years, during spring and summer, Lorry faithfully trained the little fellow in the arts of minnow angling. Dillon's Falls remained a haunting memory until Homer was eleven years old. He had grown out of his pudginess into a tall strong lad, red of hair and freckled of face. Lorry at fourteen was not large of build, but remarkably athletic and fleet of foot. Next to fishing baseball was their favorite pastime during freedom from school. In the fall rabbit and squirrel hunting took them often into the fields and woods, but seldom had they the opportunity to accompany anyone with guns. Their weapons were the primitive sling-shots of the day, with which Lorry grew to be so deadly of aim that he could hit a bird on the wing.

On several never-to-be-forgotten occasions their father took them hunting; and thus a rival of the fishing instinct developed in them. It did not, however, ever gain the ascendancy, even in those wild days of boyhood when the killing instinct stirred most powerfully. Hunting was a game for frosty autumn woods, and for the snow-covered hills.

Lorry did not realize that about this period of his life another instinct began to reassert itself — a development which in his childhood had drawn him alone to the woods, and made him run wild and naked like a little savage. Lorry discovered that he loved to go alone into the woods or to climb the hills. It was, however, something that he seldom indulged in. Always this strange yearning seemed apart, a rather fearful, yet alluring state which he unconsciously relegated to the future.

Homer grew to be a stripling youth quite capable of taking care of himself among boys of his own age. He and Tom Linden and a boon companion they called Smitty formed a triangle quite as inseparable if not so adventurous as any of those of Lorry's earlier years. Tom Linden never could learn to fish, but he never ceased trying; Smitty was an eager and apt pupil of Homer's. And Joe's Run from the slaughter house to the falls came to know the imprint of their bare feet as it had Lorry's.

Naturally this new relation of Homer's had its effect on Lorry. Secretly he was jealous and resented it, yet he felt something of shame, and a gladness that his brother was growing independent. Nevertheless at the beginning of this period he did not altogether relax his dominion of Homer. He left the boy free, but kept an eye on him. Lorry did not confess to himself that one of the reasons he welcomed this relation was because of a disturbing element which had slipped into his life. Girls!

Both Homer and Tom were mild sweet-tempered boys, which was something far remote from the dispositions of some of their companions. Perhaps they had sharp tongues, which might have accounted for the fights they got into. Not a week passed that Lorry did not rescue them from some of the eighth ward boys. Once Homer came in with a black eye, for which he would give little account. All that Lorry could find out was there had been a quarrel over a fishing pole. Homer certainly did not have the pole, and just as surely he did have a black eye. Harry was an older, bigger boy and enjoyed the reputa-

Zane Grey being congratulated by Capt. Laurie D. Mitchell on his world record blue fin tuna caught August 22, 1924, in Nova Scotia. Mr. Grey's tuna, 8 feet, 8 inches in length, 6 feet 4 inches in girth, and weighing 758 pounds, beat the record which Capt. Mitchell had held for many years. The fish was caught on a Murphy hickory rod, with a special Coxe reel and Ashaway line.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

tion of being a bully among the youngsters. He had a brother Jake, who had been worsted in several battles with Lorry.

One Saturday in the spring of this important year Lorry returned from town, where he had been bound to the hateful work in his father's office, to find a baseball game in progress on Madden's Hill. He heard the yelling of the boys, and as it did not sound like the usual joy and fun of a ball game, he leaped the fence and hurried out to the hill.

Madden's Hill was a favorite playground of the boys of the Terrace. It was a wide green common, verging on the edge of a steep sandbank, that slanted down to the road below. Here Lorry had many a time hidden on the brink to throw eggs and walnuts at Old Daddy Howe or Andy Sanderland as they drove by.

Lorry reached the hill to find the ball game had broken up in a fight. The boys were grouped in a moving circle from which emanated yells and cries. As Lorry drew near he was both amazed and infuriated to see Homer break out of the crowd, blood streaming from his nose, and run with a fleetness for which he was noted. Harry Tomans, brandishing a ball bat and yelling at the top of his lungs, was pursuing him. Lorry thought that he had arrived about in the nick of time. Looking about for a weapon he espied a piece of brick which he grasped and with a loud, "Drop that bat!" he raced to meet Harry.

This turned the chase the other way, but Harry did not drop the bat. He ran toward the crowd on the edge of the sandbank, yelling back, "I'll knock your head off."

Lorry was not going to take any chances with Harry. One of the Tomans brothers had killed a man, and all except Jake had a bad name. Jake, naturally, when driven would fight for his brothers. So Lorry, halting short threw the brick. It hit Harry on the back and knocked him flat. The ball bat went flying down the sandbank. But Harry was little hurt; he leaped up, bawling with rage and stood his ground. The fact that Jake came running out of the crowd lent him courage. Lorry found himself confronted by the two brothers right on the brink of the sandbank.

Lorry rushed them, and with a quick blow sent Harry over the declivity. Then he engaged Jake. Times before he had demonstrated that Jake was no match for him. But Jake had never conceded this. They fought to and fro along the edge to the delight of the following howling mob. Lorry had in mind what to do. When Harry, breathless and covered with sand, clambered over the edge of the bank, Lorry knocked Jake off. He rolled clear to the bottom. Harry, nothing daunted, plunged to strike wildly at Lorry. He was an awkward and mean antagonist, harder for Lorry to handle than his brother. Manoeuvering around Lorry watched for an opportunity, and presently forcing Harry closer to the rim he delivered a hard blow, right on Harry's nose, that upset him. Harry fell on the edge of the bank. It gave way under him and he slid down to the wild yells of the boys.

"Better—stay down!" panted Lorry, glaring at Jake.

Jake waited for Harry to get back to him, but he did not avail himself of this chance to catch his breath. He yelled up his defiance and fury, and the divers terrible things he would do presently. When Harry joined him the two of them crawled to the rim, and tried to climb over. But they met disaster. Lorry beat them off, and again sent Jake rolling. Whereupon Harry reached for stones, which he flung upward at Lorry. This act did not find favor with the watching boys. They jeered at him. Then Jake, as game as he was mad, climbed like a monkey back to the rim. This time he essayed to get up at a place some yards from Harry, and had almost succeeded when Lorry pushed him down. Meanwhile Harry got his knees up on a level, and was clinging desperately when Lorry got back to him. This time Lorry let him rise to his feet before he hit him. Harry screamed and fell sheer off the rim, and bounded down in a most alarming manner. Then Lorry ran back to Jake, who had got a good hold on the level ground.

"I — can lick—you," panted Jake, "but I — gotta nough for—today."

Lorry helped Jake up to the level. Harry did not appear to be badly hurt. He crawled out of the sand and got to his feet, and gazed upward with dirty and bloody face. He shook a menacing fist, but he was voiceless.

"You stay off—Madden's Hill," yelled Lorry.

This fight did not lessen the regard Lorry and Jake had for each other, because they were good friends, but it engendered bad blood between Lorry and Harry.

"How'd he come to be chasin' you with that bat?" demanded Lorry of the pale faced Homer.

"Aw, he took my place," replied Homer, "an' he hit me in the nose. I grabbed up the bat. He pulled out his knife. I swung on him—knocked the knife out of his hand. Then we fought for the bat. . . . He's bigger'n me. He got it. Then I run."

"You keep out of Harry's road," replied Lorry soberly.

Lorry did not soon forget this clash, which to him boded ill for the future. Longed-for vacation came at last, and that was a glorious event, which for the time being made all schoolboys friends.

The summer before this one Lorry had become acquainted with three boys, brothers, who lived beyond the Terrace in a region known as Bald Hill. Their names were Ed, Luce, and Crow Graves. Their father was not living, and their uncles were market-fishermen, hard drinking, hard working, men, at whom, of course, the Terrace people looked askance. Crow was the eldest, a powerful youth of sixteen, coarse featured and crude, not given much to school or work. He inherited his fishing instincts and skill, and was one boy Lorry particularly

GEO. W. P. HUNT
GOVERNOR
H. S. McCLUSKEY
SECRETARY

Executive Office
State House
Phoenix, Arizona

October 30, 1924

My dear Mr. Dilg:

I want to thank you for the November number of "Outdoor America" with the article by Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service.

You will be interested in learning that Mr. Geo. McCormick, a cattle man, who has been familiar for the past twelve years with the Kaibab country, has offered the State a contract to deliver from three to eight thousand head of Kaibab deer to the south side of the canyon. I have authorized the State Game Warden to enter into a contract with Mr. McCormick and I have personally guaranteed the cost of the experiment in the event the Arizona Legislature refuses to ratify the agreement.

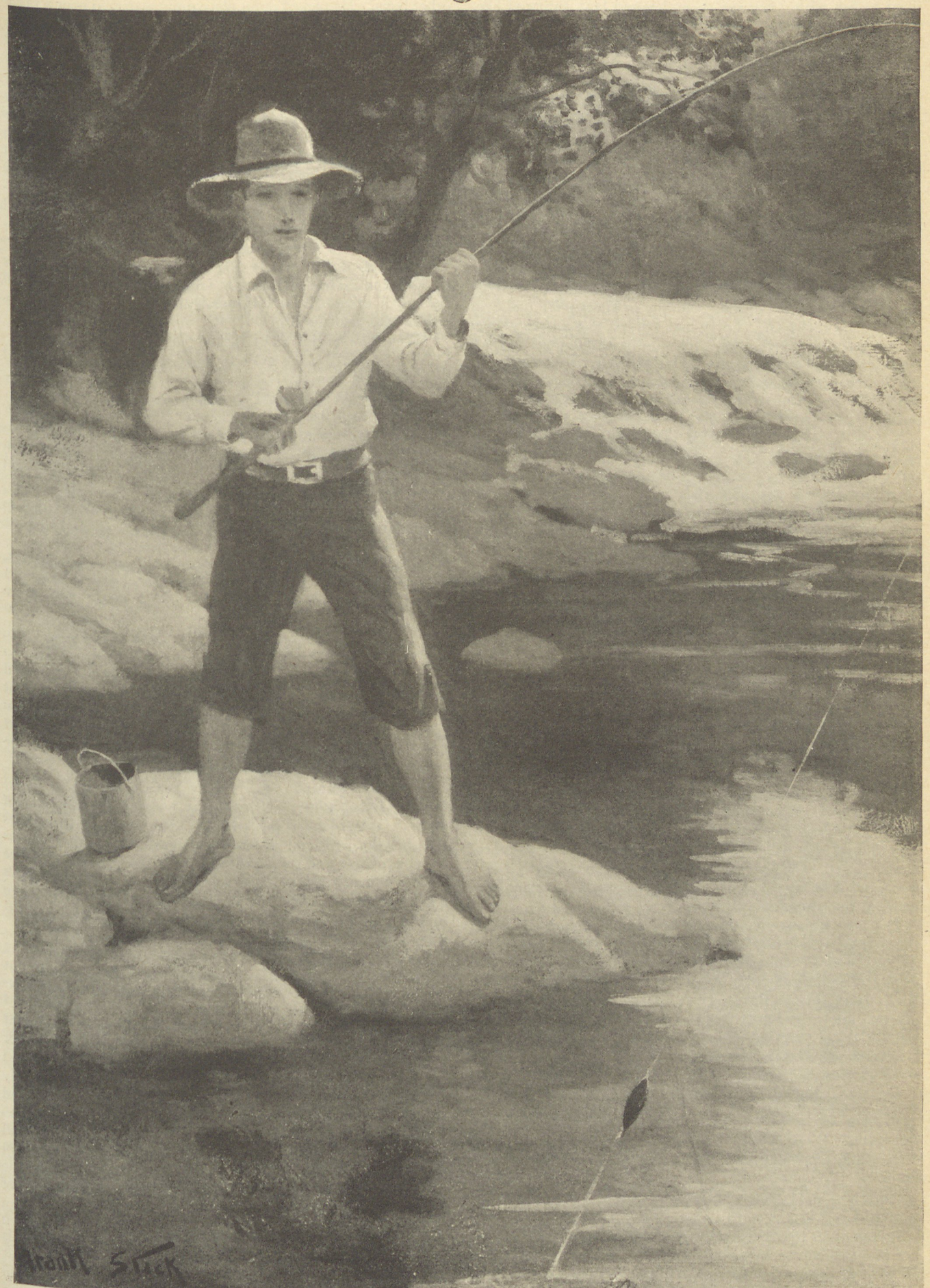
I am absolutely opposed to the destruction of this herd of deer if any practical way can be found to save them.

Very sincerely yours

GOVERNOR

Mr. Will H. Dilg,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Ill.

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12



Next time the tense and alert Lorry was ready for the delicate nibble—and he hooked the fish.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

liked to fish with. Ed was an undersized boy, shifty of eye, vicious of disposition; and he was not friendly toward Lorry. Luce, the youngest, was a tall lanky lad, lean-faced and tow-headed, an ardent lover of fishing, and governed wholly by whom he happened to be with on the moment.

With these three boys Lorry planned to go to Dillon's Falls, a long anticipated jaunt. Early morning of the first day of vacation found them padding the cool dust of the road, loaded with buckets of bait and a basket of food, and their poles.

Lorry exhibited his fishing pole with a strange shy pride. It was a long bamboo, straight as an arrow. He had wound black thread around it to hold the wire guides and the tip, for the line to run freely from the reel. The reel was nickel-plated, of fair size, and held a brand new white linen line. The boys gazed and handled this outfit with admiring envy. Lorry did not acquaint them with the circumstances leading to the possession of such a fine tackle. No boy in Hainesville had ever owned one equal to it. Lorry had worked to earn the money to purchase it. Twice a week for months he had gone to town before breakfast to sweep out his father's office, and every day for the same period he had saved the ten cents allowed him for lunch. He had gone without anything to eat at the noon hour during those school days.

Spring had been late yielding to summer. Here it was almost the third week in June, and the maple leaves were just full-foliaged, and the creamy candelabra-like blossoms of the chestnuts shone in the thick, rich, amber light. Meadow-larks and swamp black birds sang from field and sedge along the road. The golden orioles were nesting in the walnut trees. Flickers and red-headed woodpeckers hammered on the dead trees. Crows cawed from the woody hilltops. Over all had settled the sweet, wonderful drowsy glamour of early summer.

Lorry felt it so deeply that it hurt him, yet he was as gay and jocund as any of the boys.

They walked fast, with tongues as lively as their feet. A large anticipation, the inborn thing so characteristic of fishermen, prompted their conjectures and boasts. The kingdom of adventure was in their hearts. They walked the distance from Brush's woods to the Falls in an hour. Lorry thrilled while crossing the loose-boarded floor of the covered bridge. He could see the swift green water through the cracks. It flowed over white and yellow gravel bars. His eye, already wonderfully keen, sighted the shadowy forms of the fish in the shallow water. How endless had been the days, months, years that had elapsed since his first visit to this enchanting place! Yet though ages had seemed to pass it was exactly as he remembered it. Only greener, brighter, more beautiful! Lorry wondered if he would again see the old hermit fisherman who haunted this stretch of waterfall.

The boys almost ran through the grove of sycamores and thorn trees, down to Big Rock. What was their amaze and disgust, and sickening disappointment, to find the coveted fishing place already occupied by other boys. Tway Miller, Keith Horn, Frank Pierce, Harry Tomans, and several more not well known to Lorry, gazed up at the late comers with all the disdain of conscious superiority.

"Ketch any?" asked Crow Graves, eagerly.

"Naw!" replied Keith.

"T-t-t-t-tw-tw-two b-b-bi-bites," stuttered Tway Miller.

"Fishin' fer bass or suckers?" went on Crow, with his sharp eye roving.

"Fishing for whatever'll bite," said Frank Pierce with sarcasm.

"You wouldn't know what was bitin' if you did get a bite," averred Crow in like spirit.

It was plain that the anglers who had gotten here first did not like this encroachment upon their preserves. These boys all went to the same school, played baseball and fox and Gray Willie together, but this fishing was a different matter.

Lorry knew nothing of the ethics of anglers. Under no circumstances, however, would he have cast a line near those other boys. He picked out a place quite apart, so poor a place in their estimation that they jeered at him.

"Haw! Haw! you an' your new fishin' pole!" taunted Harry Tomans.

Lorry noted that Harry sat high up on the rock with a rifle beside him. He was the one boy who did not fish. Lorry soon forgot him, and for that matter, his own companions. As luck would have it, he almost at once got a bite. The fish stripped the hook of worms. Next time the tense and alert Lorry was ready for that delicate nibble, and he hooked the fish. It gave a good stiff fight, and turned out to be a red-horse sucker nearly two feet long. The boys saw Lorry land it and yelled their satisfaction or envy, according to their dispositions. Crow Graves and Luce took up positions close to Lorry. Soon Lorry caught another red-horse almost as large as the first. That settled any indecision. All the youthful fishermen except Harry Tomans, surrounded Lorry, to his amusement and disdain.

"What you baitin' with?" asked one.

"T-t-t-t-te-tell m-m-m-mme how you f-f-f-fish," begged the stuttering Tway.

"How deep's your lead?"

"Did you spit on your bait?"

Lorry preserved a serenity that was far more a result of his success than his natural disposition to be unruffled under such circumstances. He knew in his heart that he had just had luck. But he emanated a profound and mysterious wisdom, a science of angling far beyond their ken, an occult relation to the habits of fishes. He might as well have claimed to have a knowledge of fish language.

For a long time the simple ardent boys accorded him this supremity.

"Aw, you know fish'll jump out on the bank for Lorry!" exclaimed Keith Horn.

Such good luck, however, did not again visit Lorry. The hours sped by. The boys tired, and changed from place to place. Some of them waded out along the rocky shelves and reefs of the falls. But as the water was still high, they did not go far nor have any success. Toward afternoon the air grew warm, almost hot. Again both groups of boys congregated upon Big Rock; and as they had apparently exhausted the possibilities of fishing they went in swimming.

Lorry did not stay in long. The water was cold and he hated it as he hated winter, ice, the gray bleak days and freezing nights. When he had put on his clothes he sat on the side of the shelving rock and watched the boys. Crow Graves was an expert diver and swimmer. It was a splendid sight to see him dive from a height. They played bannerman, which was a game where the leader executed daring feats for the others to follow. When they tired of this they resorted to a sport common to boys—that of mud slinging.

Lorry had tied his two fish to a willow, several rods up the sandy bank from the rock. He found them still alive, and as was his wont he watched them, admiring their beauty, knowing well he should mercifully kill them, yet loth to do so.

As he climbed back to the shelving rock, which at that point stood a few feet above the willows, he espied old Muddy Miser wading down along the shore, with a long fishing pole extended out over the water. He carried a battered bucket, evidently made from a powder can. Lorry was so surprised and thrilled that he uttered a little cry. The old fisherman looked precisely the same as when Lorry had seen him first. He was tall and gaunt and bent. A black slouch hat hid part of his worn gray face. Straggling gray locks of hair protruded from the holes in his hat. His coat was very ragged. His trousers, of like appearance, were rolled above his knees, exposing lean brown legs. He was fishing down along the bank, and when now and then he made a slow, easy cast, Lorry saw that his bait was a live minnow. For a moment the old childish fear of this man returned to Lorry. Then he dismissed it and wished the other boys were not there. What would they do or say when the old man came in sight?

(To be continued)

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

The Gray Canoe

by Charles B. Reed

Illustrated by Earl H. Reed

"WHY do you say the Artist is always looking for trouble?" queried the Tenderfoot.

"Well I didn't exactly say that," I replied, "but in fact he is always expecting some magic, mystery or devilment to turn up on the North Shore. One must admit too the suitability of the scenario," I continued, "as well as the coincidence of events. Take any country whose rugged surface dominates the emotions, like Sicily, the Black Forest or the sea sculptured grottoes of Greece and people it with an imaginative race and in their constant warfare with the elements of earth, air and water, they will develop a mythology and a series of legends which will pass from generation to generation with entire credulity. The North Shore of Lake Superior supplies all the features needed for such myths and traditions and the Artist is ever alert to pick up a fragment here or a reaction there from the none too voluble natives."

"Have you something in mind especially?"

"No, nothing in particular. This camp at Big Falls has ever been a favorite with us, but it has a weird, uncanny effect that leads one to expect most anything to happen. Curiously enough, also, several of our strange experiences in some way belong to this place. There was the mystery of the stolen trout, for instance, the affair of the big lynx and then the Gray Canoe which introduced us to Waboosons some eight years ago."

"They all sound inviting," wheedled the Tenderfoot, "what about the Gray Canoe?"

"Yes, it must be all of eight years now," I mused as I watched Waboosons weave in and out between the wall of dark and the soft flickering lights of our friendship fire.

"He appears fond of the Artist," urged the Tenderfoot again.

"They have always been close friends and I have never learned whether it was due to a correspondence in age, an innate sympathy of character, a transmitted injunction, or hardships and dangers borne in common, that brought them together. The Artist is reticent and volunteers no explanations. Artists sometimes have reasons but they don't give them."

"A transmitted injunction, a gray canoe and a common danger," repeated the Tenderfoot, "there is enough there for a novel and yet I have to dig and dig. Why so vague?"

"Because I don't understand it myself," I replied. "The transmitted injunction I have come to connect with 'Old Waboos,' who is dead. Waboosons, his nephew, came to us through a series of incidents marked by some kind of phantasm."

The story came out piecemeal at first. For years we had heard distant allusions to the 'Gray Canoe.' Whenever disaster threatens the tribe, village or family, the event is foreshadowed by the appearance of a gray canoe, empty and invisibly propelled. Did the net fail,—the gray canoe had passed over them. Did the hunters return empty-handed or small-pox visit the village, there was always someone who had seen the gray canoe. Sometimes it is said to appear as a misty shadow, scarcely discernible and again the silvery bark of the birch is plainly apparent. In one respect, all the stories agree. The canoe is invariably moving. Nerves, you think—yes, so did I. For years I scouted the tale as a folk-lore survival and then came the experience of the Artist and with it—Waboosons. I looked at him. The lights from the fire danced along the tips of the fingered firs, glistened on the Indian's hair and reflected from his dark, handsome face—handsome in spite of the high Ojibway cheek bones and the scar beside the nose. The scar quickened my memories and I began to dream out the events of our intermittent but happy association. His mastry of the forest and his dexterity with the canoe commanded our admiration while his loyalty and devotion was a source of comfort and pride. Year by year we had seen him grow in discipline and judgment and we knew by the feather in his filleted hair that he had the confidence and esteem of his tribe.

"I think I am waiting quite patiently," interrupted the Tenderfoot, extending his limbs luxuriously to the blaze.

"Well, in the early days," I began, "our knowledge of the North Shore was very limited for we saw it only for a few weeks in summer. But we learned gradually from experience and by watching our Indians, though we never got into the heart of things until we met Waboosons. It was he who revealed to us the intimacies of the forest life and through him particularly we learned the desperate character of Indian feuds. Indeed we participated in one, though quite involuntarily.

"I have told you, I think, about the discovery of Waboos Lake. The next summer, of course, we returned to the Pinguisibi in a fury of anticipation. The river was low from a prolonged drouth and the trout held themselves stubbornly in the depths of the spring-fed pools. Fishing a little here and there we travelled slowly up stream until we reached this camp and here we settled down to await a change in the weather. The heat had become intense. Never had we found such conditions on Lake Superior. Like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, the sun blazed with a seven-fold heat and the sky shone like steel in a crucible. For days no breath of wind from the Lake soothed the parching leaves or cooled the blistering sand.

"Meanwhile we shrank into the less heated cloisters of the forest or lingered in the shadowy comfort of the Big Falls. We made few lackadaisical attempts to fish but it was no use. The trout would not rise either from pool or rapids and at last from sheer ennui we decided to move up a couple of miles to another terrace of rock whose spiny ridge holds back the river and forms a reservoir of water as far as the next cascade. These terraces, as you will notice, occur at frequent intervals and produce a succession of ponds, lakes and long reaches of quiet water, shallow or deep.

"When we packed up, the head guide, a half-breed named Xavier, reported two packages of bacon missing. I checked up and found it true. They were gone. It was Xavier's boast that he had never 'busted a canoe nor lost a pack,' and knowing this I could not conceive how a part of a pack could have

Charles B. Reed, noted author, has written a book that will delight the heart of every lover of the out-of-doors and named it "The Four Way Lodge." It is a collection of short stories of which "The Gray Canoe" is one, and is illustrated by his brother, Earl H. Reed, famous artist-writer, whose splendid contributions to this magazine need no comment here. Mr. Reed has given us another fine story, "A Predatory Prince," tale of a black wolf, which will run in the January issue of Outdoor America.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

been left on a portage. The Artist, with an experience of a previous year at this place in mind, smiled understandingly and turned away. 'Smile if you like,' I told him, 'but if this incident results as happily as your loss of fish, we shall have no complaint.' The outcome proved more fortunate, especially for the Artist. There was no help for the bacon so we packed up and started.

"It was early afternoon when we reached the outlet of the big pool and set the tents. The prospect was most agreeable. The opposite shore swung broadly outward as an abrupt wall of reddish gray rock with a line of moisture at the base which marked the lipping of the amber waters. The upright face was tapestried with patches of fern and moss while the top was sparsely covered with spruce. Still rising, the wall curved again inward and forward to join the upper river. Our own side, the southern, was quite level as it receded, until at the upper third of the curve the line was broken by a bare granite peninsula rising boldly from the water. From the narrow base of the peninsula, the shore lifted rapidly to meet the northern side. At the point of junction the river poured down savagely. On our side the wall continued to rise above the falls in a sheer precipice for thirty feet or more but at the foot, along the margin of the water was a narrow shelf which could be used as a portage when the river was low. At high water we went through the woods over a wide detour which we call the 'Palisade Portage.'

"The sun went down like a molten coin and the night, though hot, was peaceful and untroubled. The next morning we made another curious discovery. I saw Xavier wandering about with an intent and mystified look.

"'Lost something else, Xavier,'" I bantered.

"'The axe.'"

"I offered him my belt axe but he wanted a large one.

"'When did you use it last?'"

"'Alex say las' night, wissinin.'"

"'Then it must be around here. Have you looked where you were chopping?'"

"'Look everywhere, I go again.'"

"In due time he returned without the axe and I relieved my mind by scolding him, but I was puzzled nevertheless. For a bear to break our cache was not unexpected. It was part of the game. But a bear never stopped with only two pieces of bacon and he always left signs of his visit. Furthermore he had no use for an axe. For years we had travelled those trails and if anything was mislaid or left behind we found it on our return whether it was two weeks or two years. The affair had a queer slant and I could find no plausible explanation.

"The heat moderated but without rain. The trout began to rise sluggishly and the problem of the axe and the bacon was left in doubt.

"We practiced long-distance casting from the little peninsula and from its craggy edge we dropped our flies at dusk into the swift water below the Falls with no care for our back cast. Or we took a canoe and thrust her nose impudently into the spray of the Falls while we lured leviathans from cool caverns deep under the foam.

"So the days passed and on an afternoon as I awaited the return of the Artist, I ran my eyes over the opposite shore with the casual curiosity of an idle man. As I swept the ridge, I was conscious of a short thick stump on the parapet where I could not remember having seen one before. While studying it and wondering if it really had been possible for me to overlook so prominent a landmark, a raven swung down the valley and lighted on a tree near the stump. It had hardly settled when it squawked suddenly into flight. I was still considering this significant phenomenon when the Artist hailed me from the pool and I rose to meet him. The canoe drifted in as we talked and I was about to call his attention to the stump and ask if he remembered it when I looked up and it was gone. I was not greatly surprised, but I made no comment on the occurrence. Something was going on and the mystery of the bacon and the axe was partly explained by the presence of this skulking Indian. But why was he hanging around us and why didn't he come forward openly and get what he wanted like the rest of them.

"Night came and with it a third incident. This was the strangest of all for the lost axe came back and the canoe disappeared. You can imagine possibly the excitement in our quiet camp. The guides jabbered in French and Indian, both separately and together, but no conclusion could be reached. I now felt obliged to tell my story of the stump, but this only increased the excitement, for the connection between the Indian and our curious experiences was obvious at once. What was the relation? That was the problem. We were apparently poor helpless creatures, with whom, and about whom, elemental forces worked and played at will. We had never met anyone on the river during all the years of our visits, either white or Indian, nor any evidences of occupation. We felt sure the Indians must trap the river in winter, but in summer they ought to be at the Post.

"No active effort was made that day to trace the canoe. One guide went down stream in the hope that it might have been caught in the current. The trip was futile. Xavier had insisted it would be. I asked him and he shook his head dubiously for a moment and then said, 'I tink somebody take him up ribber. Megum (portage) too long.'

"The heat suddenly returned and in the late afternoon the Artist took an Indian and went fishing. They went directly to the Falls. Here the Guide held the canoe in the swift water by sheer strength of arm while the Artist cast into a foam covered back-set at the side. All at once the canoe raced down the current and the Artist turned to scold when he saw the Indian's face. The expression was a shifting panorama of wonder, fascination and dismay. His eyes were fixed on some object across the waters. Irresistibly the Artists' eyes followed. Was it shadow, wraith or a gray canoe which sailed in empty silence up the foam-flecked current of the river? Even as he gazed, the canoe glided into an arabesque of spray and disappeared in the very foam of the Falls. As it vanished there seemed to come from it a tinkling, lilting, mocking melody of ethereal sweetness that burned into his memory.

"That was all, except when he recovered from the spell, he was drifting idly in his canoe along the sheer Northern wall of the pool. He handed his paddle to the Guide whose arms were still limp and having recovered the floating one, they returned to camp.

"Once before the Artist had come into camp with strange words on his lips and we had met them with levity. This time we took him seriously and tried to find an explanation.

"Of course there had been no real canoe. To this the Artist agreed. Hence with a lost canoe as a subconscious irritant, it would be easy to evoke an image. It must be an illusion, a child of light and mist, developed by queer physical conditions, or the intense heat—a mirage of that mystical river. Thus we reasoned about the Artist's phantom canoe and not one of us in his heart believed in the reason he gave. The song, too, bothered us. Was that merely a Lorelei air, heard once and never again? That tinkling cadence, so sweet and alluring—was it only the breaking of water wreaths?

"We must find the lost canoe if possible. The Artist was extremely eager to begin the search. So it was arranged that he and Xavier should start up stream the next morning.

'Long About This Time O'Year

By RAY RUSSELL

Gee! it's great to be a-livin' 'long about this time o' year
When th' frost is on the pumpkins
An' th' gray squirrel's out a-lunchin'
On th' fence rail by th' beeches near th' ol' corn field.

It's a blessin' straight from heaven to wake up before the dawn
Jus' to smell th' bacon fryin'
While your partner kneels a-cryin'
Blowin' ashes in th' pancakes, spillin' coffee in the fire.

Partridge drummin', pheasants callin', bass a-jumpin' in the creek
That's th' finest kind o' music—
Far ahead of grandest op'ra—
Better far than Bach or Chopin—finest music in the land.

Gee! I often envy Grandad, long about this time o' year
With his old-time muzzle-loader
An' th' season never over
A-stalkin' deer an' buffalo, an' catchin' of the bass.

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Was it shadow, wraith, or a gray canoe which sailed in empty silence up the foam-flecked current of the river?

"We paddled them to the foot of the falls and watched them clamber up the narrow shelf at the base of the palisades. Along this ledge they travelled rapidly until the wall ended and they stepped over the side into the moose trail.

"With a watchful eye on both banks of the river, they proceeded for a couple of hours. About noon they heard the deep toned resonance of the next cascade. Soon it came into view and immediately Xavier pointed out the lost canoe carefully upturned on the rocks of the opposite side. Should they go forward to the falls or back to the nearest shallows and cross over? Forward first anyhow. Xavier climbed to the top and from the height descended on the other side. The Artist coming up more slowly heard a shout and as he reached the top saw Xavier tugging at a dead tree which the current had wedged with others against a projecting boulder. This mass the Indian was loosening preparatory to swinging the dead one across the deepest part of the channel as a bridge.

"As the Artist was descending to aid him he was astonished to see smoke rising from the adjacent valley. His exclamation brought Xavier to his side, but the half-breed's nose had warned him before his eyes saw the peril. The forest was on fire.

"The clouds of smoke grew rapidly larger and denser and both men saw in dismay that it blew directly toward them. The evergreens and birches, desiccated by the long spell of hot weather, would go like powder and both men jumped back to the pile of driftwood which piece by piece they tore apart in desperation. At last they loosened the trunk they sought, swung it into midstream and Xavier ran lightly across and through the shallow of the opposite side to the shore. The Artist scrambled back to await the canoe on his own side. As he left the height he gave a swift glance at the fire and was surprised to see smoke rising from another focus farther down the valley. It struck him strangely too that the new place was up wind. Then the thought startled him that the whole affair was prearranged with malice, but in the stress and excitement the impression was forgotten until afterward.

"To one who has never witnessed the burning of a forest of birch, spruce and pine, it is difficult to convey the mingled feeling of magnificence and horror which it inspires. A spruce tree flashes almost instantly into flame from bottom to top with a crackling, hissing roar, sharp, quick and loud and accompanied by a vivid light. The birch, after the first powdery explosion, burns steadily and pours out great volumes of thick black smoke which whirl over head and screen the seething furnace below. Ten, twenty or fifty trees may catch fire at once and shoot up wildly in twisting columns of smoke, while glowing coals, caught by the wind, hurtle furiously over and among the doomed trees ahead.

"The Artist recognized at once his desperate situation. The only chance of escape was in running the river along that fierce front of fire until they passed its southern edge or reached the expansion of river on which the camp set.

"At the edge of the bank he found Xavier waiting with the canoe and badly frightened. They dipped their sweaters in the river, hung them over the side next to the fire, seized their paddles and the race began. The light canoe fled down the current with a mass of foam on its prow. It was time. The whole animal world was in motion. Waxings flew over in a continuous stream; ravens and jays dashed by with harsh nervous cries. The wolf and his prey swam side by side and a bear crossed before the leaping canoe with terror in his eyes.

"The smoke came thicker through the trees and settled lower. A dense soot fell upon the men and burning twigs and glowing cinders dropped hissing into the water or were knocked from the canoe by a quick sweep of the paddle. They could scarcely see but by a sudden increase of heat and smoke that stifled and burnt their lungs, they knew they had entered the canon of the palisades. With each instant the roar of the flames came nearer and louder. The heat was unbearable and the smoke deadly. They thrust the canoe up on the face of shelving rock, jumped out and dashed toward the falls. In a few seconds the flames burst through the forest ahead of them like a tornado—the river front was a sheet of fire. They turned in rapid retreat to the canoe only to find it a mass of flames. In despair they were about to plunge into the river when they heard a shout and looking up they saw an Indian face hanging over the cliff and dropping a tump-line at arm's length. The end was several feet short, but Xavier stuck his moccasined toes into the crevices of rock and strong of wind and frightened, he clung to the scant projections of rock and went up rapidly to the line. No doubt he would have gone on alone but the Artist seized his feet and with his help finally caught the line up which Xavier was speeding hand over hand.

"Choked by smoke and blistered by the heat he clung to the line. Xavier went over the top and disappeared. The strange Indian shouted encouragement and pulled up the line. In this way the Artist finally reached the crest and fell over exhausted. 'Kawin, kawin,' cried the Indian, and lifting him to his feet he urged him down the slope to the moose-trail. 'Go in white smoke, in white smoke,' cautioned the Indian. On the moose-trail they were partially protected for a time. Xavier had vanished, leaving them to follow

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]

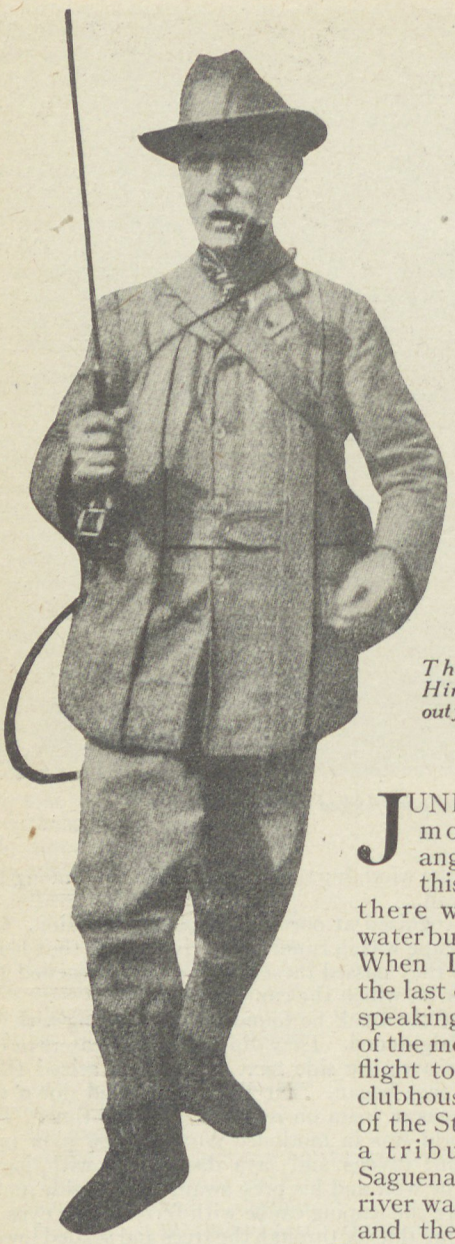
Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Various Fishing

By

Henry van Dyke

Dr. Henry van Dyke, National Vice-President, I. W. L. A., is second to none in the field of English literature. As philosopher, poet, essayist and writer of short inspirational stories he is without peer throughout the civilized world. To we of the League he is a sportsman among sportsmen and in Various Fishing he has given us a real fishing sketch, only a bit too short.



The Old Master Himself, starting out for a day with his fly-rod.

JUNE was a fine month for the angler in Canada this year, because there was plenty of water but not too much. When I had finished the last chore of public speaking in the middle of the month and taken flight to our woodland clubhouse on the bank of the Ste. Marguerite, a tributary of the Saguenay, the little river was full and clear and the salmon were coming up *en masse*, as our French Canadian guides put it. Our guardian at the mouth of the river reported that the estuary was full of them. In the broad open water above the club porch you could see them leaping and cavorting, especially on Sundays when fishing is forbidden. In every pool there were salmon, in some as many as twenty or thirty. Even in the out-of-the-way places, the runs and cubby-holes where one does not think of angling at ordinary times, there was a chance of striking a good fish. So we had a satisfying, comforting, exhilarating season.

No lure except that artificial fly is used on the river. Some of the men fish "dry" when the water is low, but this year everybody fished "wet" because the salmon were plentiful and not pernickety about rising, and because there was a general feeling of "make hay while the sun shines."

My own share in the harvest was beyond my deserts, but not beyond my power of enjoyment. In less than three weeks I took 56 salmon weighing 1006 pounds, an average of over 18 pounds per fish.

"Not much to boast of," says the experienced Breaker of Records.

"My dear sir, I am not boasting. I am only contented. If I had wished to brag, I would never have told my fish story *first*—when you were in the company!"

"Enormous," says the gentle but inexperienced Reformer, "far too many! Think of all those fish wasted."

"My dear sir, not a single pound was wasted. What we could not eat or send to our friends was given to our guides to be salted or smoked for winter food in the little village four miles away. Was not our fishing really one of those 'works of mercy' which, according to the Shorter Catechism, may possibly be allowed even on the Sabbath Day?"

Sport on the Ste. Marguerite is much enhanced by the lively and gamesome character of the stream. It is about fifty miles long and flows through unbroken woods in a narrow valley among steep mountains and cliffs which in some places almost overhang the river. It runs mainly to merry foaming rapids, down one of which you may see me voyaging *en canot*. It looks easy and feels pleasant. But you need good canoemen, and they have to use their setting-poles with skill in order to get down safely, for the rapids are full of huge rocks, on any one of which the canoe might suddenly be upset or broken. The danger is increased when you have at the end of your line a leaping, raging, tearing salmon, headed straight for sea. The pools on the river are short, and a fish is not often killed in the pool where he was hooked. This increases the joy and the danger and makes the sport extra good. I can enjoy fishing in a lake or a quiet stream, of course. But I prefer a swift and spirited river where you never know exactly what is going to happen to you or to the fish. It enlivens the game.

In the latter half of August, after the salmon-season was closed, I went back again to the Ste. Marguerite with a young comrade who had been a student in one of my classes at Princeton. Having lectured to him on literature it seemed only fair to make up for that by teaching him the ancient and pleasant art of fishing with the fly. In this he proved an apt and enthusiastic pupil.

The fish that we were after (salmon now being prohibited) were the so-called "sea-trout." These are really nothing else than our native speckled trout, or "brookers," which have formed the habit of running down into salt water with the salmon late in the fall, and returning to fresh water after the salmon late in the summer to propagate their species. If they would content themselves with this innocent pleasure it would be all very well. But they insist on the liberty of further indulgence of their natural appetites by eating salmon eggs and even devouring baby salmon alive. This makes it desirable (in a salmon river) to keep the trout down as much as possible for the sake of the salmon.

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Down the Ste. Marguerite River with setting poles.

This is the policy advised by that remarkable man, N. Napoleon Comeau, voyaguer, scientist and head guardian of the Godbout in his very interesting book of reminiscences. We have followed it on our river for several years and have been rewarded by a marked improvement in the salmon fishing. It is a point worth noting by other proprietors and lessees of Canadian rivers. *If you want the salmon to multiply and increase in your waters cut down the trout.*

LeMoyne Page and I performed this beneficent task with a joy that does not always accompany virtuous actions. We caught the egg-stealers and baby-eaters in large numbers. They were beautiful fish, weighing from one to four pounds fresh run from the sea and full of vim. Their flesh was rosy pink; their sides were silvery with the red spots faintly showing through; they were pleasant to catch and delicious to eat. With every one that we landed and consumed we felt more and more virtuous towards the salmon and were inclined to cry like little Jack Horner, "Oh, what a *good* boy am I!"

We also took the opportunity to render a scientific service to the art of angling by trying out the flies with barbless hooks which have been invented and made by your Mr. Jamison of Chicago. *They worked to a charm.* Not a single trout that was hooked on one of them got away, even in the roughest water. Moreover, we found them excellent because by holding them upside down and gently shaking them, we could release the tiny salmon-parr, hungry little sports, untouched and uninjured. That magic "bump" in the hook does the business. *It is the Hump that Holds but does not Harm.*

Well, my pencil has rambled long enough. You will think that I am like that famous old fisherman who talked so much that the fish ceased to listen to him, and so were not frightened away by the noise. Good luck to Outdoor America, and to all the chapters of the Izaak Walton League during the next season and many more to follow.

May you continue the good work which is founded on a sound philosophy and fast penetrating the hearts of men and women, bringing a vision hitherto buried by our commerical activities.

COLORADO
—The Ranger's Child

By
LILLIAN WHITE SPENCER

Her father is in service to a queen
Whose frontier touches blue infinity.
For playmate she has forest mystery;
Her toys are mountains and she loves to lean
Over brown beds where, swathed in winter sheen,
New-born doll rivers nestle cosily;
Her picture books are vast and she may see
On the same page white worlds and worlds of green.

Her happy year holds only summer hours
And when December round the cabin whirls
She learns to read with names of birds and flowers
As proud young parents smile above her curls.
Hers are the fairest Christmas trees earth knows
Lit by the stars and radiant with snows.

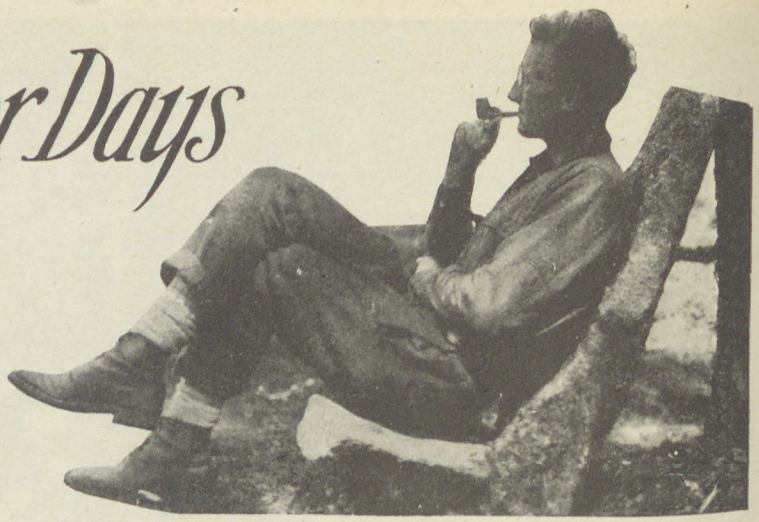
Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Ghosts of Other Days

By Donald Hough

This is an unusual story of an unusual rabbit hunt showing pranks sometimes played by Mother Nature on her creatures of the wild.

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull



Donald Hough

THE rabbit, you must know, is king of the game animals of the world.

Tell that to a big game hunter, and watch him faint. But there are two ways of measuring greatness; two ways of crowning a king. The rabbit is neither the largest animal, nor the most ferocious animal, nor the cleverest or most intelligent animal. In fact, he ranks low in all of these. His brains are in his heels; his ferocity is limited to attacks on cabbages; you can break his heart if you cuss at him hard enough.

But he is sought after by more American hunters than is any other creature of the fields, woods, or mountains. He is to the hunter what the pickerel or the goggle-eye is to the angler.

So it is by the sheer number of men who seek him that he is lifted (by his ears, perhaps) to the throne of the animal kingdom. Whether he makes a noble figure sitting on the throne with his big ears twiddling, and with his nose trembling over a carrot is irrelevant. He is there, just the same—and he 'can point with pride' to his record, for he is the People's Choice.

A number of years ago the height of angling bliss was to spear little pickerel in the creek that ran behind the schoolhouse in which I got most of my education. When spring became summer, and the schoolhouse closed its doors, came the long twilights when I used to row my boat over the purple and gold of the nearby lake, and on ecstatic occasions hook a pickerel, a big brother of the denisons of the creek, on the murderous weapon attached to my trolling line.

And when the snow came, and the little creek and the lake froze over, and there were no more fish, and the moon came out bright on silent nights (and so did the rabbits) molten fire throbbed in my young veins as I stalked the wary cotton-tail. My first ventures afield were with a shotgun many sizes too large for me. I shot my first rabbit with it. I came on the rabbit in a brush pile, and doubting my ability to swing the weapon in a professional manner when the rabbit should break and run, I lifted it to my shoulder with trembling hands and poured a broadside into the bunny right where he was—about two feet from the muzzle—and all I could find were two ears and a foot. The vision of a rabbit consisting of two ears and one foot haunted me after that, and I changed to a small bore rifle. With this, and with father's bird dog (which I utterly ruined every winter for quail shooting), I used to tramp the snowdrifts on Saturdays and on moonlight nights, in quest of His Majesty.

But of course all of that is neither here nor there. I am sorry to have rushed off at a tangent in telling my story, which is the story of a recent rabbit hunt. But at any rate, I can remember of having marched proudly home on more than one occasion with a brace of bunnies swinging bravely from my shoulder, just as in the spring time I trod the dusty homeward road with a pair of small pickerel swinging from an alder twig, and just as I displayed to wondering neighbors the results of my patient trolling in the lake in the summer.

Well, as time went on I followed the trail of many sportsmen and left the cotton-tail, with the pickerel, far back on the portage. I turned my aristocratic attention to wild ducks and pheasant, black bass and trout. I thought, foolishly, enough, that this was a step forward.

I elbowed the pickerel aside when I met him, and took pride in cussing his omnipresence in my bass fishing grounds. I jumped the rabbit while hunting grouse, and laughed at him, as became my high position—I sneered at him, forgetting how once the flashing little tuft of cotton had made my heart leap, had fired me to action.

The time came, inevitably, when I rediscovered my love for the pickerel. I found him in the middle of the north woods, where a lesser fish (or a fancier fish) dared not venture. He graced my frying pan when I was hungry, was my companion on lonely trips, until finally I again worshipped at the shrine of the pickerel, this time not from boyish enthusiasm, but from something which more closely resembled knowledge. So this fish of my boyhood became again a partner of my adventure.

Now let me come back to the rabbit. In order to make this story a logical one, I suppose I should tell about how, in my newly found sense of values, I took up the chase of bunny where I had left it off some years ago, and found it the sport of kings. That is what I would like to do, and, the fact is, I did try to return to my first love of the thickets. But the story didn't come out as do those in the movies, and so I can't tell it that way.

Last fall I decided to go rabbit hunting. I became enthusiastic about it. Four of us arranged to go together, and I looked forward to the trip with a great deal of eagerness. I recalled pictures of my earlier excursions, and was filled with that sort of homesickness which comes when we look back over the years. I would re-live those wonderful days again! I would go out with the same enthusiasm, the same hopes of a successful day, the same eagerness for the chase!

Well, as I said, four of us went. A good opportunity was presented last December, and we went. The Volunteers of America let it be known that because of a shortage of fowl, they needed rabbits to fill out the Christmas baskets. So the four of us set out, in the middle of December, with the Christmas spirit permeating everywhere, holly in the windows, and loads of spruce trees coming in from the woods. We did not seek the cotton-tail, but went to the north, after the snowshoe rabbit.

I had never hunted the snowshoe before. I had seen him in the summer in the north woods, and had heard his big feet thumping around my tent on still nights. I had seen him, too, in the winter woods, when he was as white as snow. But I had never thought of him as game.

We drove by automobile a hundred miles north, into these woods of Minnesota which are neither pine woods nor deciduous woods, but rather a mixture of both. I armed myself with a .22 cal. automatic pistol, thinking to stalk the snowshoe as I often have stalked the grouse, going slowly through the woods with as little fuss as possible, peering down the aisles of the forest now and then, breaking down the camouflage furnished by Nature to her children, then picking off the motionless object of my hunt with the pistol.

The weather was cold—cold as Minnesota Decembers are. But in one respect the season was not normal. That is, there was no snow. The lakes and ponds were covered with ice, the ground was hard and dead, but the snow had not come.

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

We were in high spirits, for we were sure of getting rabbits, and we knew they would be welcomed by more than one family at Christmas; and besides, the clear cold air exhilarated us, and it was, too, a beautiful, clear, sunny day, with the frost sparkling on the tall dry grasses.

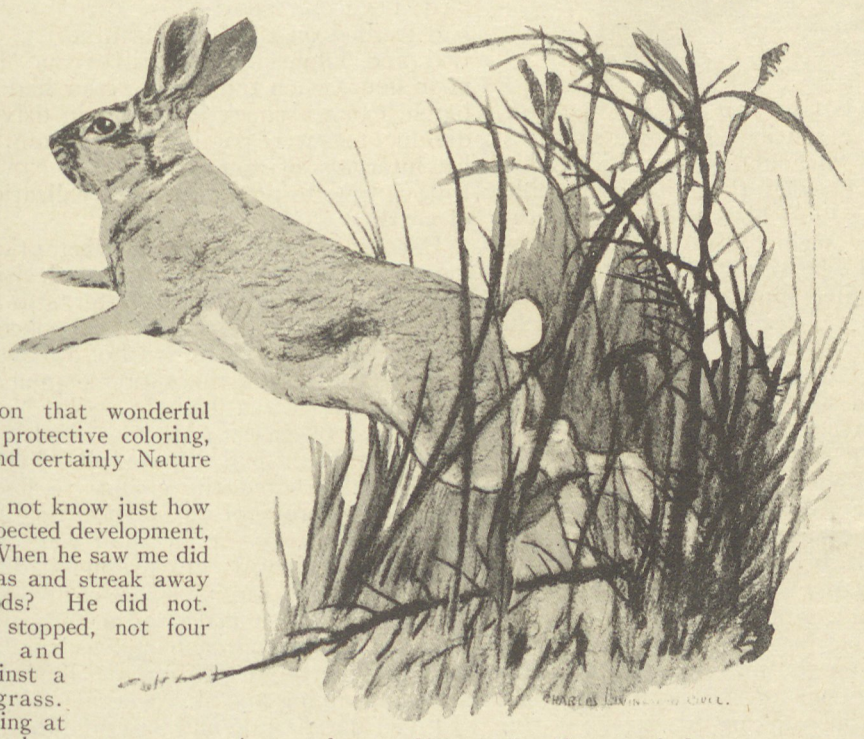
We reached our hunting grounds early in the day. We left the road, and started into the woods—into a valley through which ran a sluggish creek—and our aim was to search this strip of low ground and work the woods of poplar, spruce and pine on either side of it.

We started out, singly, agreeing to meet again at noon to cook our meal together. I chose to follow one bank of the creek bed, and I started out slowly, dropping to my knees now and then to peer through the woods and among the saplings, to try to spot a snowshoe. Although I strained my eyes, and looked twice at every suspicious tuft of brown grass, I saw not even one. But evidently my companions did, for I heard a shot over the hill to my left. I stopped and looked in that direction, thinking that perhaps the rabbit had been missed, and, seeking the cover of the swamp, would come my way.

I was not disappointed. A minute later a rabbit came bounding over the hill.

He was as white as new-fallen snow!

I was amazed. I did not know what to think or do. I had not expected to see a white rabbit. I thought they would be brown and seer, matching the brown grasses and the dead leaves, for the snowshoe rabbit depends on that wonderful trick of Nature, protective coloring, for his safety—and certainly Nature never erred!



A minute later a rabbit came bounding over the hill.

Although I did not know just how to take this unexpected development, the rabbit did. When he saw me did he step on the gas and streak away through the woods? He did not. He immediately stopped, not four yards from me, and snuggled up against a bunch of dead grass. While I was looking at him, I heard other shots back in the woods, and other rabbits, missed by my companions or more often scared by the noise of the guns, came over the hill. White as snow was each one—a silent, ghostly thing, moving through the woods.

By now I realized what had happened. Things had gone awry with Nature's scheme of protective coloring. The coat of the snowshoe, brown in summer and fall, is supposed to turn pure white when the snow comes. But Nature had made the fatal mistake of synchronizing his change of coat not with the coming of snow, but with the coming of the cold. The snow should have come when the cold did, but it didn't, this time, and since there was no way of making the rabbits brown again, they flitted through the woods about as inconspicuously as a goldfish flits around in a glass bowl.

The rain of white rabbits from over the hill presently stopped, and I began to see rabbits on my own score. I saw them sitting at the edge of the swamp, and I saw them in the grass, and in the woods. The poor bunnies depended on what they blissfully imagined was their protective coloring, and I was able to approach to within a few feet of them.

Well, I shot a couple, at decently long range, with my pistol; but even at that I could see that I was going to shoot more than I could conveniently carry, so I decided that thereafter I would shoot only at running rabbits. I am far from an expert pistol shot, and this made a fifty-fifty sporting proposition of it.

I was walking along in a sort of a daze over this weird turn of events which had knocked my visions of boyhood days into a cocked hat, when I came to a part of the forest that had been burned over the previous spring. Do you see the tragedy? Can you see those pure white rabbits not only flitting through a blackened woods, but actually snuggling up beside charred tree trunks and stumps for protection?

I had seen Nature at her best; here, indeed, was Nature at her worst—caught in one of her errors. It was a rather sickly sight. I felt strange, as though in a dream. Everything seemed unreal. It was tragic, it was pitiful, to see those rabbits, when you did persuade them to run, sneak slowly along, careful not to make any noise, careful not to hurry for fear you would be attracted by the movement, careful not to spoil what to them was a perfect blending of color.

It was pitiful to see those albino bunnies sneak along, finally come to rest beside a coal black log, lick their chops in complacent security and, so to speak, wiggle their fingers at you.

But it was funny, too. A sense of humor will not be denied by the tragic side of this display. It was funny. It was uproariously funny. One of those things about which you try to be serious, only to end up by rolling on the ground, doubled up with a sort of apologetic laughter.

I walked on, through those woods that were full of ghosts — ghosts of other days. It was a calm, windless day, and there were no sounds—just a blackened forest, and a lot of pure white things, seemingly detached from the earth and all earthly things, moving through it without effort, without the rustle of a leaf or the snapping of a twig. Rabbits that ran without the thump of a paw.

I brought down three or four more rabbits, though it nearly exhausted my cartridge supply to do it. It was ideal pistol work. I had shot eight of these rabbits, with more than two hundred cartridges spent. I seldom brought down a rabbit except it was on my ninth or tenth shot, and of course I missed many of them with everything in the magazine.

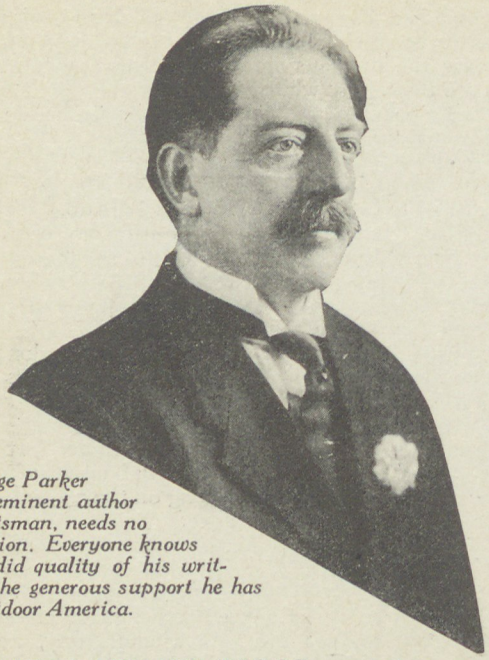
Presently I came to a real spruce swamp, and entered it. It was floored with deep moss, tossed in hummocks like the waves of the sea. The spruce trees grew close to the ground, and it was necessary to stoop low to see under the branches. Across the aisles of this velvety green wilderness in miniature, white rabbits leaped from time to time; and they crouched in the low places, and looked at me over the hummocks. My pistol was kept busily engaged, and soon my hunting coat was too heavy for comfort.

I returned to the road and sat down. One by one my companions came in, each with his quota of white rabbits. We rested a moment, then turned toward our homes secure in the knowledge that the Christmas baskets of the poor would be filled—that Santa Claus' magic wand would be waved over their tables and the season's spirit prevail.

My hunt was over. I had gone out after rabbits. I had harked back to the days when the rabbit was the object of my intense effort at hunting. I had breathed again the happy, carefree breath of past days: I had been a boy again.

But had I? I'm afraid not. My vision of the chase had vanished as silently as the movement of a white rabbit through a black forest. I had chanced on something wrong in Nature. My mind was filled with the visions of ghosts. When I shut my eyes I could see those snowshoe rabbits flitting and jumping, sneaking and twisting, right and left, criss-cross and up and down, through the woods that had betrayed them.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!



Dr. George Parker Holden, eminent author and sportsman, needs no introduction. Everyone knows the splendid quality of his writing and the generous support he has given Outdoor America.

Fools Luck

By

George Parker Holden

Author of "Streamcraft" and "The Idyl of the Split-Bamboo"

Illustrated by Louis Rhead

JAMES LATIMER BIGGS, an ardent angler for over a quarter of a century, having reached a ripe middle age without having killed his salmon, suddenly decided that this deplorable hiatus in his fishing career must be remedied and without further delay. Now seemed the especially propitious time, for a friend who recently had acquired a shack in Canada had invited him to come up. So he set his course north, north-east for the Miramichi River.

Arrived, he found that there was "nothing doing" at present, nor had the fish been taking for some time, owing to dry weather and low water. "But just you wait a bit for a good rain, and then you'll see"—thus his friend and host consoled him.

After some days the rain came and raised the river a foot or more, so that the salmon, previously sluggish at the bottom of the pools, became restive preparatory to moving farther on up stream, and some already had moved to other pools and were but recently occupying them—conditions favorable for their taking the fly.

But others, too, were on the move—men and logs. A nearby mill had shut down for the day by order of the superintendent, who, also taking advantage of the rise of water, had sent the men out on the river to break up the jams and start a drive to furnish more food in the shape of logs for consumption by the hungry mill-saw. Soon the mill hands were at the work, proceeding up the river from jam to jam at which they tarried only long enough to pry out with canthook and peavy the key logs that were holding up the mass above. With cat-footed agility they ran and jumped across the logs, and often after but a few minutes' work the entire log mass, extending perhaps for a quarter of a mile, would begin to move.

Now it so happened that one of the best salmon pools had remained covered with a solid roof of logs for some time previously. Of course, in that condition it was impossible to fish it; neither could it be swept by a net, and a lawless netting of several pools only a short time since was common report. So, with this pool that Biggs had in mind once freed of logs on the risen water, the chances of hooking his salmon seemed pretty good. And indeed such proved to be the case, as the reader of this chronicle soon will perceive.

James Latimer, an experienced trout fisher, was new to this particular branch of the game piscatorial, but he had armed himself with all the proper data. The fly that the coy fish—and salmon fishing is a particularly uncertain sport—just then were partial to, he had learned on the best of authority, was one locally tied and known as the Silver and Black. At the noon hour, when the logging crew had knocked off for lunch, came a check in the main drive, and only individual logs were passing downstream, often separated by intervals of some minutes. Now was the fortuitous time to proceed to the realization of his dream of years.

Encouragement, and of a substantial sort, was not long withheld. He had a most decisive take; anon another; and a few minutes later, still a third. All on the Silver and Black. But he hooked none of these three. Now he saw the swirl of a fourth fish.

And then comes the supreme moment! The next salmon to seize the fly is hooked. Now to play him, and at last to call him his very own!

The problem had its complications. Those logs, which had favored the chance to hook the salmon, were not to prove of any help in holding him. James Latimer presently was in a fair way of becoming permanently cockeyed, or, to put it in more elegant language, of contracting a case of divergent strabismus. The left eye must needs be held warily watching upstream for the approach of logs, while the right eye must not be removed from the bowed rod, taut line, and the running and skyrocketing salmon.

Five times he ran, and five times he jumped. Should he jump when the line was under a passing log—good-by, salmon! So reluctantly the fish was forced clear of five successive logs. But plenty of vim yet remained within those black-spotted scintillating sides, for you must play these fellows, though averaging only from five to eight pounds, at least half an hour on a seven-ounce split-bamboo rod before exhausting them sufficiently to admit of bringing them safely to the net or gaff, and James Latimer had had him on for little more than ten minutes. Then, suddenly, he had him no more! The line and leader were sound and strong, and there had been no tactical errors; the rod point had been eased a bit each time that the salmon jumped, but the fish had been given no slack line. The rod had remained bowed so that the strain of the top was continuous. He simply waved an adieu, and moved away in dignified, unhurried fashion, loosed from a taut line. Likely the necessitated forcing of the fish clear of the threatening logs had worn a good-sized hole about the hook, enabling him after a time simply to slip away.

Yet James Latimer was not disheartened. Doubtless there were other salmon in that pool waiting to be annexed. Of course, first, the proper thing to do was to rest the pool. James Latimer retired into the

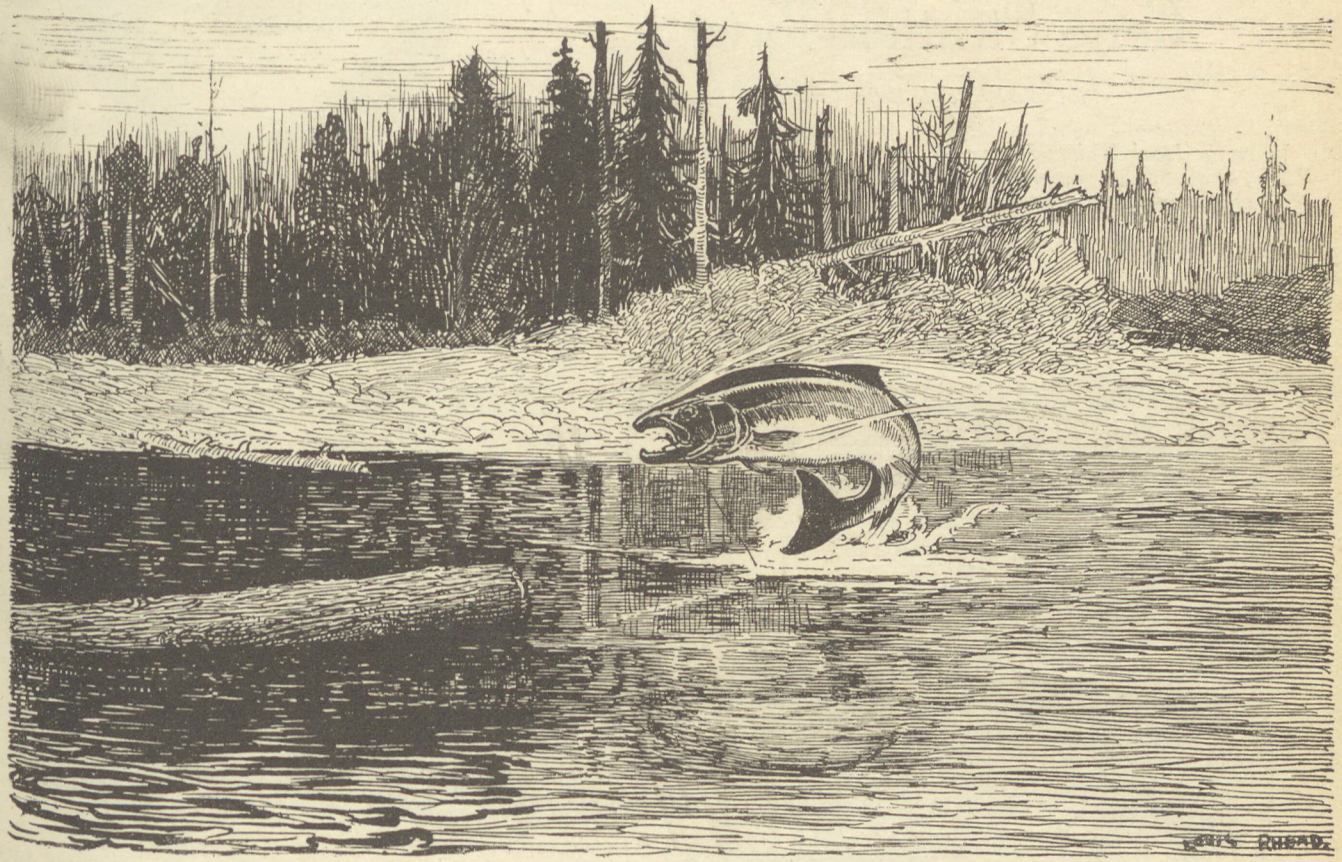
Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

brush; had a contemplative and consoling pipe, despite which he murdered a hundred mosquitoes (first-degree slaughter as he certainly meditated both before and afterward on the subject); ate some wild strawberries; pensively studied the clouds, one of which had very distinctly assumed the form of a huge salmon's head, complete even to the tongue in the open mouth and the ferocious hooked underjaw; observed some moose tracks fresh since the rain, the quiet suddenly broken by a king-fisher's raucous rattle; noted a rabbit scurry to cover; heard the blowing of a startled deer in a thicket but a few yards distant; and then, some twenty minutes later, calm in mien and with

jump. He sounds—makes for bottom, where he stands on his head and sulks. No more is he to be budged by the tug of that rod than would be an automobile hub deep in the mire.

Heeding the advice of his good angel the teamster, the young fisherman taps against his rod butt. The salmon continues to sulk. Then this most resourceful teamster heaves stones into the depths near the salmon, which brings him again to the surface; and finally, after another heart-stressing period of battle, nets him and brings him safely to earth.

All the while the teamster's dog, close at his master's heels but uttering not a sound, was ecstatically absorbed



The salmon runs and jumps, again and again, and that fool leader holds.

renewed determination of purpose, returned to the job in hand.

But what's this! As he approaches the bank he beholds another angler, a decidedly youthful one, and rigged with a small trout rod, frail line, and dangerously fine gut leader (of course, some of these details were noted later) in the very act of playing a salmon—one of James Latimer's salmon! The salmon runs and jumps, again and again, and that fool leader holds. The angler successfully eludes four passing logs. Now he is afoul of the fifth log, which carries salmon and line fifty yards downstream. Surely all is lost.

But, stay! The driver of a mill wagon appears in the wood road and comes to the rescue in the nick of time. He halts to view the "passing" scene. Now his alert interest is aroused. Alighting, and followed by a nondescript black woolly-haired dog, nimbly he scrambles down the bank, rushes down river along the rocky shore, grabs a crooked piece of sapling lying in his very path, and, overtaking the log, reaches out and draws it inshore, rolls it over and releases line and fish—the fish still fast to the line.

Again the salmon runs. But this time he does not

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

in the study of developments, as expressed by lifted paw and spasmodic motion of tail, hea eyes, and ears.

"Now," soliloquizes James Latimer, "is the time," while that chap is gloating over his catch and recovering from his daze, for me to proceed to the head of the pool" (the salmon was landed some seventy-five yards farther down) "and go carefully through it once more." This he does; but with no result.

The successful one by now has recovered consciousness of mundane affairs and decides to try it again. Has *he* any thought of "resting the pool" following James Latimer's attempt? It entereth not into his scheme of things. He starts right in—and by all that's unorthodox he's into a second fish immediately!

Anon, and James Latimer strolls down to where youth with glistening eye is silently appraising to the full the glories of his two fish, silvery radiant on the green of the bank. The fly still is in the jaw of the second victim. Is it the infallible Silver and Black charmer? It is not. It is a yellow-bodied fly with grey mallard wings and brown hackle, a McKenzie

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]

Field O'My Dreams

By

Gene Stratton-Porter

Illustrated by Bessie Bethel Crank

Gene Stratton-Porter

When the Izaak Walton League was yet in its infancy, Gene Stratton-Porter, because of her great love of the out of doors, rallied to our standard and has remained one of us, lending priceless support through her gifted pen and charming personality.

THERE'S a green alluring meadow, where in happy dreams I wander,
Drawn by its enchanting beauty—each night drawn to linger in it,
With a triple cord of strong strands, spun of shining silver longing,
Strands of haunting beauty, subtle fragrance and spontaneous song.

Spreading wide in pools fern bordered

On the north my field is bounded by a stretch of untouched forest,
Carpeted with early wild flowers, hardy, cold-defying snow boys,
White and blue and yellow violets, pink Canadian and bird's-foot.
Later, burns the torch of foxfire, shine the stars of sparkling campion.
Here the stately trees of lakeshore rise from moist soil, deep and fertile,
Always beckoning with high hands, signalling the distant heavens;
Good fellows, joyously mingling, never tiring of their places.
All day leaning to give greetings, proffering kindly reassurance;
All day singing, keeping silence; all night whispering to each other.
Giant oaks, red, white, and chestnut, straight as ship masts home together.
Cloud veiled elms, wild cherries graceful, maples, coffee trees and lindens,
Big grey beeches, widely stretching arms alike to earth and sky,
An ancient blue ash, hale and hoary, gathering his young around him.
One decrepit old hackberry, highly topping all the others,
Deeply scarred with lashes given by the warring winds of ages.
In the cleft breast of the forest flame the holly and red elder,
Like ruby jewels flashing on the breast of a comely negress.
In its tangles of blackberry, in its over-creeping wild grape,
A bell-bird tells her beads of gold, tells them one by one, one by one.

On the east my field is bounded by a hollow, deep and olden,
Its lazy creeping bedstream, laughing loudly in its falling,
Chuckling over pebbly shoals, shouting round the stones resistant.
Spreading wide in pools fern bordered, shadowed deep by rose and cornel.
Here lift hoods of rank skunk-cabbage, leaves of green-gold freshly shining,
Through the seas of yellow cowslip, 'mong the buttercups hand painted.

Tall grow here the honeyed lindens, sycamores stately, wearing patches,
Aspens quake when air is breathless, dance mad rhapsodies in storm.
Between big, thirsty roots down-reaching, always creeping toward the waters.
Jack-in-his-pulpit preaches love, collects the gold of celandine.

On the south the open highway girds the globe and returns to me.
Here a close set hedge of buckthorne, shuts my field in from the roadway,

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Reinforced by wild sweetbrier, pink dogwood, redbud and elder,
At their feet in wild abandon, lilies truant, cabbage roses.

Across the road in confused tangles, hawthorne white and bittersweet
Dodge the county supervisor, whose law strong hand dares take their lives.
On the west the hedge of buckthorne marches gaily to the forest,
Wearing robes of green, brocaded with small flowers of misty yellow,
Draped with frills of pale rose aster, and the filmy lace of beard-tongue,
Fringed with goldenrod so feathery, spiderwort and cerise paintbrush.
All its festoons deftly fastened with rosettes of frail sheep sorrel,
Jeweled on its breast and shoulders with the egg-filled nests of song-birds

Leaving far a world of turmoil, my dream road slips through my gates.
Passes posts of snowy matrix, carries me by sweeping glaciers.
My road greets the nodding wild flowers, the tossing tree, loved by children
When it waves its emerald pennants on the lightest breeze of summer.
Then it runs into a valley where the face of earth smiles broadly,
Flickering from a bed of lilies, mixed with turtle head and saffron,
To its mate of fringed gentians, Oswego Tea and button bushes.
Now it rises from the valley, to the lake goes swiftly speeding,
Where the mirror of its surface, pictures clouds and magic forest,
On its heaving breast of silver, ever shifting blue quicksilver.

Then it parts the hedge of buckthorne, with its fragile wild-flower border,
From the gutter-snipes adjoining, in the bed of fly-up-the-creeks,
Where commingle in profusion, flowers that flew the garden fence,
Coreopsis, larkspur, poppies, hollyhocks and ragged robins
And those other rowdy gamins, 'neath the footboard slyly creeping,

Flickering from a bed of lilies

Stones thick-set with blood-red oblongs, stones with pebbles blue in color;
Stones commingling shades mosaic, in a thousand blends harmonious.
On each post a horned owl perches, a big bird of frowning aspect,
Guards with stony eyes of watching all my wealth of treasured wild flowers,
Warning in a voiceless language: "Who, who robs one flower of life,
Sins a sin that knows no pardon, against the God of all things growing!"
Past these sentinel posts my road, slowly winding homeward to me,
Creeps on through my field of visions, through my field of purple clover,
Guarded by its tall blue sailors, ever standing at attention,
Smiling on the bouncing Betties, sturdy, coy, they wave, pink-blushing,
Past the ravine of the aspens, past the orchard, old, pathetic,
Crowned each May in youthful promise, God's mystery of pink and white;
Then comes Fall's abject fruition—apples wormy, tough and blighted.
Striped grass and valley lilies, lovage, myrtle, daffodillies.
The road loves these close companions, gaily waves to them a greeting,
Then abruptly turns to leave them; lingering, it could not pass them,
Plunges in the wide-armed forest, down its cool and song-thrilled spaces.

Thus in dreams my field I wander, breathing of its far-flung fragrance,
Listening in ecstatic trembling, to the thicket catbird's medley,
To the sparrows of the hedgerow, to their cousins of the brown earth,
To the notes of robin redbreast, to the bluebirds of the orchard,
To its cooing doves and vireos, preaching in their lace trimmed pulpits,
In the apple-tree cathedrals, where our God most surely dwells.
Then I hear old Bob White calling, oven-birds in purple clover,
Nightly sing the larks on fence posts, dance the clownish bobolinks.
Black-eyed, bloody-coated redbirds, bold buccaneers send challenge gay,
Warblers in the cowslip thicket, ever roll glad fantasy.
This is where I go in dreamland, this the field in which I wander.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

The Accident

By El Comancho

If you like these stories drop me a line and tell me so—Drop me a line also and tell me why you don't, if you have a kick coming—I like to please you if I know what you want—El Comancho

OVERHEAD the midday sun blazed like a ball of brass set in a canopy so blue that it seemed miles deep and washed clean with the rush of a warm southerly breeze that waved the tree branches like a steady, throbbing surf—a wind with thrust and purpose in it, northing along about its business without haste.

Under David's expert instructions I had caught four lively and beautifully spotted channel catfish as we made our way downstream from the swimming hole and I will say that these victims had been no whit less lively nor fought less valiantly than their better advertised cousins, the trout, for they were fish of sorts and long ancestry in those clear water days before the plow had turned their streams to mud filled ditches.

David, reading the signs of river, wind, and shadow, and knowing, as he did, just what a fish should be doing, and why, had pointed here and there to eddy or swirl as we came along, and said, "Drop your minnow a foot below that water logged stump just where the current curls around it; you'll get a three-pounder there."

He had not said "maybe" or "perhaps" or had he inferred doubt of results at all.

Calmly and with that peculiar note of finality, of sureness and exact fore-knowledge that amazed and never ceased to be a source of wonder to me, he had said, "you'll *get* a three-pounder *there*," and his prediction invariably came true just as though he had seen the fish waiting there all ready and eager to take the bait, as indeed they seemed to be.

David's understanding of things in and about the wilds always seemed so exactly correct that I learned after a time to accept what he said as fact beyond dispute and rarely indeed did it ever turn out to be wrong even in the slightest detail, for he had a capacity for learning and retaining his facts such as I have never seen equalled in any one and even approached only by old Indians who had spent a lifetime in contact with the wilderness.

The island where David had announced that he had a camp proved to be a long, narrow strip of land in midriver, densely covered with a jungle of trees, bushes and vines, that grew, thick and tangled as a green wall, straight up from the backwash of the snarling current which rushed by on both sides noisily, giving notice to the world that here within the forbidden circle of rushing waters was a bit of nature that man was not to covet or possess except at the risk of smashed boat or drowning for himself.

It did not look like a safe or inviting place when it came into view, seeming to rush upstream at us as the current caught our frail craft and dragged it downstream toward the increasing sound of fretful rapids that came up along the open river between tree walls like a voice through a megaphone.

David glanced once or twice over his shoulder as he rowed, adding the impulse of his young muscles to the pull of the increasing current as we approached the island.

We rushed downstream almost to the pile of driftwood that straddled the island's upstream end.

It seemed we must surely pile up against this sunbleached wreckage, when David thrust an oar down, gave one vigorous stroke, and we shot down into the boiling snarl of waters on one side, missing the driftwood trap by a scant ten feet, only to plunge into foaming water that broke white ahead and on both sides, surely inviting destruction.

Before I could get the course ahead mapped out in my mind David thrust his oars, blade deep, pulled swiftly a stroke or two and we whipped into a swirl of current running smoothly back upstream against a low bank overhung with a wide drooping screen of dense green where leaning trees reached out and curtained the safe harbor of a snug and quiet eddy behind the downstream side of the towhead drift pile on the island head nor gave hint, shoreward, of its existence.

David knew, just as he knew all else along the Little River, that this eddy was here and he knew exactly how to reach it with his boat even though it was guarded by the snarling, fanged current rushing between island and mainland.

Going ashore, David led the way into the island jungle through a path tnat I later found to have been cleared in zigzag course, which gave chance for the casual discoverer to overrun and lose it, because it was deftly laid and camouflaged with just that idea in view, for the purpose of confusing any passerby and presenting the green wall of forbidding jungle instead of a clear path into a snugly hidden camp.

No Indian could have better hidden his trail—and yet it was perfectly clear and wide open, once you knew where it ran.

It was David's wilderness way, a part of the daily life he lived and his constant attitude toward the outside world and his beloved outdoors, to build his trail so and to hide his camp on this secret-loving island where the chance of discovery and casual visit by traveler was so small as to be almost nonexistent, as few indeed would care to brave the twisting, boisterous currents just to see what might be on a small midstream island.

Presently we entered his vine-hidden camp, a snug, cool and cozy little retreat in the very heart of a thicket that hid yet gave easy view all around.

At first it seemed only a little bit of nature turned to account to fit the needs of the camp owner, but slowly it began to dawn on me that nature had been given a helping hand. I mentioned this to David, who smiled one of his rare, illuminating smiles.

"I picked this thicket out because it was a sumac thicket and nobody goes through a sumac thicket if they can go around, because lots of folks think the leaves are poison; they are not poison at all and they grow thick, like a palm tree on the tops of the bushes; then I planted wild cucumber vines all around, thick, this spring, for I knew they would grow quickly and cover the thicket so nobody would even try to go through because men don't like to travel through the woods except when they follow a path."

So that was the way of it! No wonder the camp was hidden! I marveled at the understanding of nature and the habits of men possessed by this boy, and I wondered how long it would take me to learn what he seemed to know all about and to accept as part of his everyday life, as something entirely to be expected and not to be advertised.

Beside a log there seemed to be a pile of driftwood at one side of the camp, leavings of a springtime flood so far as one could see.

David moved a stick of this drift and then lifted the pile to one side, revealing a packing box snugly hidden by nailing

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

driftwood on the outside of it in a perfectly natural way in relation to situation and keeping in mind the flood action that would bring such drift stuff here. It left no hint of anything but a natural driftwood pile, so well was it done.

Inside the box David found other smaller wooden boxes and these he set out on the upturned box front that now served as a table as it lay on the ground with the drift stuff nailed to the underside.

The boxes contained sugar, salt, a bit of frying fat, flour, coffee, a few wide-mouthed bottles with matches, soda, baking powder and such things as must be kept dry, inside.

Frying pans, kettles and some other camp equipage could be seen still further back in the big box.

The frying pan came forth now as David proposed fried catfish for noon lunch.

Quickly he built a little fire as big as one's hat crown and so located that it could not have been seen a hundred feet away in any direction, and it made no smoke whatever. I noticed this and spoke of it.

"Oh, that's easy; I use nothing but old roots from the driftwood pile; you get the ones that are old and dry and have no bark on and that are up off of the ground in any pile of driftwood along the river.

"They are so dry they burn right away and they don't make a bit of smoke, unless you pile them too thickly on your fire, and they don't snap and pop like other wood; then besides they burn all up and don't have a lot of coals left to smoulder along and smoke after you are through cooking; they make the hottest fire of any that you can build out of wood; I use it all the time, get it from the drift at the head of the island."

I had learned something new again! It seemed I had much to learn yet if I expected to be an ablebodied camper and nature lover, and David evidently was past master where I was still in the A B C class.

In a surprisingly short while we fed, and no king ever ate a more attractive meal. It was clean and good and it had a wilderness flavor, for it was of the wilderness itself a part. It fitted and harmonized.

I filled my pipe; David, at ease, resting his young body as the animals do, and yet alert and with ear and eye attuned to his beloved wilderness, reclined against a tree trunk after scouring his dishes with sand and then washing them in the river.

Surely we two were in the care of the gods there and life was running smoothly.

Then came, above the roar of water a shrill, high pitched childish wail—a cry that brings the hair of the male bristling along his spine and bares the fighting fangs of the species whenever and wherever it is heard, for it is the female appeal for help, nor is there stronger call in all nature.

David was away like a shot, running down the island, before I could get to my feet.

I followed as fast as I might and arrived at the lower end of the island to see a group of young girls in old bathing dresses on the bank of the river across the white current that roared between island and mainland, and, halfway over, swimming with the effortless ease of an otter, was David, cleaving his way swiftly, hand over hand, across the snarl of fanged waters toward the little group of girls who were giving evidence of serious trouble by their wailing and aimless, hysterical movements.

I felt helpless and could do nothing, so I stood and watched David land and saw him rush to the waiting group of girls who scattered like quail and then closed round David in a compact bunch as he bent down, hiding him completely from my sight.

"Somebody nearly drowned, but pulled out in time," I thought, "and David will know just what to do and do it."

Then I saw a girl run and get some white article of feminine wear and come back to the group, tearing the cloth into strips as she came.

"I was wrong; it isn't a case of drowning but somebody is badly hurt some way," is the way my mental process digested this evidence.

Five minutes later David raised up, turned and plunged into the current and came swimming swiftly back across the rapids toward the island, where I waited for him, eager to know what the trouble could be—for it was serious I knew just from the swift action that brought David toward me now, action with definite purpose behind it.

"A kid girl wading in the river cut her foot on a broken bottle some fool has thrown into the water; it's deep and the blood is red and it comes in spurts—artery cut. We've got to move quick to save her from bleeding to death. Come on, I'm going to take the boat over at the head of the island where we can carry her up and take her aboard, then I'll row up the river to the dam—it's the quickest way to get a doctor. I've got most of the bleeding nearly stopped, but she's got to have help quickly or she'll die."

While he was telling me this we had been trotting across the island to the boat.

"Go on over the driftwood and I'll pick you up at the upper end—I can wade and tow the boat up quicker than I can row it here—then we'll cross above the rapids."

I do not know just how he brought the boat up through that stretch of white water, but he did the trick, wading against the current and pulling the boat behind him, and arrived at the upper end of the drift pile as soon as I did by climbing over it at that—five minutes later we were safe across on the mainland, where we hurried down to get the injured girl.

She was one of a pair of twin sisters about twelve years old, June and Jule Williams, known to every body as "the Williams twins."

Normally, they were a pair of colorful, mischief loving, and very pretty children, for whom everyone had a good word and a smile, albeit they were always into some childish scrape or other, due to their irrepressible vitality and love of life. It was said they would not take a dare and would try anything once if given to understand they could not, or must not, do it.

Just now poor little June, usually so lively, was stretched on the ground, white as wax, with her eyes closed and her teeth clenched against the pain of a deep, ugly gash across her foot from which red blood trickled ceaselessly drop by drop through the bandages that David had drawn with all his strength to stop the deadly leakage.

Jule was frantic, but helpless, as she hovered over her sister and half a dozen of their girl companions stood by, unable to do anything.

David had twisted a "Spanish windlass" around June's leg just below the knee and drawn it so tight that it cut into the flesh deeply, causing considerable pain, which the little girl bore as best she could, knowing it was necessary to help stop the bleeding.

"I'll take her to the boat and get up to the dam as fast as I can; you take these other kids and cut through the pasture here and up to Zimmerman's and then get a horse and go for a doctor as fast as you can; tell him what's the matter and bring him down where the ford road crosses below the dam, ready to sew this cut up right there.

El Comancho, Himself, dressed in Sioux regalia. Every reader of Outdoor America loves El Comancho. His Little River stories are classic tales of a reg'lar boy's life. Comancho's writing has a tang of the woods and wild places where he has spent so much of his life.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Jule leaped to her feet and shook her clenched fist at the taunting gang.

"If I'm not there when you get there then hurry right on downstream and meet me as soon as you can—I'll be coming up as fast as I can," said David, who wasted no time but picked the injured girl up in his arms and started off up the river toward the boat even while he was talking to me.

"I'm going with June," said Jule, and David did not forbid her, so she took her sister's clothes and trotted alongside the burdened boy, her slim little figure seeming very small and frail beside the sturdy bulk of David, who was walking swiftly and making no job of carrying the injured girl.

I hurried away on my mission, for I knew that David had not overrated the need of hurry—life itself depended on time and delay would mean death to the wounded June.

Once in the boat David kept close to the bank and pulled with every ounce of energy he had, sending the light boat upstream against the slow current with at least a five mile speed.

As he passed by the swimming hole, the gang, now dressed and on the bank until the urge to swim should strike them again, took note of David rowing up along the opposite side of the river with Jule Williams sitting in the stern of the boat, and they began a broadside of taunting remarks aimed at David: "Uh! huh! Don't like girls! Oh, no! Don't like girls! Dave ain't got no use for girls! No!" They could not see June, still and white in the bottom of the boat, and they thought David was rowing hard to get away from their taunts.

Fiery-tempered Jule stood it as long as she could, then she jumped to her feet at the risk of capsizing the boat and shaking her clenched fist at the taunting gang she screamed, "You let Dave alone! My sister is hurt and he's taking her to the doctor! You shut your mouths and behave yourselves!"

She was crying helplessly while she talked and her slight figure trembled with rage, but she gave the gang the best she had in defense of the boy who was giving his best efforts to save her beloved sister—the twin who was her other self.

David, close lipped, wasted no energy in useless words; he was racing with an adversary that he had to beat and he was using every ounce of his young, splendid muscle and nerve to do it.

The swimming hole and its citizens dropped astern; the dam loomed ahead, then the ford road, where it entered the water, came in sight and the boat rapidly approached it.

Fifty yards away David saw Doctor Fulton's buggy turn down the bank and come on down the steep road at the risk of a capsize for every ten feet of the gullied, washed out way—but it reached the bottom and Dr. Fulton and myself met David just as he ran the boat up on the sand where the road entered the water—and June was still alive.

Dr. Fulton worked first and talked afterward, and so it came about that little June Williams did not start on the Great Adventure, thanks to David and his clear-headed youth and energy.

Also that river trip was to be a never-to-be-forgotten incident in the lives of June and Jule, and of David, whose life line Fate crossed and tangled that day with the heart line of little June Williams, and so made it my duty, as a perfectly disinterested observer, to write this story of a man and a pair of girl twins who—

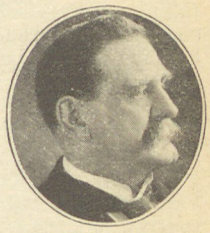
Well, they caused a lot of trouble first and last, and one way and another, but—

Do you know any man in all your acquaintances whose life has not been troubled by some woman, some time? And do you know any man who sidesteps the trouble?

Well—there you are!

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Stories and Reminiscences Of Jacob M. Dickinson



J. M. Dickinson, Secretary of War under President Taft.

IN WRITING my reminiscences of hunting, fishing and other things, I am impressed by the consciousness that it is of little consequence to the general reader as to what game I killed and how many fish I caught, and the manner of doing it, and that only those recitals are worthy of record which illustrate the ways of game and fish, or the manifestations of nature, or show what is worth remembering about the habits, customs, and history of a people, or the doings of those who have won such public esteem as to make them appeal to the general interest. Therefore I shall put myself forward only where it is necessary in telling the story.—J. M. D.

Fishing on Horseback

LOVERS of Scott will recall the picturesque and thrilling scene in Redgauntlet of spearing from horseback salmon in the tide water of the Solway. Although over half a century has passed since I read it, the whole colorful and stirring scene is still vivid in my mind's eye. Before the latter part of the last century there was no general system of levees on the Mississippi River. The few that existed were local, were erected mostly against the backwaters, and afforded but little protection against a high stage of water. Consequently, most of the lands contiguous to the west shore from the lower part of Missouri to the Gulf, and on the other side from Memphis to Natchez, and all the low lands adjacent to streams flowing into the Mississippi, through which back waters came, were subject to almost annual overflow. This was not an unmixed evil. The almost stagnant backwater deposited alluvium to the depth of an inch or more and this kept those countries as rich as the valley of the Nile. At that time a vendor of nitrates or any other fertilizer would have been jeered at. It was different if the inundation came from head water, which, flowing directly from the river, invariably deposited sand, and often with its impetuous current stripped off the rich top soil. The levees have changed all of that, and, except when they break, have made overflows and their incidents ancient history.

The Mississippi River and its overflowed waters often extended from Memphis to Croly's Ridge, Arkansas, a distance of about fifty miles. In getting to my plantation in Mississippi County, Arkansas, which was mainly high land, with an extensive area always above overflow, I have gone in a steamboat from Memphis to some high landing, such as Cottonwood Point, and from there twelve miles or more through a heavy virgin forest, to Frenchman's Bayou, in a sassafras dugout, with the sides not more than three inches above the waterline and so tipsy that one, if a tobacco chewer, had to be careful in shifting his quid from one side of his mouth to the other. All nature was subdued and terrified. On mounds and knolls above the water, were cattle, horses, mules, deer, and sometimes wildcat, panthers, and bear. Turkey and other fowl were perched in trees. I saw snakes and quail on the same logs. Predatory natures were subdued. All seemed overwhelmed with despair. It was a question of duration, and endurance. I then understood how easily Noah corralled the refugees into the Ark. His experience in a Mississippi flood has been thus depicted:

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn—
Fur Noah tuk the "Herald," an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk, a-cl'arin' timber patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin',
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' what was gwine to happen:
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob ebry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

At times the tortures of hunger were exceeded by those of the Buffalo gnat, a little smaller than a horse fly, and a mortal plague. They got into the nostrils, eyes, ears, sheaths, and about the flanks of animals, and were deadly. I saw the corpse of a man who had gotten drunk and strayed into the woods. The Buffalo gnats had killed him. He must have died from suffocation. His nostrils and throat were swollen and closed, and his face was distorted like those of the damned depicted by Doré in Dante's Inferno. When they came smudges had to be built to protect domestic animals with smoke. When plowing was done, the exposed parts of work stock were kept constantly mopped with grease. Tin cans with smoke smudges were hung on the bits. A smoke made in the woods would attract tortured turkey or deer and other animals, an easy mark for those hard hearted enough to profit by their misery. They lasted a few days or weeks, until the hot weather, and then disappeared.

It was said that the sunshine made them swell up and burst. The levees changed all of that. They were the offspring in those sections of the overflow. Now they are never heard of there.

Some years the water remained up so long that it discolored the bark of the trees, and infallibly registered its depth. A man was trying to sell a stranger some land. He asked what those marks were on the trees and was told they were made by the hogs rubbing against them. When they came to still lower lands where the water marks stood ten feet or more on the trees, the owner pressed the trade to an issue and said, "Do you want to buy any of this land?" He pointed to the trees and said, "No, but I would like to buy some of those hogs."

Passing the Buck

President Taft had the health saving habit of humor. One of the officials in one of our Insular Possessions whom we will here call "Old Sarcasm" was noted for his explosive style of speech and caustic tongue. General Luke E. Wright, who held successively the offices of Governor General of the Philippines, Ambassador to Japan, and Secretary of War, said that when Blackstone wrote in his Commentaries on the English Criminal Law that there could be no assault by mere words, it was because he had never heard "Old Sarcasm" express himself about some one who had incurred his displeasure.

A cable report came of a very indiscreet speech, offensive to the natives, made by this very able official and valuable public servant. Congress was in session, and the democrats and some republicans were very busy and astute in turning over chips trying to discover political bugs that would embarrass the administration.

The Secretary of War, knowing that this speech would be promptly pounced upon for investigation and disciplinary measures, and that this would involve the Administration, and the standing of a most capable officer, and that the best antidote would be prompt and wholesome punitive action, anticipating the usual Congressional clap-trap intervention, wrote to the President, sending a copy of the speech and urging that he dispose of the matter at once by reprimanding by cable the offending official.

The response came instanter: "Old Sarcasm" is in your Department. "Skin your own skunks."

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

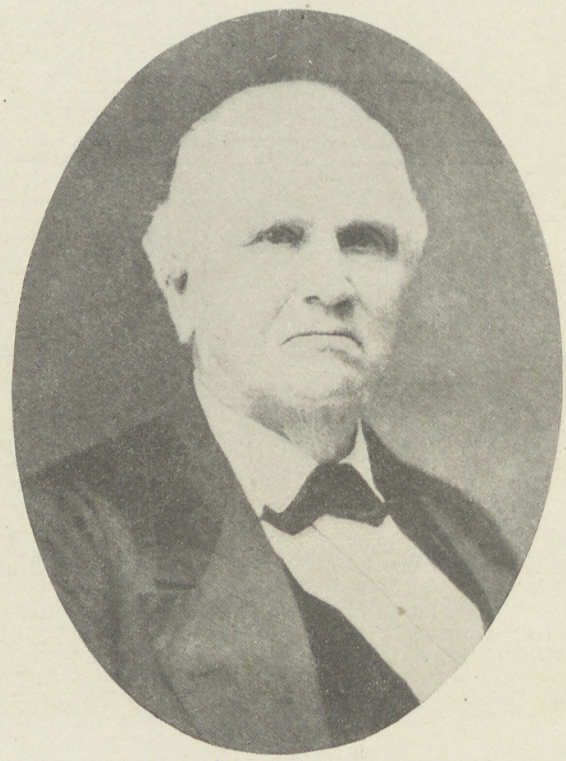
But *revenons a nos moutons*, or rather fish.

As the river rose the back waters went up the bayous and tributary rivers and then out over the low lands, and with them countless fish of all kinds. The Buffalo, a coarse fish, something like the German scaled carp, went out in vast numbers. This fish, being of the sucker family, is not usually taken with the hook, but it is often done. A long stiff pole and a short line but little longer than the depth of the water are used. At the end is a sinker, heavy enough to hold the line taut. Above the sinker are attached closely, back to back, two or three large hooks and just above them is a ball of dough kneaded with cotton, an inch or two in diameter. The fish suck the dough, and the fisherman with a sensitive touch, feeling the bite, jerks up straight and often hooks him on the lower lip. It was a great sport gigging these fish from horseback. They went in droves like hogs, eating the young vegetation and animal life, and were easy to locate by the commotion they made. Frequently they came to the surface and in the shallow water were easily seen.

A gig is an iron or steel trident with barbed points with a spread of generally about five inches. It is on a stiff haft about ten feet long, made of ash. Sometimes it had a line to attach to the wrist, but more often it was thrown without a line and would float. One skilled in the art could strike even a game fish going swiftly and at a depth of a foot or more. As a boy I practiced on chickens, and often killed them at full speed. Sometimes a horse would get in the very midst of a rushing throng, and would become frantic. On one occasion I rode a wild, half-broken youngster, and after such an encounter, could not force him back into the water. I stripped and went in on foot and had a wild time. The slimy fish with their piercing fins soon routed me and I fled ignominiously. They ran from five to over twenty pounds in weight, and on one occasion I killed as many as two stout negro men could carry strung on a rail. Negroes are very fond of them, but they are not esteemed by the more fastidious. A gig was a terrible weapon.

I was on a bear hunt on the Tyronza River in Mississippi County, Arkansas. We had no dogs, but still hunted, and used traps. It was a crude camp with no tents. It rained heavily; the cane and undergrowth were very wet, and we hugged the fire. It is remarkable what characters were encountered in those back woods in the late sixties. They lived by fishing, hunting and trapping. It was a queer collection. Some were leftovers from the war, who had no families, or had abandoned them. Some may have been fugitives from justice. All were experienced woodsmen and experts with axes, boats and arms. One of them I have seen kill deer running through the open woods at a hundred yards, with a muzzle-loading rifle of a caliber of sixty to the pound, with the lock and barrel both wired on to the stock, and so dilapidated that a junk dealer would hardly pick it up in the road. In their conversation they would at times let fall a scrap of Latin, or some other flotsam of education that startled one.

That night I had crawled under a wagon for shelter. The others were standing or squatting around the fire and consoled themselves with whiskey. One threw the body of the jug over his bended arm, and before drinking addressed it, saying, "As Nathan said unto David, 'Thou art the man.'" They got into a discussion about war, campaigns, and generals, and details, and surprised me by the scope of their information.



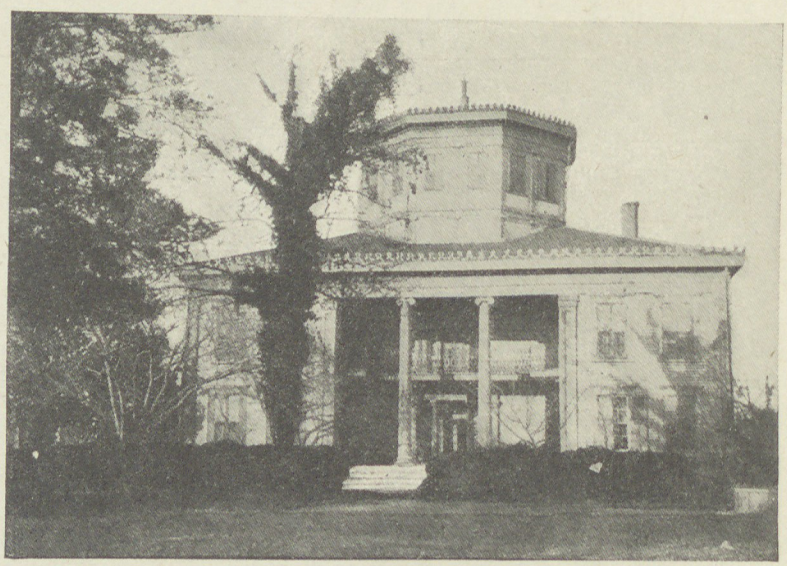
Colonel Young.

One asserted that General Forest was the greatest cavalry general in history. Another said that he was not as great as Murat. The other replied that he had never heard of him. Then came a contemptuous, derisive laugh, with the reply, "I did not suppose that any man was so ignorant as not to have heard of the great cavalry general of Napoleon." He shot back, "His name was Mu*rat*." The other scornfully said, "You have the right man, but his name was Murat." "Murat, Murat," he exclaimed. "It is spelled 'M-U-RAT,' and if RAT does not spell rat, what in the hell does it spell?" This controversy and the whiskey bred ill feeling, which went from bad to worse. It blazed out in another highbrow argument, and one lifted his gig. The other reached for his rifle, leaning against a tree. The gig was poised and they were not over twenty feet apart. "Touch that gun and I will throw this gig through your heart," rang out. There was no tremor of the hand, no fear in that heart, but with the certain knowledge of swift death he stood as calmly as a statue and then walked away.

That very day I had seen the man with the gig standing erect in a swiftly going dugout, propelling himself with a paddle, having a long shaft, armed with a gig, kill for our dinner, black bass going at full speed.

That night a bear or panther stampeded our horses and mine broke her halter. The next morning we followed the tracks and seeing she had taken a bee line for home, concluded it was useless to follow her. All of the others went off to set traps and I remained to cut green fire wood. The tree I selected was on the edge of a cane brake When I had nearly felled the tree my axe, as it flew forward, caught on a cane, was deflected and went into my foot. The blood spouted and I knew that it was serious. I limped to my horse, but was so faint that I could not wind a loud blast. I had a six-shooting, revolving, cylinder Colt rifle, made exactly like a Colt revolver of 45 caliber, and loaded with powder and ball, with a lever and percussion caps. I fired rapidly, knowing that it would act as an alarm. The hunters came running, thinking that I had gotten into a difficulty with some trappers. When my boot

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 34]



"Waverly," the Mississippi home of Colonel Young, built in 1840. Famed for its hospitality and hunting on the surrounding plantation.

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

The happy family.

The American Egret Returns

Photo Courtesy of the American Museum of National History

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT

THE American Egret, *Herodias egretta*, has staged a comeback that is indeed gratifying to every bird lover. In Georgia, Florida and Louisiana the great white herons are again establishing themselves in the rookeries over which warden service has been extended.

The White Egret is one of the most beautiful and attractive creatures found in the southern lakes and swamplands. Its great size, together with its snowy plumage, causes it to stand out for a long distance in the landscape. It wades about in the shallow waters of the open marshes and ponds, gathering its food, which consists of frogs, fish and other forms of water life. When it has finished feeding it draws up one foot and rests in the shallow water, or flies away to alight in the top of some distant tree.

Every feather on the body of the American Egret is snow white. The legs are black and the bill yellow. From the tip of the bird's bill to the tip of the tail, an average specimen measures forty-one inches. Between the wings on the bird's back grow white, slender, delicate plumes, known in the feather trade as "aigrettes." These are often sixteen inches in length and number about fifty. The birds begin shedding these plumes when the duties of caring for the young become engrossing and, as they drop out gradually, several weeks elapse before all have fallen. In the breeding colonies or "rookeries," single shed plumes may often be found, sometimes in the nest, sometimes clinging to the bark of trees, or more often lying in mud or water. Even after the young have become entirely self-sustaining, adult Egrets may be found still bearing several "aigrettes," but generally they are frayed and discolored.

Few chapters in American ornithology are so sad as the story of the slaughter of Florida's herons to supply the demands of an inexcusable and barbarous fashion. The long silky filaments of the back are hardly to be seen, except about the love season, which varies from early spring to midsummer, according to climate; both sexes possess the plumes, and many were shot, and for that matter are still being shot, to obtain these feathers for ornamental purposes. The American Egret once ranged as far north as New Jersey, and they swarmed in countless numbers about the lakes and savannas in Florida. In the West the most northern nesting range for this species appears to be southeastern Oregon, in the Malheur Lake district. In the middle west they have bred as far north as Wisconsin. After the nesting period, the birds frequently wander northward for a time, until the cold winds from the north drive them southward. Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon societies, states that the most northern breeding colony of this bird known at this time in eastern United States, is the one situated on Craney Island, Carteret County, N. C. Possibly seventy-five pairs nest on Orton Plantation, Brunswick County, N. C., and on the preserve of the Santee Gun Club, near the mouth of the Santee River, South Carolina, a very interesting group is being protected by one of the Audubon agents. who reports

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

there are about four hundred and sixty birds in the colony. There are several scattered colonies throughout southern Florida, but these are shot so continually by the poachers, and the birds so disturbed, that it is difficult to get any correct estimate of their numbers. They appear to be a dying race in that territory. Near Tallahassee, Florida, there existed last year, and no doubt still exist, what is regarded as the largest breeding group of the American Egret known in the United States. The wardens reported that in the two rookeries in this district there were at least 11,000 breeding birds in the season of 1922. Last year's census of this district is not at hand, but there is no doubt they have grown in numbers since the last count. There are other isolated rookeries, and the ones mentioned here do not constitute a complete census of the location of the breeding colonies.

Although the law protects the birds in every state where they are found, and the Federal and state laws prohibit the sale of the feathers, the slaughter of these beautiful birds still continues to a certain extent in the more isolated portions of the southern states. There is quite a flourishing "bootleg" business in Egret plumes and, as the feathers are at their prime when the mother is hovering her young, this means a war of extermination, where the egret is not protected by wardens. Uncared for by the parent birds, the young must of necessity quickly perish.

It is gratifying to note that many prosecutions have been conducted by the Federal Government and the various state authorities, in apprehending agents of the millinery trade who have had their agents killing the birds, or trying to ship or sell their plumage. When you consider that the plumage of a single Egret in Florida today often brings as much as $25, you will see what a temptation faces the native of the swamps and backwoods places of the south, where ordinary industry is not always at its best. Tourists purchase these plumes from the hunters at such winter resorts as Fort Myers, Palm Beach and Miami. Prompt arrests and stiff sentences imposed by the Federal courts on both the seller and the buyer of these plumes seem to be the only solution in this instance. Federal cases are vigorously prosecuted as it is. Now that the birds have been noted in increasing numbers and are establishing new rookeries in which to breed and rear their young, more wardens of the type now employed should be appointed, and more sanctuaries set aside for this American "Bird of Paradise." Unless this is done, we shall have another instance of total extermination, as was the case of the passenger pigeon.

Fishing on Horseback

(Continued from page 32)

was pulled off I expected to see part of my foot come with it. It was a bad wound, but the blow had not cut a leader, or injured the bone. I bled like a stuck pig. We had nothing for first aid except a part of my shirt, which would be least missed by others. It was too late to go out that night. I had fever, was in great pain and slept but little. By daylight I had made a sort of boot out of a carpet saddle cloth, drawing some of the warp for thread and using a needle made of a joint of a small cane, pointed and eyed. The water was coming up and I had to hurry, for it was a ride of over twenty miles to a doctor. I carried my foot up on the horse's neck all the way, for fear of a hemorrhage. Many miles were through water, and over some short stretches my horse either plunged or swam in water over his head.

There are thrilling accounts of horses swimming and carrying men with equipment and there has been much controversy on the subject, largely by those who had no actual experience and no means of observation.

I remember that during the Civil War at Waverly, Mississippi, a famous place and seat of hospitality, and hunting of all kinds, owned by Colonel Young, an actual experiment was made by Confederate cavalry officers under varying conditions. General Wm. H. Jackson was present and told me that but few horses could swim fifty yards and carry a man of ordinary size. Major General William H. Carter, retired, than whom there is no higher authority upon the history, breeding, qualities and abilities of the horse, in a recent letter says:

"It has been found in service that there is a great difference in horses and that while a few may swim under a load, the majority will not or cannot do so with safety to horse and rider.

"The army practice is for the trooper to quit the saddle as the horse reaches deep water and float alongside, supporting himself and guiding the horse to safe landing at a designated spot. Some troopers are able to hold on by the tail, if the horse has been trained to it, but they should be good swimmers and self confident.

"Where there is only a narrow part of a stream not fordable and time is pressing, as in a retreat, chances are taken, for horses will sometimes touch bottom and struggle onward, but almost invariably losses are suffered."

The wound healed by what they then called first intent, and within two weeks I rode a fiery stallion that had never been broken.

When I got home my mare had not returned and I got one of the hunters, a great woodsman, to look for her. We took no road nor path, but plunged into the woods. It was a dark, cloudy day, and no sun for direction. He went straight on without hesitation. I asked him how he knew the way. He replied that he was travelling by the looks of the timber overhead. To me it was a sealed volume. He knew that vast solitude. He knew it like we in the cities know streets and houses, and meant that by looking up he recognized where he was.

I complained of being very thirsty. There are no springs in that section and the water in the bayous and sloughs is usually not fit to drink. My guide said he could easily furnish me with a drink which would be cool and entirely wholesome, but not very palatable, as it would have the taste of sap in it. He drew from his belt a gimlet or auger about a quarter of an inch in diameter. As we rode along he carefully watched the trees and stopped at a tree leaning some, with a distinct bulge on one side of it, beginning near the ground and extending up several feet. He bored into this and a stream of clear water shot out. We drank of it and plugged up the hole. He explained that in a tornado or cyclone, this tree had become wind shaken on the inside, making a hollow, and that the water was drawn up by capillary attraction. It could not occur with a hickory or oak, but with trees of brash wood, like the willow, cottonwood or maple he said it was a frequent occurrence.

The ground had become hard where my mare had been hitched, but in her fright she had plunged so violently that her feet left deep prints. He got on his knees and studied the impression of each foot, the number of nails, shape of shoe and especially the caulks. Then he started in the direction we had followed her, but it had rained, the ground was hard and no foot prints were visible. He got to a place where there was a soft flat. He dismounted, tied a cloth high on a limb and then bending low and looking sharply made a circuit through the flat from that point with a wide radius. After a while he intersected her tracks and carefully verified them. This he repeated for miles. Then he got to a beaten, much travelled trail, going in an arc of a circle. He studied it a long time and said that it was made by the mare; that she had travelled it persistently many times back and forth; that he fully understood the situation; that before the Civil War a deadening of many acres had been made for clearing land for a plantation, that the war had caused its abandonment, that thousands of trees had died and fallen, that grape vines, bamboo and cross vines had grown up and made a thicket that no deer or horse could go through, that this lay directly between our camp and my home, that the mare had taken a straight line, had encountered that obstruction, had tried to go around it, but had not gone far enough; had travelled it over and over, and that he would certainly find her. He followed the course for a mile and then the thicket made a jog at a perpendicular to the arc, terminated her course in that direction. On the way he examined the cane and grass, saw where she had eaten and where she had gone aside to pools of water to drink. He examined where the cane and grass had been nipped off and showed what was old and dry and what was fresh and not withered. He examined exposed roots of trees on the path where her shoes had knocked off or bruised the bark, and showed what were old and what were recent abrasions. He also examined droppings in the same way. At times he said "this is not a day old and this was after the sun, which was bright yesterday, went down, and we will find her on the other part of the path." Sure enough, this was done, and the mare was fat and sleek and seemed to have great content with her isolation.

And so, "gentle readers," as old time writers in a spirit of propitiation called you, by this time, if you have persisted, you know something about "Fishing on Horseback."

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Pollution—A National Menace

The most important problem the I. W. L. A. will have to solve

Concerning Public Health and Protection of Fish, Fishfood and Public Waters.

Edited by
DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL
Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

Cartoons by Everett E. Lowry

Sewage Pollution of the Illinois River

By
S. A. FORBES
Chief Illinois State Natural History Survey

A SERIOUS and practically continuous study of the system of the plant and animal life of the Illinois River was begun by the State Natural History Survey of Illinois in 1894 and has been continued with only one important interruption to the present year. The actual periods of active field operations on the river were as follows: 1894-1899 inclusive, 1901-1903, 1909-1912, 1913-1915, 1918, 1920, and 1922-1924. The interval of five years after 1903 was given mainly to the preparation and publication of a final report on the fishes of the state.

We have had from the very beginning until now the continuous co-operation of the Water Survey of the state, upon which we have depended for chemical tests and analyses, and for bacterial data.

Our reason for so prolonged attention to a single subject is found in the progressive changes in the stream itself, its content, and its environment, which have worked corresponding changes in the aspect and internal order of its biology, requiring frequent repetition of our studies and a consequent revision of our conclusions. The most important of these changes have been the introduction of the European carp in 1885 and its enormous multiplication until it has become more abundant than all the other fishes of the stream taken together; a general diking and reclamation of the very extensive bottomlands of the river and the draining of their numerous lakes; and a rapidly increasing pollution of the stream by sewage wastes from towns on its banks, and especially from the Sanitary District of Chicago. It is a very difficult matter to disentangle these several causes of change in a way to distinguish clearly their separate biological aspects. There was, for example, a large and rapid increase in the fisheries yield of the river at about the time of the opening of the sanitary canal in 1900, sometimes attributed to the canal itself, but largely due to a rapid multiplication of the carp before 1900; and there has been of recent years a general falling off in the fisheries yield coincident with increasing pollution of the stream, but this is in great measure consequent upon a restriction of the overflow of levees and the draining of the lakes. In this confusion of causes and effects, it is quite impossible to show clearly and fully just how and to what extent the remarkable fisheries yield of the river, amounting in 1908, in prices paid to fishermen, to a dollar for every two feet of its length, has been affected by sewage pollution, but I must do what I can to this end in the brief time allotted.

The injurious biological effects of pollution of the Illinois River by raw sewage from Chicago have, of course, varied widely according to a number of local and temporary conditions. Being greatest at the upper end of the river at midsummer temperatures, and at low water, and increasing with the population of the Sanitary District and with the activity of operations at the Chicago stockyards, they have diminished down stream, with lower temperatures of the advancing season, and with the rise of the river levels. At their worst they have destroyed or driven from the upper Illinois all its clean-water plants and animals, including, of course, its fishes, substituting for them those normal to septic or pollutional conditions. In the midsummer of 1911 the upper ten miles of the river were practically a septic tank, the gases of the bottom sludges being 79% methane; 19% carbon dioxide; 1.2% nitrogen; 0.56% carbon monoxide; 0.03% oxygen. There were no fishes in that part of the stream, or for many miles below, and no mollusks or crawfishes on the bottom, the only animals there being sludge worms, certain midge larvae, and other foul water forms able to live without oxygen on the crude sewage precipitates. From this extreme condition there was a gradual shading off down stream until at a distance of sixty to seventy miles from the point of entrance of Chicago sewage the plant and animal life of the stream was virtually normal. Seven years later, however, that is, in 1918, pollutional conditions had moved downward some sixty miles farther, the river being at this time nearly deserted by fishes as far as the Peoria lakes, ninety-three miles down the stream, characteristic sewage organisms having extended their range in thrifty condition to seventy-seven miles from its origin, and the areas of offensive pollution, distinguished by a stinking sludge containing an abundance of sewage worms and no clean water organisms, had moved down stream from Ottawa to Lacon, a distance of fifty-one miles.

An expansion of the river seventeen miles long and up to a mile in width, known as Peoria Lake (although really a chain of three lakes connected by so-called narrows), served as a

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Fight! Illinois—Fight!

Illinois has heard the call of the Izaak Walton League and Illinois is acting. Hundreds of letters are pouring in to national headquarters and mass meetings are being held by chapters throughout the state spreading the good word that the Illinois River is again to become an asset to the state instead of a dangerous liability, a running sewer.

We must act and act now if we are to arouse the men and women of this state to the dangers confronting them, from a standpoint of public health alone, through further pollution of this stream by municipalities along the banks of its tributaries and along the banks of the river itself.

There is only one thing to do and that is take off your coat, strengthen your chapter—if you have no chapter start one—and strengthen the Illinois division. You can easily see what a powerful division can do at the state legislature in accomplishing our ends.

Every officer in the League is fighting for your river—so get out and do your bit and we will save the Illinois.

Photo by Richard Lieber—Director Div. of Fish and Game of Indiana.

What the old fisherman found when he returned to the stream of his boyhood.

partial barrier to a further extension of the conditions of the upper river until the period of the world war when, coincident with an enormous increase in the organic wastes of the Chicago stockyards, these pollutional conditions were still further extended and intensified, culminating in 1920 in a virtual extermination of the original life of the river bottom as far down as Peoria Lake and in the lake itself and in the substitution for it of plants and animals usually to be found only in heavily polluted water.

With the close of the war and a diminished outpouring of stockyards sewage, there has been a noticeable improvement of conditions in Peoria Lake, although in 1922 they were still far below their pre-war status; but in this year, 1924, which has been characterized by an extraordinarily high water level of unexampled long continuance, Chicago sewage has been so far diluted that fishes have ascended the stream to La Salle, sixty miles above Peoria and only fifty miles from the river head.

There seemed at one time to be good general ground for believing that the addition of household sewage to a stream might increase its fisheries yield, especially where, as in the Illinois River, this addition was made far enough above the more productive fishing grounds to permit the oxidation of nitrogenous materials and their conversion into forms available as food for fishes, young or old, but our more recent computations show that there has always been an abundance of food in the Illinois River for a much larger stock of fishes than it carried—that the food supply, in other words, has not been the limiting factor in the river fisheries, and that an increase of it consequently could not be a benefit.

The product of this present season's operations on the river has not yet been sufficiently worked up to give us more than fragments of the biological picture, but one feature may be of special interest to sanitary engineers. We found in the summer of 1911 that heavy rains at a given point, followed by a rise in the river, increased the organic contents of the water and diminished the ratios of dissolved oxygen, the latter effect being continued down stream as putrefaction increased, so that oxygen ratios were actually diminished downwards instead of increasing as they usually do; and this effect of local contamination by washing rains was still more clearly shown this summer by bacterial data contributed by the State Water Survey. Taking, for example, two points below Peoria which were six miles apart with a tributary stream between them; on July 31 the water at the uppermost of these points averaged 8,000 bacteria to the c. c. and that at the lower point 32,000, while on August 8, soon after a very heavy rain, when the upper count was 4,000 instead of the former 8,000, the lower count was 120,000 instead of the former 32,000, this jump in numbers being evidently due to the muds swept in from the tributary after the storm.

Chicago's Cesspool

By J. P. KERR

President association of drainage and levee districts of Illinois

SOME twenty-four years ago Chicago obtained legal permission to divert the city's sewage into the Desplaines and Illinois rivers and was also authorized to divert 3.3 cubic feet of water from Lake Michigan for each one thousand population of the city, which at the present time averages approximately 10,000 cubic feet per second. Later, the Secretary of War gave his consent to the withdrawal of 4.167 per second from Lake Michigan, this to be subject to future legislation by Congress. The Federal Government issued an injunction, proposing to restrain the District from exceeding the permit of 4.167 cubic feet per second. Judge Landis ruled against the District. The District appealed this case to the Supreme Court at Washington.

The results of this sewage disposal and excess water diversion into the Illinois valley with the direful devastation of properties and farm lands and the frightful pollution of the entire river from source to mouth present a picture that would make many of the inhuman deeds of the dark ages look tame and even have a tinge of Christianity about them in comparison. Untold amounts of the peoples' money have been expended up and down our state employing lawyers and compensating state legislators for "services rendered" in order to carry on the deeds of the District.

It is openly affirmed by those who know, that the pitiable cry by the city and the Sanitary District for the safety and life of the children has its sinister foundation in valuable and per-

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

petual power sites down stream, worth millions of dollars. The immense value of the several dam and power sites from Lockport down is so great and of such far-reaching importance that vast sums of money have been spent in propaganda all over our state, proclaiming that 10.000 cubic feet of water from Lake Michigan is necessary to make safe the life and health of the citizens of Chicago.

The Sanitary District of Chicago has assumed that the only possible means of preserving the health of its women and children is by sending its offal down into the Illinois River valley to pollute and befoul and jeopardize the lives of the people living in the valley. It has persistently pleaded in court and out that the city of Chicago is utterly unable to bear the huge cost of modern reduction plants, regardless of the fact that it has cost the valley property owners vast sums of money to make possible this cheap sewage. It seems to be oblivious of the fact that modern cities have cared for their sewage and saved their wives and children without despoiling a territory three hundred miles in length and jeopardizing the lives of defenceless people.

The question of cost to the city, of modern reduction plants has been emphasized persistently by the representatives of the city. One of its leading attorneys when before the Rivers and Harbors Committee this last winter, made a very tender plea to that committee that in its consideration of the installation of reduction plants and time allowed to the city and costs of damages to riparian land and property owners down stream, it should not forget that these costs must come from the widow and orphan property owners of the city. Ludicrous as his statement was, there was more truth than fiction in it, for an examination of the annual statement of the sums of money spent by the Sanitary District for the year 1923 reveals a sad story.

The Department of Public Works and Buildings of our state has recently said: "Notwithstanding the pending suit, knowledge of government opposition to a diversion of water from Lake Michigan, regardless of the requirements of state law, dangers of an adverse decision of the courts — the Sanitary District administration has been expending large sums for projects other than sewage disposal. At the end of twenty years construction of treatment plants, it is not now more than the experimental stage for an exceedingly small percentage of the total area. This division submits there should be such amendment to present legislation or additional legislation giving some agency, state or otherwise, such control as will insure that this work will be pushed, prevent expenditure of funds for anything but sanitary purposes, insure just treatment and protection to the people throughout the Illinois valley already enduring inestimable damage, and prevent the calamity certain to overtake people of Chicago unless a scientific method of treatment, in addition to the present plan of water dilution, is installed and made serviceable without unnecessary delay.

The present state of the river for a distance of three hundred miles is such that it is a disgrace not only to our state but to the nation at large. The Illinois is now an open, vile-smelling, death-dealing sewer. It once was a charming stream in the hot summer months for the ever-present boy who enjoyed his daily swim, but now if any boy is so foolish as to take the risk he is sure to come out of his swim with a vile slime covering his entire body, or if he goes in at Havana, two hundred miles from Chicago, he will in a few days have infectious pimples on his body, or if at Ottawa he may expose a cut or any skin embrasion he will come out infected with a poison that will kill him in spite of any medical aid; but Chicago cries out in despair that her young people must have clean bathing beaches and there must not be any possible infection for them. On hot sultry summer nights when Chicagoans may sleep in comfort with the cool lake breezes blowing into their rooms, the unfortunate down-river people must close their windows and doors to keep out the foul sewage smells rising from the river, and sleep as best they can. Chicago boasts of itself as being a cool summer resort for all peoples but the people down the river who have built charming summer cottages which were once the source of so much joy and delight are now abandoning these cottages as being unfit places for white people to live in. Beautiful homes built in former years on beautiful river banks are now being sold for whatever money they will bring, no longer being fit places for human habitation.

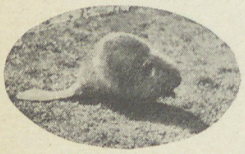
The Old River Road.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Conservation of Fur Bearers

By DAVID C. MILLS

General Director of the National Association of the Fur Industry



Mr. Beaver Meditates.

THE official entrance of the American Raw Fur Industry into the ranks of conservationists has caused no little amazement among those who have been fighting "predatory interests" for the past twenty years or more. Indeed those strong fighters in the cause of conservation who have been actuated by purely altruistic motives have found it difficult to believe that a purely commercial motive could lead to such a result, and they appear to be only half convinced that we mean what we say.

In order that we may understand each other perfectly let me admit frankly that, regardless of what the motives of my colleagues in the fur industry may be, *my* motives, as far as conservation is concerned, are utterly selfish and commercial. While I may in private life indulge in a bit of altruism now and then, I do not permit myself that luxury in working hours. "Business is business."

And for the leaders in the American Fur Industry "Conservation is Business." I speak for those leaders in expressing unreservedly the opinion that intelligent conservation of fur bearing animals is imperatively essential to the future welfare of the fur trade.

As the annual catch of fur in the United States is worth to the trapper between fifty and sixty millions of dollars, we are, very naturally, anxious to maintain and increase it. Moreover, we are alarmed by the continuous and unnecessary drainage of swamp lands, the increasing pollution of streams, the destruction of forests, and above all, the apathy of the public and its representatives toward these problems that, to us, seem to be of the highest importance.

It is necessary to state our position with the utmost emphasis because there appears to be a wide-spread misconception of our attitude toward conservation in the past. Even eminent scientists, who, I submit, should know better, have assumed that we are a money grabbing mob, indifferent to the waste of wild life or actually encouraging it and without sufficient intelligence to visualize the future of our own business.

Now really, does it stand to reason that the fur trade could be an indifferent participant in its own suicide? Is it reasonable to accuse us of over-shrewdness in one breath and of sheer idiocy in the next?

The fact is we have seen all that has been going on in the matter of waste of wild life, but instead of seeing it with indifference we have experienced feelings of utter helplessness.

Just for an example, about twenty years ago an American, the largest operator in South America, begged and implored the Peruvian government to put a closed season on chinchilla. He was rebuffed because it was politically inexpedient to close the season on chinchilla when the natives were making money trapping them.

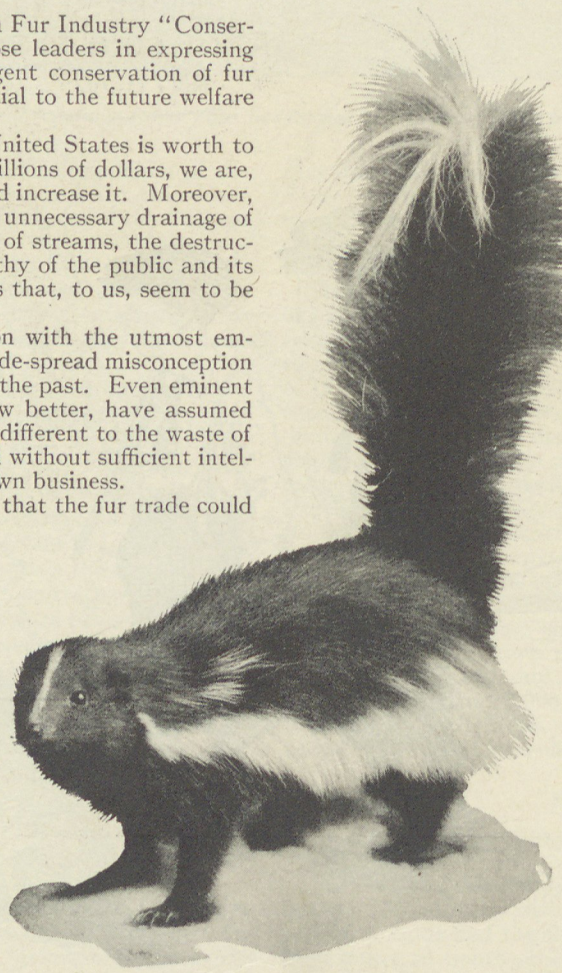
It is only within the last few years that a long-hoped-for change in public opinion has been brought about, that enables the fur industry to work toward conservation with reasonable hope of accomplishing anything worth while. This change has been brought about by sportsmen and scientists and in the active membership of the former group there are a number of members of the fur industry.

We feel that the time is ripe for action as an industry instead of as individuals. We are in action and in it up to our ears. In one year of strenuous effort we have lined up the fur trade with the conservation movement. We are in it officially, unreservedly, and without qualification. We are in it to help and be helped.

Just see where our interests coincide with those of conservationists in general and you will see why we are conservationists.

You cannot drain a swamp where duck abound, without injuring us, for the swamp is the habitat of our muskrat. You cannot reserve a foot of land or water for game without benefit to us. You cannot burn a forest without loss to us, nor pollute a stream, for the forest fire destroys fur bearers in their dens, while the polluted stream poisons or starves them. And where there is laxity in the enforcement of game laws, the laxity is ten times worse regarding trapping law enforcement.

It seems to me that I have said enough to convince anyone that while our motives may differ from those of the sportsman or scientist in the conservation movement, our objects and interests are identical and inseparable.



The danger signal

The problems facing the fur industry, to be solved before intelligent conservation of fur bearers can be established throughout the country, even with the whole-hearted support of conservationists, are fairly appalling.

Such trapping laws as there are, have been made without consideration of the economic or scientific problems involved. I make this general statement with the reservation that, in not over half a dozen of our states, it is not strictly true.

Trapping laws have provided open seasons so long as to admit of the killing of animals when their pelts are worthless, of killing them during breeding seasons when the death of one means the loss of several and of killing them with shot so that their pelts are useless.

For example the open season on muskrat in Maine is six months long. Consequently there are few muskrats in Maine. In Maryland and Delaware, the open season is two and a half months and upwards of three quarters of a million muskrats are taken in those states, with great profit to the farmers, and with the supply steadily maintained. The open season could even be shortened with profit in those states.

Our four principal American fur bearers are muskrat, skunk, opossum and raccoon.

Muskrat are found in forty-seven states, and are at present enjoying a complete closed season in two, protection in thirty-seven and no protection in eight.

Skunk are found in forty-eight states, protected in thirty-five and unprotected in thirteen.

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Opossum are found in twenty-eight states, protected in eighteen and unprotected in ten.

Raccoon are found in forty-eight states, closed in only one, protected in thirty-four and absolutely unprotected in thirteen.

In this connection we recognize the necessities of bird life protection in considering measures relating to the conservation of fur bearers. Stop trapping mink, weasel, fox, coon and others of the bird-killing kind and there would be very few birds in a very short time.

We believe, however, that under the stimulus of high prices paid for prime skins enough trapping will be done in a short open season to preserve the natural balance. Conversely, we believe that the placing of bounties or otherwise encouraging the killing of fur bearers in their breeding seasons is unnecessary and wasteful. Exceptions are admitted, of course, in the matter of killing predatory animals on ranges where they prove a menace to live-stock and also wherever, as sometimes occurs, they prove a menace to bird-life.

I have given certain facts concerning the laws relating to our four principal fur bearers (and, by the way, I must give the Bureau of Biological Survey at Washington credit for that data) but I have not the space to cover in detail the many errors of legislative omission and commission, even where species receive protection under the law.

Those errors, and also the absence of any protective measures at all in some states, are, I believe due to lack of information concerning fur bearers.

Sportsmen and farmers are apt to look upon the fur bearers as vermin to be killed on sight. Some recent examinations of the stomach-content of some of these so-called vermin have somewhat disturbed the cocksureness of even well-informed mammalogists, and it is very likely that further investigation along these lines will result in legislation that will put the trapping of animals where it belongs, among the measures necessary to the readjustment of conditions affecting the balance of wild life.

Perhaps opposed to such close contact with the aromatic gentleman on our left, the silvertip fox contemplates flight.

I feel that this should be the aim of the fur trade itself as it would be in line with our interests in the long run.

At any rate, we are keenly alive to the necessity of scientific investigation as a basis for measures of conservation. I will say for my colleagues that it was no trouble at all to get their financial support for certain scientific work recently undertaken in this connection, though it was a very considerable task to overcome certain political obstacles that arose before it was finally accomplished.

While individuals in our rank and file have for many years given of their time and money to the cause of conservation, directly or through various sportsmen's clubs to which they belong, it is only within the past year that the movement has been put on a basis of general trade interest.

In August of 1923, the National Association of the Fur Industry was formed at a conference in Chicago. One of its purposes, set forth in its constitution is:

"The conservation and increase of natural resources in fur bearing wild and domesticated animals, through financial aid to scientific investigation and experimentation, encouragement of the utilization of waste land for the raising of fur bearing animals, the enactment and enforcement of laws directed towards the maintenance of a permanent supply, and in such other manner as may seem proper to the board of governors."

In order to carry out this purpose it was essential that a clearer, more specific, statement of our policy should be obtained and with that in mind a conference of American Raw Fur Traders was held under the auspices of the Association at Washington on October 1st, 1924.

Various governmental departments lent their hearty cooperation and the Bureau of Biological Survey in particular took an active part in the conference through the head of its Division of Fur Bearers, Mr. Frank G. Ashbrook.

The industry was well represented. Delegations of leading men from the various fur centers were in attendance.

We had planned a three day conference but by working until midnight from nine in the morning of the first day, we cut the time to two days. It did necessitate some fast and furious argument. We all know each other by our first names in this industry and we are as frank in expressing our views as brothers. But whether it is business or pleasure, we pride ourselves on our ability to accomplish a good deal in any two days. The result of this particular two day conference is summed up in the following resolutions duly adopted:

"Representatives of American Raw Fur Traders, in conference assembled the 1st and 2nd of October, 1924, under the auspices of the National Association of the Fur Industry hereby resolve:

I.

"We hereby express our deep appreciation of the great assistance rendered to the fur industry, and the helpful suggestions made to this conference by the various bureaus and departments of the government.

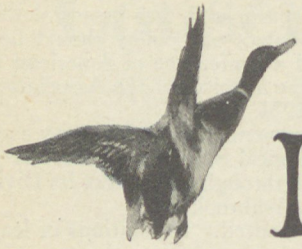
II.

"We especially commend and welcome the creation of the Division of Fur Resources in the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, thus affording the fur industry direct and continuous contact with, and assistance from the government.

III.

"We unqualifiedly and without reservation, declare ourselves in favor of a real and intelligent conservation of our great natural resources of fur bearing animals and other wild life throughout the United States; and we urge all members of this industry to render full assistance and support to national and state officials, so that this policy can be carried into effect at the earliest opportunity. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 53]

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!



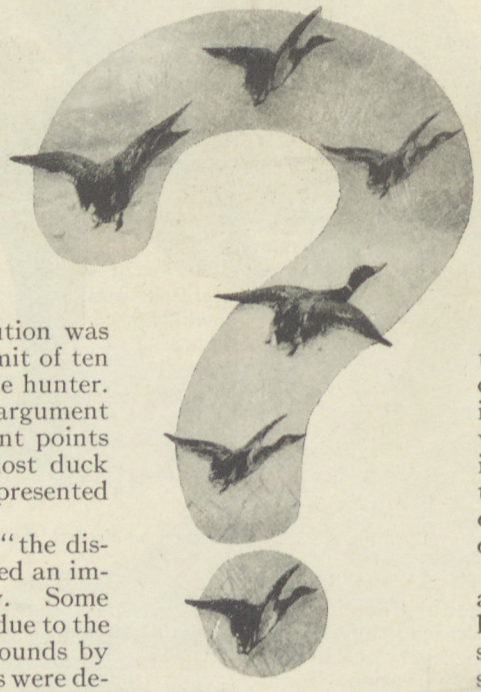
Duck Bag Limits

By E. H. ROSS

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

HOW many times have you sat in the duck blind or in front of the old cabin fireplace and discussed the proper bag limit for ducks? How many times have these discussions terminated in a heated argument which led nowhere and left everybody sore? Scores of times, eh? Well, so have we, and we are now putting it squarely up to every hunter in these United States to settle this question once and for all and eliminate further argument if possible.

Here's the question—what should the bag limit on ducks be to insure perpetuation of this sport for all time? That's a fair question, isn't it? If you live in Maine, we know that the conditions are entirely different from those in Florida. If you live in the state of Washington, conditions differ vastly from those in Texas, and so it goes.



The Izaak Walton League of America has no preconceived ideas whatever concerning this. After a heated debate at the League's last convention, a resolution was adopted favoring a national bag limit of ten ducks and four geese per day to one hunter.

It was much the same old cabin argument on a larger scale and all the ancient points (which have become classic to most duck men) were raked out of hiding and presented on the floor.

That gem of outdoor discussion "the disturbance of nature's balance" played an important part in the controversy. Some claimed that ducks were increasing due to the establishment of proper feeding grounds by clubs. Others contended that ducks were decreasing because of the old plan of indiscriminate drainage and the removal of the ducks' natural feeding grounds.

One man told of the annual slaughter of ducks in Mexico, where batteries of guns are used each year to supply the markets.

Swivel guns, automatic shotguns, pump guns and all manner of guns and equipment were brought in. The use of live decoys to bring a flock to the blind played a part.

The pollution of our coastal and inland waters which destroys vegetation along the shores of these waters was given as one reason for the "change in the line of flight." That time-honored myth "the line of flight" which so far as anyone can learn runs from Bangor, Maine, to Tia Juana, Mexico, and from Seattle, Washington, to Key West, Florida, depending largely upon who describes it, was discussed vigorously. In this discussion it was brought out by each man describing it, that his blind did not, at the time, happen to be on the "line."

The ever increasing number of hunters coupled with the diminishing area where ducks may alight on their flight south was given as a reason for the reduction. In answer to this, others contended that the areas are not diminishing, and added neither are the ducks.

The advent of the automobile entering the hunting field and the ease with which anyone may now purchase this means of transportation and the comparative ease with which they can reach formerly inaccessible places was a point brought out. This was countered by the benefit derived from such recreation by men who were formerly unable to enjoy duck hunting except at the invitation of a club member.

It was also brought out at this juncture that clubs maintained by men of comfortable means assist materially in increasing the duck shooting in the vicinity of their establishments. This is basically sound, as these clubs maintain large feeding grounds planted out in rice and other feed for the ducks.

"Strict rules concerning bag limits and sportsmanlike methods are adhered to in good clubs," the member said. "No man," he continued, "can shoot more than his stated share of the ducks even if he were so inclined."

Then the discussion of disease among waterfowl had its turn and technical terms flew thick and fast. Various authorities gave various reasons for these diseases, particularly upon the birds' return from the south in the spring. "Disease," some said, "was imparted to the egg and thus to the duckling."

The federal bag limit of twenty-five ducks then entered the limelight, and it was discovered that it did not mean much as the individual states were empowered to establish whatever bag limit the state legislature saw fit, providing it did not exceed the federal allowance.

An official, connected directly with the migratory bird treaty was quoted as favoring an increase in the limit, contending that ducks were increasing.

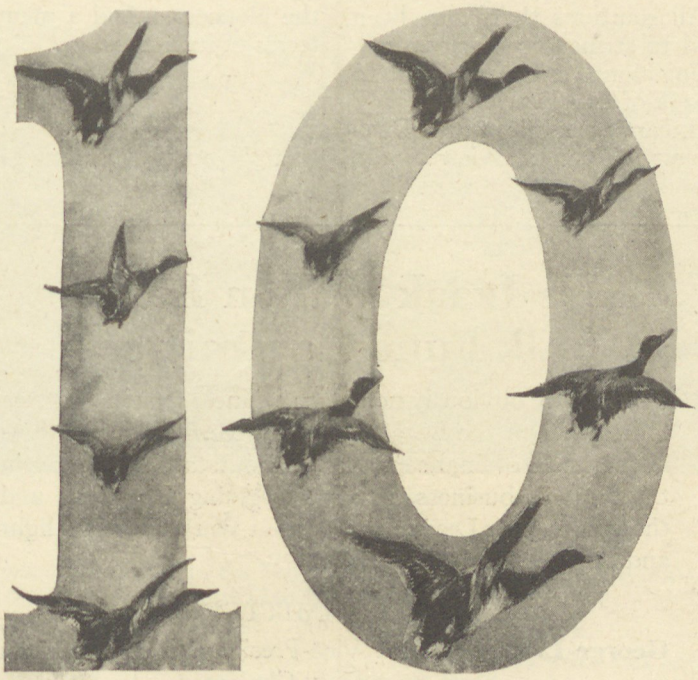
Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Another unquestioned national authority then arose and announced that ducks were decreasing rapidly and unless a reduction in bag limits was forthcoming in the immediate future, the sport was periled. The latter authority laid most of the blame to guns of the sportsmen.

However, as we have said before, the Izaak Walton League of America has no desire to in any way curtail duck shooting, nor in any way attempt to dictate to the sportsmen of the nation as to the number of ducks they shall shoot.

It is much too large a question to be decided without first consulting the sportsmen and finding out from them whether the League made a mistake at their convention in advocating the reduction or whether conditions justified it.

What we are solely interested in is saving some of this sport for the boys to come, and to increase it if possible through some sane practical plan. You know the overpowering thrill which accompanies that whir through the morning haze—that soul gripping elation when the old gun cracks true and the spaniel leaves the blind.



You know the priceless benefit to tired nerves and a jaded brain, of two or three days spent in the open places during the fall season. When you get out before dawn and wait for 'em to come down on the wind. You know the murmur of the reeds as the fresh air brings new vitality to your tired city-worn body—the exhilarating effect of that tingling anticipation.

But why continue? You know the joys of a duck hunt too well—and we know you want your boys and all boys to come to enjoy these same joys. It isn't fair to these little chaps for you and me to sit stupidly by and do nothing to preserve the game for them. We are failing in our duty to them and failing badly if we do not put our minds to it NOW and DO IT. Now just sit down for a minute—that's right, light up your pipe—and meditate. Forget all the prejudiced views you have ever heard on this problem and open your mind and your heart to these questions.

Should the bag limit be raised?
Should the bag limit be lowered?
What is an ideal bag limit?
Why?
Are ducks increasing or decreasing in your neighborhood?
Are they as easy or harder to approach?
Should we establish more feeding grounds?
Should we establish more sanctuaries?
Should the season be lengthened or shortened?
Should we encourage the establishment of more game farms?
Should we increase the fines for violations of present limit laws?
Should these laws be more rigidly enforced?
Should we jail violators instead of fining them?

There are thousands of other questions that might go into this questionnaire, but they would insult the intelligence of a hunter, so we'll leave them out.

Think this all over and you will be able to determine what present conditions are.

Then stop and think ahead fifteen years and try to visualize what conditions will be unless we take action.

Picture a beautiful old marsh with its reeds, cat-tails and perhaps a bit of rice, the croak of the frogs, swamp birds flitting through the soft glow of a setting sun—here and there a jack-snipe wheels up through air giving that farewell twist for which he is famous, as the plover's call mingles with the muffled swish of reeds against the boat.

Visualize the early jump from the bunk in the old shack, lighting the fire in the stove and watching the bacon curl in the pan just before you drop in the eggs and throw the shells in the coffee.

Oh brother—can't you see it all? Can't you just picture yourself standing there—the smell of that bacon mingling with the aroma of wood smoke that sweeps through the window—the one you've been going to fix for the past five years?

Can't you imagine yourself sitting at the table tossing bits of toast to your dog?

Then you pull the old coat down from the rack, see that the tobacco pouch, pipes and matches are in it. Give the gun the once-over and start for the boat, treading softly on the fallen leaves. You start for the blind.

But oh why—why try to tell you fellows about it? You know it—you feel it and you must know that with our ever-increasing population projecting the frontier of civilization deeper and deeper into the heart of what little wilderness we have left, our boys and their boys will never know anything about it—except perhaps from the lips of the older generation, unless we take off our coats and get busy.

These old marshes will be drained and victims of unscrupulous money-grabbers will be slowly starving to death trying to eke a living from the land.

There will be no marshes, there will be no ducks, there will be no hunting cabins and very little excuse for boats—all that will remain in the early fall mornings will be the haze and few if any will see that because the younger generation will be struggling to recover from retiring at three A. M. after a night spent in pool rooms and dance halls.

You must write us, because only in this way can we arrive at a conclusion that will be fair to everyone concerned.

Think it over carefully old man—don't go off half-cocked on it—then sit down and give us both barrels on the duck question—loaded with truths and wadded with experience.

We are trying to do this for you old timer, as well as for the little chaps to come—we want the fall duck shoot to remain a red letter on the calendar, so keep this in mind when you fire.

All right, boys—here they come—remember, clean shots.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Make The Final Rally Count

(*Continued from page 12*)

SIRLOIN steaks or minced figs or strawberry pop or stewed onions—or tears—will do them no good whatever. They eat grass. So they must have grass—or die.

One way of providing grass is to buy hay for the elk. This is being done, has been done before. *But the elk are still starving.* It is temporary, at best. It serves as an emergency measure, but it is worthless as a permanent solution. A permanent solution is what is needed. One that works not only this year, or next year, but in all years, for all time. All solutions that have been offered have been designed to string the species along for one more year. Stringing along contributes little to the problem of saving the elk of America.

Hal Evarts, in his splendid article in this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, has given us a clean-cut view of the situation. The elk come down out of the heights in the fall and move toward the lowlands in great herds, feeding as they move, just as they have done for untold centuries and just as they must continue to do if we are to have any elk.

Grass Gone

But when they reach the lowlands they find the grass all gone—the grass, the staff of life, that is supposed to be lying beneath the snow, isn't there at all. The cattle have eaten it. The elk dig into the snow to get at the grass but all they find is cold, icy earth. They shove the snow aside and push their noses against the cold ground. The grass is gone. It has been cropped close to the roots by the cattle. The elk try other places, getting hungrier and weaker as they search.

But always they find the cold, icy ground beneath the snow.

So they starve.

The Solution Is Simple

The solution is simple, as Mr. Evarts points out. The use of the natural elk ranges for cattle is a failure. The stockmen are willing to sell out. The use of the elk ranges for cattle is, therefore, not an economic necessity. It is, instead, an economic waste. To the advantage of the settlers, the elk, and the American people, these ranges can be purchased.

They can be purchased for approximately one hundred thousand dollars.

This is a lot of money. But it is little to spend to save the elk for America. Just as Mr. Evarts points out, much more is spent on bronze tablets and marble statues. The Jackson Hole country, the most famous big game hunting region in the United States, is a great natural memorial to the West—the old West, of the pioneers. And a memorial can be judged only in terms of its fitness.

Build a Monument

Right now is the time for you sportsmen who would project into the future something of a vanishing phase of the outdoor America which you love. Here is your chance to erect a memorial to the past; to build a monument to your own foresight. It is your chance to write your own epitaph—an epitaph of life, not of death.

The American Bison was given a memorial of skulls; his farewell was written in sentences a thousand miles long, made of whitening bones. Shall the elk follow him?

Read Mr. Evarts' article again. Consider the common sense of it. Think about it. *Ask your boy about it.*

The vision of the Izaak Walton League of America is a big one. It believes in conservation for the county, the state, and the nation, and its philosophy is based on the fact that there never can be conservation for the county or the state unless there is conservation for the nation. We have saved and preserved for all time the heart of wild life of the upper Mississippi valley. It was a big stroke; it took big vision, foresight, and a lot of guts to do it. In one mighty action it did a thing which all of the states of the valley could never have done separately.

The Izaak Walton League and those who believe in it must, just as fearlessly, do this big thing in the west.

The Izaak Walton League Elk Fund Committee

There are obviously no better business men in America than those on the League's committee. Their positions in the world of finance make them outstanding figures in the nation's business. They are giving their time and thought to your League hoping that you will see the light and do your part and help.

THE COMMITTEE

George E. Scott, First Vice-President, The American Steel Foundries, Chairman.

R. M. Eastman, President W. F. Hall Printing Co.
Charles W. Folds, President Folds, Buch and Company
Glen Griswold, Editor Chicago Journal of Commerce
Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, former Secretary of War
William V. Kelly, President of the The Miehle Press
D. R. McLennan, Marsh-McLennan Insurance Co.
George M. Seaman, President Seaman Paper Company
Fred J. Lane, Educator

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

We have been told that this is "not the time" to start this movement. But we are not politicians. We are not interested in "the right time." We are interested simply in "the right." We know that it is the right time so far as the elk are concerned. And it is the elk, only, that we are thinking of.

Headquarters has made a bold step. It has confidence in the membership of the League.

The Chicago Chapter—the mother Chapter of the League, will probably do something splendid and a contribution of one thousand dollars or more is confidently expected from this Chapter by headquarters.

One Remedy

No red-blooded sportsman will fail to see the need. Hal Evarts has proved it and shows that there is "but one Remedy." He says: "The time is right now or never."

Waltonians are men of vision, conscience and heart and so there can be no doubt that every Chapter and every true member of the League will attend his Chapter meeting which will be called to discuss the pitiful tragedy of Jackson Hole elk. Here the American sportsman is plainly confronted with a condition which will not wait and where quick action is the only course to pursue. Here our conscience will not only tell us what we ought to do, but it will tell us what we must do. We are brought face to face with a situation we cannot duck or dodge. No man will be asked to give much, but all sportsmen will be asked to give a little—a dime will help—the price of a plug or a box of shells will be of great help.

And the ground was icy cold.

Act Now

We expect every man of you—fishermen and hunters and nature lovers all alike, to chip in a little. Let's all give the Jackson Hole elk a Christmas present even though it be "just a little something" and don't forget the boys of the future are involved in this—none of us want the odium of our boys and their boys' boys.

The coupon is below—it stares at you and your heart and your common sense will tell you to fill it out and ACT NOW.

It is the sportsmen of America who must have the honor of buying and turning over this refuge to the elk. Big game has served us well. We must not fail when it is our turn to serve big game. In doing this big thing, we not only show that sportsmen have hearts as well as rifles, but that we think not only of the game of today and the sportsman of today, but of the game of tomorrow and the sportsman of tomorrow.

Hunters are blamed largely for the plight of the bison. *It is up to us to take the blame for the salvation of the elk.* We must not turn over the game to the humane societies when it needs help. It is our cross, and we should be glad to carry it.

Here is an opportunity for constructive action. Action is what counts. Nothing ever is accomplished without action. The Declaration of Independence would have been a futile piece of paper without action to back it up. We can pass the buck on this elk proposition if we want to. We can pass resolutions about it, and refer the matter to the government or to anybody else.

This won't work.

Nothing will work but action. Action means money. Nothing will help the elk but money. We must pool our money, a dollar here, a dollar there, a quarter from one, a dime from another, until enough has been massed to give the elk the greatest Christmas present ever given by the sportsmen of America to their friends and wards.

HERE IS A COUPON FOR YOU TO SIGN

CHARLES W. FOLDS, National Treasurer I. W. L. A.

Dear Brother Waltonian:

No man with a drop of red blood in his veins could read Hal Evarts' article and not see red! These elk must be saved. Visions of this noble animal—one of the last survivors of our great American wilderness starving in a land of plenty, haunt me.

Those great brown eyes pleading—pleading for food, bore into my very soul.

GET BUSY IMMEDIATELY AND BUY THESE LANDS!

Here's my contribution for $.....

Address all communications to THE ELK REFUGE COMMITTEE, Izaak Walton League of America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

Name .....

City ..... *State* .....

Remember—pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, and half-dollars are just as acceptable as dollars and checks. We want everyone to have a part in this refuge. Make all checks and money orders payable to Charles W. Folds, National Treasurer.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Photo by fernand de Gueldre

Mostly About Boys

Edited By
Ben East

This department is dedicated to the boys, junior Waltonians who will some day carry on the work of this League. They will write it and Ben East, widely known for his interesting outdoor stories, will edit it. Ben East knows, and it is up to you fellows to help him out by writing to him and telling him of your experiences afield and astream. It's up to you lads to make this the greatest part of the magazine. Let's go!

BOYS, here's a corner of our own! Here's a place where we can throw our fishpoles down, and nobody will holler at us to get 'em out of the way. A place where we can bring mud turtles and crabs, and nobody squeal when we put 'em down on the floor. A place where we can hang up our skunk pelts, and nobody can sniff and make us take 'em out to the corncrib. Best of all, maybe, a place where we can build a nice wind-tight shack, and make a fire in it, and sit down and roast potatoes, and talk about snakes and our dogs and foxes and birds, and nobody will have to worry about our letting the fire get the best of us!

Come on, Don, drag out that stump over there and set on it. And Rus, hand me a potato out of that sack, and you, Walt, cut some pointed sticks for the weenies; and while I blow up the fire to make a good bed of coals, I'll tell you how it happened.

Two weeks ago I received a telegram from Will Dilg, asking me to be in Chicago the following morning. Now Bill's word is law. You know he runs the woods where we are going to build our shack. No use dodging him, for he's like your teacher. He's got eyes in the back of his head, and he'll keep you and take it out on you, after the rest have gone home. So I went to Chicago. I ate luncheon that noon with Bill and George Scott. Boys, I wish we could have that pair right here with us, around this fire. I'd like to make Bill hold this weenie stick, for a few minutes, and I'd like to hand George Scott one of them roasted potatoes you just dug out of the ashes, Jim. O, they're regular fellows all right, that pair.

Well, there at the table they asked me if I wanted to help to do a big thing for OUTDOOR AMERICA. I'm a little careful about offering to take an extra long lesson that way, but I said "Sure."

And when they told me what they wanted, say, you couldn't have kept me out!

"Ben," said Bill to me, "we want a boys' department in OUTDOOR AMERICA, and we want every boy that lives in America, and loves the outdoors, to be in it. Will you help us get them in?" Just like that. So there you are, fellows!

Then I began to ask about how much room they'd give us, and what they'd let us do, and all about it, and they left it up to us! Boys, I'll tell you again, this is our corner! If we build a shack in it the shack is ours, and nobody is going to try to drive us out of it. It's up to us. If we all get busy and carry wood we can have as big a fire as we want.

You boys who have read OUTDOOR AMERICA since it was the Izaak Walton League Monthly, will remember "Mostly about Boys," by Old Bill. Boys, here's the story. Old Bill cleared the ground for this corner of ours, but he couldn't find time to build the shack. He's up against it. He's doing two boys' work, and staying after school every night at that. I'll bet he hasn't played hookey in three months! That's why I'm in this thing. But remember it isn't up to me. One fellow never built a good shack alone, yet. This is our department. Yours more than mine, for there's more of you. This is going to be, "Mostly About Boys," for Boys, and by Boys.

I'm writing the most for this first month, but I don't expect to write much of anything from now on. I want enough letters from you boys to make this the best reading in the whole magazine.

And here's a little secret. If you're a first class 100% Boy, but your name happens to be Roberta instead of Bob, and you like the out-of-doors and the things that live in it, come on! There'll always be a place around the fire for you. Isn't that all right, fellows?

My own boy is four, and his name,—sh-sh-h—is Barbara. He likes the birds and squirrels, and even the big toads that hop around on our walk, on summer nights. He makes trips to the open fields and woods, and he'd rather play with acorns and with red and yellow autumn leaves, than with dolls and dishes! By all these things I know that when he grows up he'll want to go with me on trips, and sleep out by an open fire, and follow streams with me, fishing the bends, and follow, too, the forest people's trails on the snow. I know he's going to prefer khaki knickers to a party dress, and boys, I'm glad of it!

Excuse me if I talk a lot, this time, about myself. I want to get acquainted, and this is my last chance, if you boys write letters like I believe you will.

I don't care what you did, as long as it was out-of-doors. Maybe you've got a certain bend in the old creek, where the sun-fish bite. Maybe you've watched a woodchuck dig his hole, or a worm spin a cocoon or a butterfly come out. Maybe you've been bear hunting with dad, or maybe you've got a few skunk traps out along the old rail fence, and one morning you had a surprise in one of them. Maybe you found a great-horned owl's nest, one day in February, when you didn't know any bird nested. Or maybe you're lucky enough to live on the seacoast, and you haul seine with the older men. We don't care what it is, the rest of us. We want to hear about it. If you sat with dad while the guide called moose, and he gave you your shot first, or if you tramped after rabbits all day and had a good time in the marshes and fields, but didn't get a one, we want your letter anyway. It isn't just what you kill or bring home that gives you a good day, and it's the good days, outdoors, that the rest of us here in the shack want to hear about.

Did any of you ever line wild bees, and find the bee trees? Do you know how to make fire with a fire bow? If you do tell

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

us. If you don't, ask the rest of the boys to tell you. Some one of them will know, and if they don't I'll try to find out and tell you myself.

And about trapping. I'm not much of a trapper any more, but I used to be. By time you get this magazine, a lot of you will have a line out. I wonder how many of you trap skunks? And what do you think of them? They used to be the favorite game on my trap line. They and muskrats. You know, boys, I'll be honest about it, I wouldn't like to trap like I used to. I'm not trying to make you feel the same way, for I remember what fun it used to be, but I'll tell you why, anyway.

I see dozens of muskrat coats going along the streets here everyday. And every time I see one, I remember the muskrats in the big old cat-tail marsh where I used to trap. I remember how they used to dot the marsh with houses, along this time of year. Big thick walled houses if the winter was to be long and cold, and low small ones, ahead of a short mild winter. I remember their feed bogs, and the rushes they cut, and the moss they pulled. And I remember an old veteran that I found one time, burrowing under a snowdrift, in February, with one foot, and three white scarred stubs!

Their houses used to look like round snow forts, the morning after a new fall, and the marsh was covered with them! And now—now you can go out and stand on the big hill where I used to stand and try to count the houses, and you can count all you can see on

and in a cornfield, around the edge of a pond, I had found a melon patch with a few little melons left that the farmer didn't want. The frosts had killed the vines, and he told me to help myself.

This friend, who, in spite of a hard job as a factory superintendent, still manages to like all the things we fellows like here in the shack, is a big man, past fifty years old, whom we'll call Jack. He came out to my farm home to go fishing. We sat there in the kitchen that night, and Jack's wife wished for a watermelon. He and I put on our coats and went after some, in the little patch I told you about.

I could make a story out of that trip, if I had room. He didn't know those hilly fields, and in spite of his flashlight, he jumped off a fence, knee-deep into a ditch, and fell over corn stubbles and got mixed up in a thorn thicket. And through it all he kept on grinning, and said he was having a good time.

We got our arms full of melons, and started back. On the way we had to cross a little clover field. Halfway through the clover Jack let out a single yell, and started to run. He dropped melons, and I'm not sure but he lost his hat, but he kept right on going! And boys, there isn't one of us could have caught him if we had tried!

When he yelled his flashlight had been pointed at me. So I knew whatever it was, I was pretty close to it. I stood perfectly still, and reached around and fished my own flashlight out of my

self ahead a couple of steps, and reached up his nose, and sniffed at it, for all the world like your cat at home smells of things you hold out to him. I felt as if that skunk deserved to be let go. There he was, fast in my trap, with a hurt leg, and yet he was willing to make friends.

Letting them go, though, is a risky job. They fear man, the same as any other wild thing does when he comes too close, and you've got to almost touch them to loosen the trap jaws. At that I had an uncle that used to do it, right along, when he got a wide-stripe white one—worth at that time about a quarter—or one in the spring that was rubbed.

What do you think, you boys who trap? Have your experiences with skunks made you think like I do, that they are one of the friendliest and most interesting of the wild things, or not? Whether you agree with me or not, write us your opinion.

Well, fellows, I've used up all the wood I can find, and if I go out and get more we wont have enough for our next fire. Once more, now, let's get together, and build this shack! Let's have skins on the floor, and bows and fishpoles and guns on the walls! Let's make this a corner of OUTDOOR AMERICA that every one of us will turn to first, the minute the magazine arrives! And, best of all, let's make it so good that when they don't think we're looking, dad and brother and mother will lay down their own favorites and sneak through these pages of ours!

Here's the last thing I said to Bill Dilg, that night in Chicago, about this department of ours.

"Bill, if the boys make a go of this, they deserve some reward. I know how boys like prizes, for I won one or two myself not so many years ago. What'll we give this bunch?"

And Old Bill came right back at me!

"We'll give 'em what they want. Let 'em put their own suggestions in their letters."

Let's have them boys. Something you want for your trips outdoors, that you think should be earned by the best letter we get in the next few months. We'll line the whole contest up a month or so later.

Here's an opener. This ought to make a sill for the front door, with enough to cut off at the ends to start the fire. Dick is sixteen, and lives here in the same city with me, so a lot of our trips are made together.

By the way, I think we'll follow Old Bill's rules, and invite everybody up to seventeen. And if you can, follow Dick's example and send me pictures with your letter.

* * * * * * * *

Here's Dick's doorsill.

Dear Fellows:—

I'm going to start this thing off by telling you about a two day duck hunting trip we made a few weeks ago. To begin with I think duck hunting is a mighty fine sport and about as good fun as anything I ever did.

We left one Friday night at about 7:00 o'clock, four of us in the car, and arrived at Saginaw Bay about 11:30. We had a midnight lunch of weenies and coffee, over a driftwood fire, and slept that night in a fish storage and packing house.

The next morning we went out after ducks, and two of us blinded in the long grass while the other two waded out to a blind out in the Bay a ways. We waited and hunted till about noon but the ducks were satisfied to stay out about a mile, so no ducks for us.

Then we drove up the Bay about two miles and waded around in a big marsh called the Cut, till two o'clock. Got no ducks but had a good time wading over our boot tops, trying to get out where they were.

From there we drove on till we came to Lake Tawas. We got a couple of duck boats and went out after them. We paddled across the lake to a blind, scaring up some ducks and coots on the way. We put out our decoys and blinded in. Got a couple of shots but no ducks, and went in at sundown. Had a fine meal and slept in a half built shack. We had no tent along. Just sleeping bags and blankets.

Next morning we went out and separated. We went to a blind in the east end of the lake, built out of wild rice and wire. I got a coot and several shots at ducks, but did not bring down one of them. The other fellow had shot one coot.

We went out after dinner and paddled around through the rice that fills most of the lake and the other two fellows got three more coots between them. A wind had risen and the whitecaps were starting to rise. We had a good deal of sport paddling into them. They broke over the bow of the light duck boat and gave it a sharp rolling motion.

We started for home at about 3:30, with regrets that our duck hunt was over.

I hope to read some other fellow's experiences in this magazine in our new department.

Yours for conservation,
DICK HEMPSALL.

Dick's letter is all right, eh fellows? He signed it William, which happens to be his real name, but it's too everlasting long for a letter, so I changed it. And that ending; isn't that the proper spirit? Dick means it too! I know for I've seen him hunt. He forgot to tell you though fellows that he rolled out of those blankets he spoke about, and got up in his sleep and waded right over the rest of us, looking for a duck!

The pictures aren't of this trip. We didn't have a camera along.

Come on, now, let's follow Dick's good example, and start this thing off with a letter.

THE Third Annual National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, to be held in the Hotel La Salle, Chicago, April 2, 3 and 4, 1925, will be the largest gathering of sportsmen the world has ever seen.

Writers, statesmen, artists, professional and business men of international repute will be in attendance.

Some of those scheduled to attend are Zane Grey, Hal Evarts, Henry van Dyke, Dr. James A. Henshall, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Frank Stick, Earl H. Reed, Everett E. Lowry, William Schmedtgen, David M. Newell, Leonard Cronin, and scores of others.

Every Chapter should make special effort now to raise funds necessary to send at least one delegate to this event.

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Outdoor America

Owned and Published by

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

National Headquarters
536 Lake Shore Drive Tel. Superior 1217
Chicago, Ill.

Issued Monthly—Single Copy 15c

Subscription rate $1.00 per year in the U. S. and Canada. Cuba and Mexico, 50c additional postage. Foreign countries $1.00 additional postage. Entered as second class matter August 9, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879

Net Paid Circulation November 6, 1924	89,667
News Stand Circulation November	19,000
TOTAL	108,667

WILL H. DILG, *Editor*

The Public Shooting Grounds-Game Refuge Bill

THE public shooting grounds-game refuge bill will come up before Congress early this winter for action.

Twice this bill, which asks no more than that the hunters of the country be given the right to pay a dollar each for the purchase and administration of public shooting grounds and game refuges all over the United States, has failed to pass Congress.

Why it has failed to pass is not easily understood. The hunters are for it; and the initial funds and the cost of maintenance comes from them. On its face, it is entitled to pass. With the unified support of the sportsmen behind it, it is inconceivable that it should fail once more.

The proposition is a simple one. Hunters will pay a dollar Federal license in addition to the usual state fee. Of this dollar, forty-five cents will go toward the acquisition of lands and marshes suitable for shooting grounds and game refuges. Forty-five cents will go toward enforcement of the Federal game laws—specifically, the migratory bird law. The remaining ten cents goes for administration.

The bill is in sympathy with the new order of things in conservation: the idea of starting at the bottom, striking at the fundamentals of the problem of more game and more shooting. During the past years it has been the custom for organized sportsmen to try to administer game by introducing more regulative laws—cutting down seasons and bag limits. This is important but it has not contributed enough to the matter of permanently solving the problem of disappearing wild life.

IT is a fundamental proposition that if the habitat of our wild life is to be destroyed, all restrictive laws, such as daily bag limits, shooting seasons and other regulations, will not be worth a fig. A law providing for the shooting of even one duck a day would be a farce if there were no ducks. The Lord provided us with wildfowl. But we are approaching the point where the original supply is threatened, and we must soon wipe the slate clean and start all over, this time not only restricting shooting, but providing for something to shoot at.

The main thing about administration of game and fish is to have some place for these things to breed, to feed, and to live. So long as we have these, we can, in most cases, bring back wild life when it is endangered by simply ceasing to shoot and fish, letting nature take its course until the supply is replenished.

But we can not do this unless we maintain the natural places for wild game to live. No man can make so simple a thing as a swamp. All of our alleged genius has found no substitute for these simple things. They are easy to destroy, impossible to replace by our own hands. A marsh once drained is no longer a marsh, and the tears of all the sportsmen in America could not make another.

The drainage of swamps, of marshes, of lakes, of river bottoms, is going on all over America. It is a movement that is striking at the very existence of our wild life. Bag limits, shooting seasons, single-shot guns, are relatively unimportant. The *habitat is everything.* Shooting picks the leaves. Drainage strikes at the roots of the whole tree.

Therefore it is of the utmost importance that we set aside, just as rapidly as we can, the remaining breeding and feeding places of our wild life.

The proposed bill provides for the setting aside of such areas.

THE Izaak Walton League recognized the necessity of preserving the habitat of game and fish when it successfully introduced and carried through Congress the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge Bill. This was an important stride. It did more to save the fish and game of the upper Mississippi valley than ten volumes full of game laws could have done.

The Walton League's program for conservation consists largely of three things: stop forest fires and reforest; eradicate pollution; stop drainage. These are fundamental. They are things that must be done before the possibilites of the next step—the propagation of more game and fish can be fully realized.

THE drainage of marshes continues. The Izaak Walton League is forming public opinion, the most effective weapon against this practice. But it continues because public opinion, the most deadly weapon, is slow to form. Of course the marshes that are drained are usually those to which the public has access. Marshes used by private shooting clubs are not drained. Thus it becomes more difficult each year to find a place to hunt unless you belong to a private club and at the same time it becomes harder for a duck to find a place to breed and feed unless he too belongs to a private club.

What is the result? Ducks are plentiful in some places. Other places are being destroyed. Thus some people say that ducks are increasing. This is true where the natural habitat is not distributed.

The idea of game refuges adjoining shooting grounds is not a new one. It has been tried and found true. The refuges act as reservoirs. The idea is sound. It works.

We must save the remaining wild life habitats of America. The Izaak Walton League has blazed the way with the Upper Mississippi legislation. It has brought home to the whole nation the utter necessity of saving the remnants of our wild places, thus saving the remnants of our wild life and opening the way for increased wild life. It has awakened the people to a new understanding of the importance of doing this. With this before them, it is certain that all sportsmen will urge the passage of the game refuge bill, important not only in itself, but in the policy it represents.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

Some of the delegates to the Wisconsin Division Convention—Inserts from left to right—John McHale, first vice-president; Haskel Noyes, president, and Jack McCready, secretary and treasurer.

The Second Wisconsin Division Convention

By Judge HENRY GRAASS

HASKEL NOYES, Milwaukee, was elected president of the Wisconsin Division I. W. L. A. at the second state convention held in Janesville in October, succeeding Judge Henry Graass.

Others elected were John McHale, Green Bay, first vice-president; O. W. Smith, Evansville, second vice-president; Louis Radke, Horicon, third vice-president, and Jack B. McCready, Fond du Lac, secretary and treasurer.

It was a splendid convention, with more than three hundred delegates from all parts of the state in attendance. These delegates represented forty-two certified chapters in Wisconsin.

The first afternoon of the convention was taken up with committee work.

Judge Graass, in opening the first regular session of the convention on the floor, told of necessity of hard work in building more chapters, advising the delegates to build slowly but to build surely to insure permanency.

"Conservation and education go hand in hand," he said. "It is taken for granted that we men know what we are talking about, but it is our solemn duty to see that this information is passed on to the general public so that they may also know the value of saving our out-of-door land."

Judge Graass advocated co-operation with every man and every set of men who are out to further the interests of conservation throughout the country. He told of the organization work that has been done in Wisconsin—of how from a start of less than a dozen chapters the Wisconsin division has grown to an organization of ninety-six chapters with a total of more than eleven thousand members.

Judge Graass pointed out the annual slaughter of game permitted under existing state laws, which allow one hunter in a single season to kill more than 1,300 ducks, 400 rabbits, 25 partridges and 25 prairie chickens, or 1,800 pieces of game for a $1 hunting license. He emphasized the need for immediate action, telling of the automobile loads of hunters now scouring the woods.

In closing, Judge Graass paid fitting tribute to his associates and especially to Jack McCready, whom he said was principally responsible for the growth and activities of the division.

The annual report was then read by Louis Radke and Mr. McCready. A paper prepared by Ed. E. Spaulding, Janesville, and read by Fred Luening, Milwaukee, showed the fine work being performed by chapters in the Rock River district. L. C. Morrissey, Edgerton, gave a short talk on baits, bait-casting and casting tournaments.

Louis Radke opened the afternoon session with an address on the League plan to restore Horicon Lake, which was greeted enthusiastically. Senator J. C. Gaveny, Arcadia, followed Mr. Radke with a short talk on the disastrous results of the Trempeleau Marsh.

Elmer Hall, Wisconsin conservation commissioner, complimented the state division on the work they are doing, and

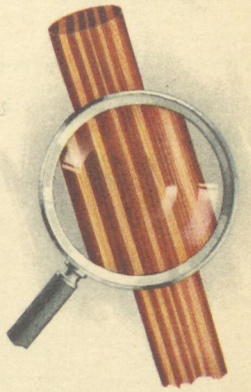
Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

THE HASKELL CANOE

TRADE MARK

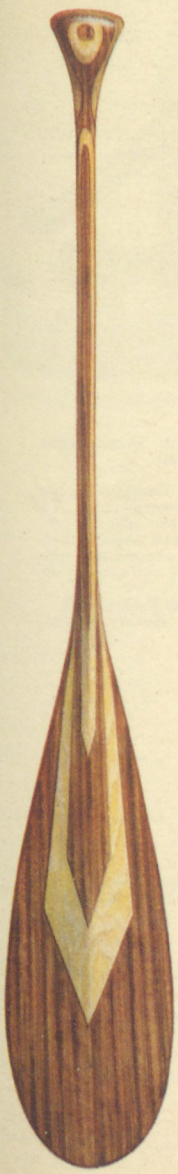
Molded From One Piece of Plywood

LO, the poor Indian has been beaten at his own game. Canoe building, the art of the American Indian, has passed into the hand of Yankee genius. Not only in design, appearance, weight, speed and strength, but also in durability of material, this new White Man's Birch has surpassed the old-time birch bark craft.



Section of Redskin Paddle Handle
The greatest possible strength is gained by this arrangement of plywoods.

THE REDSKIN PADDLE



THE REDSKIN PADDLE is as revolutionary as the Haskell Canoe. This paddle is made with eleven plies of Mahogany and Basswood. The alternating colors of the two woods make this paddle a thing of beauty, and commands instant admiration and appreciation from all real canoeists. **It will not check and cannot split.** Therefore, it will outlast any other paddle made.

We manufacture these paddles in two grades—three-ply and eleven-ply, in lengths from four and one-half feet to six feet.

Write for full description and prices.

The Haskell Canoe is made from absolutely waterproof plywood, which was used by the United States and Allies in the late war for building aeroplanes. It will not shrink, split nor warp. Molded from one sheet of plywood, it insures a dry canoe. No ribs—therefore, easily cleaned. Smooth wood surface inside and out.

Now, the most astounding fact of all—a reliable canoe which weighs only fifty-four pounds—a very **important matter** when long portages are necessary.

See opposite page for other illustrations of Canoe.

The Haskell Boat Company
Ludington, Michigan
U. S. A.

THE HASKELL CANOE

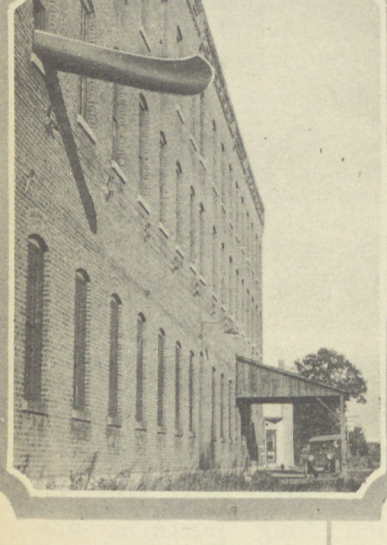
DURABILITY, STRENGTH, SPEED, LOW COST, BEAUTY AND LIGHT WEIGHT are combined in a marvelous degree in the HASKELL CANOE

Never before have these important qualities been so successfully united in a canoe. The **HASKELL CANOE** is no experiment.

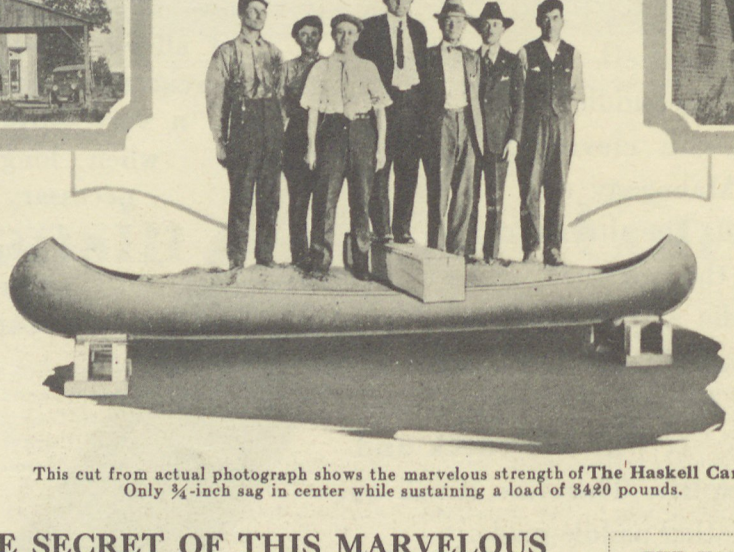
We have testimonials from satisfied users, who have given their canoes hard service for several years and report them in excellent condition.

The canoe shown in the top picture is the same canoe shown in the three lower pictures.
Absolutely no leaks.

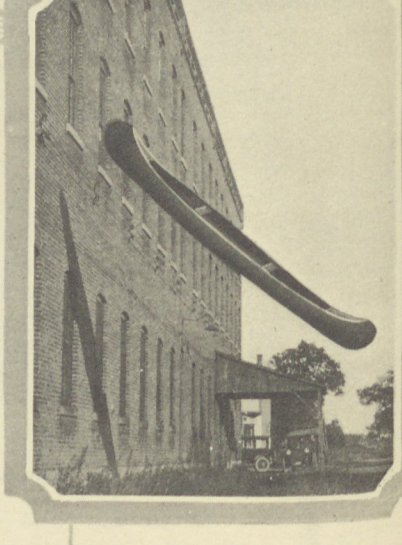
Practical Tests of Strength



Above cut shows **THE HASKELL CANOE** in window of our factory 24 feet from the hard ground of street just before being thrown out.



This cut from actual photograph shows the marvelous strength of **The Haskell Canoe.** Only ¾-inch sag in center while sustaining a load of 3420 pounds.



This cut shows canoe in midair.

H. J. Hanson being duly sworn says: "I took the above pictures and testify that above experiment was carried out exactly as shown."
Clay F. Olmstead
Notary Public.

WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THIS MARVELOUS STRENGTH AND LIGHT WEIGHT?

Simply the scientific fact that wood is the strongest material known per unit weight.

We greatly increase the strength of this strongest of materials by molding it in compound curves to make a canoe. The result is the wonderful achievement shown by the above pictures.

Buy a Haskell Canoe and lead the procession

THE HASKELL BOAT CO.,
Ludington, Michigan,
Gentlemen:
Please send me full description and prices of your HASKELL CANOE AND REDSKIN PADDLES.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

State.....

Canadian trade supplied from Peterborough, Ontario.

pledged the assistance of his department to the League. Mr. Hall assured Will H. Dilg, national president, that he would assist in the calling of a joint session of the state legislature to consider a program of conservation and reforestation.

C. L. Harrington, Wisconsin, state park and forestry department, urged support of the amendment to the state constitution to allow the state to assist in forestry work.

H. C. Burnett, Fond du Lac, presented the committee report on proposed legislation; Dr. Walter Murphy, Racine, presented the report of the committee on constitution and by-laws, and Dean S. H. Goodnight, of Madison, presented the report of the nominations committee.

John McHale then presented the report on the division platform, which follows in part:

PREAMBLE

The future of the American out-of-doors—its forests, its wild life and its waters—depends upon a realization by the American people of the appalling rapidity and extent of their destruction; and upon an understanding of their infinite worth, and needful place in the economic and esthetic life of the nation. Wherefore the Wisconsin Division of the Izaak Walton League of America adopts as its first declaration of purpose the following:

PURPOSE

I. It is the purpose of this League by precept and example and by every proper process of publicity and education to impress upon Wisconsin's people the vital need for protecting, preserving, perpetuating and restoring the forests, wild life and waters of the state.

II. To organize chapters, and to thus direct, towards the purposes expressed herein, the attention of the people of the state, believing that only by organization can the broad good herein hoped for be accomplished.

III. To reasonably conserve the state's forests, its wild life, its wild flowers and other natural growths, its lakes and streams, its swamps and march lands, by encouraging the creation of refuges where wilderness creatures and wild fowl may congregate and find haven and sustenance, forest and swamp areas, and preservation therein of virgin trees and other natural growths undefiled and unaltered by destruction or development; other areas where scientific forestry may be practiced under the auspices of individuals or of the state; and yet others developed to their fullest practicable extent as parks where facilities for recreation and out-of-doors enjoyment shall be provided for the use of the largest numbers of people.

IV. To advocate the establishment of a forestry program by the state and the practice of scientific forest culture by foresters employed by state, and to urge upon the lumbering, paper-making and the other wood using industries the adoption of scientific forest principles, that forests may be perpetuated and these industries may continue to render service and provide needful forest products for posterity as well as for the present generation.

V. To awaken public opinion against further needless pollution of the waters of the state and, by precept and example and other proper means, endeavor to halt further contamination of these waters.

VI. To disseminate the facts concerning drainage, to oppose the destruction of further marsh and swamp areas by drainage, except when the needs of and benefits to agriculture are clearly demonstrable, and to use its influence to compel adequate and unprejudiced investigation of all of the expected merits and possible demerits of future drainage projects before they shall be sanctioned by the state. The League expresses the belief that most of the remaining swamp and marsh areas of Wisconsin have greater economic value in their natural state than they will offer if drained, and includes as part of this declaration of purpose its intent to use its influence and powers when and as practicable, to bring about the restoration of areas already drained, and practicable of restoration.

While many other problems are clearly recognized as important by the League, it believes that all of them will find solution under the League's six chief purposes, as expressed in this document, to wit:

I. To impress upon all by publicity and education the need for protecting, preserving, perpetuating and restoring the forests, wild life and waters of the state.

II. To organize chapters, so that a unified movement by large numbers of informed citizens will compel the proper preservation and right use of the state's outdoor resources.

III. To secure forest and game preserves, forestry areas and forest parks.

IV. To encourage the practice of forestry.

V. To check stream and other water pollution.

VI. To check indiscriminate drainage and restore swamp areas where practical.

The convention went on record favoring the forestry amendment to the Wisconsin constitution; to urge the state legislature to consent to the national acquisition of the Wisconsin Winneshiek bottom lands as required by the Federal Act; to ask for a legislative appropriation of $25,000 to the Conservation Commission to employ specialists to combat stream pollution endangering our health, or damaging to fish, and game, and plant life; to procure the passage of a law requiring every citizen over fifteen years to secure a license to either hunt or fish, the fee to be $1.00; that all females be required to take out a license; raise non-resident fishing licenses to $5.00; change the present

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 55]

Texas

A complete story of the Texas division convention held in October will appear in the January issue of Outdoor America.

From left to right; Louis Radke, 3rd Vice-Pres. Wis. Div., Sherman Brown, Past Vice-President; J. B. McCready, Secretary and Treasurer; Will H. Dilg, National President, and Judge Henry Graass, Past President of the Wisconsin Division.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

The Waltonian Nook—News of Our Chapters

The News in Brief

Milwaukee Chapter opened the fall season with a splendid banquet at which Edgar A. Guest was the speaker of the evening. Mr. Frank K. Reilly, past president of Chicago chapter, also was a guest. It was one of the greatest meetings this great chapter has ever had. Word from Sherman A. Brown, treasurer of the chapter is to the effect that plans are under way for 2,000 members during the winter.

Rockford, Illinois, Chapter is not satisfied with the quota assigned it for the October drive. "Sorry you made it only 200" writes Dr. R. E. Tull, the president, "A mark of 500 would have given us something to shoot at." All of which means that Rockford is going to have 500 instead of 200 new members during October.

From Waverly, Iowa, comes the information that the Waverly chapter is hot on the trail of the undesirable carp and is going to do its share and more too to rid the Cedar river of the unpopular mud rooter.

Another state park may be added to Iowa's list of beauty spots soon. Under the auspices of the Jewell chapter a meeting was held at which time plans were discussed for improvement of Little Wall Lake, a body of water comprising about 360 acres. The lake was surveyed two years ago and the state park conservation board recommended that it be made into a state park.

The Englewood, N. J., chapter is comparatively young, but the president, Henry P. Du Bois, has submitted a report of eight months activities which is bound to be of interest to other chapters. The report follows:

With the close of the vacation season and the return of its members from their individual quests for recreation and sport, the officers of the chapter desire to place before you the following informal report.

The chapter was formed last January to supply a vehicle through which the citizens of the Northern Valley could give their organized support to the Conservation of Natural Resources and the Perpetuation of Outdoor Life.

Within this short space of time, and without special effort, a membership in excess of 200 has been enrolled. It is hoped that the chapter will become thoroughly representative of all Recreation and Conservation interests. The only qualitfications for membership are good citizenship and love of outdoor life. A membership campaign will be inaugurated during the Fall with the object of obtaining a minimum of 500 members.

It is the policy of the chapter to keep the cost of membership at an absolute minimum and not to indulge in extravagant undertakings.

The chapter's activities during the eight months of its existence were briefly as follows:

Organization dinner held in St. Paul's Parish House, April 7th; attendance 175; guest of honor, Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

Governors' dinner held at the Englewood Club, June 30th; talks by Mr. C. P. Wilbur, State Forester of New Jersey; J. H. Burlington, Fish and Game Commissioner of New Jersey; and Frederick C. Wolcott, Fish and Game Commissioner of Connecticut.

Effective co-operation with the national organization of the League in securing the passage by Congress of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Game Refuge Act.

Establishment of contact with the Fish and Game Commissioners of the States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New York and the consideration of a plan for united public effort in support of conservation measures in these states.

Investigation of the pollution of waters and other unwholesome conditions in the Palisade Park region, followed by a report to the health officers of the City of Englewood, containing recommendations for remedial measures.

Investigation of the conditions affecting the Hudson River which threaten extinction of the Shad.

Presentation of a trophy for the best hunting dog exhibited at the Englewood dog show.

Appointment of a special committee, at the request of the National Organization of the League, to recommend a major conservation measure in the Eastern states to be fostered by the League.

Appointment of a special committee to investigate natural bird sanctuaries in the Northern Valley, with a view to their protection and improvement.

Announcement of the Chapter's program of winter activities will be placed in your hands at an early date. In addition to the annual dinner it is planned to arrange for one or more smokers and lectures, at which we hope to have as our guests some of the men prominently identified with conservation and sporting activities.

We enclose, herewith, your membership card together with the League button, also some interesting literature which has been supplied by the Department of Conservation and Development of the State of New Jersey. We beg to call your attention to the Department's budget for the coming year which calls for an appropriation of $100,000. The work of this department is of such vital importance to the welfare of the State that we do not hesitate to urge you to communicate with your State Senator and Assemblyman recommending that they support this appropriation.

Seven fine geese bagged by David Hazel and Charles T. Judd, just a few miles out of our city, October 13, 1924.

Our organization consists of seventy-four Waltonians, and we are, we believe really organized and on the job. We are growing by leaps and bounds and are getting ready for a big hunting contest and big dinner. The influence of our club is keenly felt and recognized by those who would pollute our streams, "hog" our dear birds, and violate our laws in the field as well as in their every-day life. The League is far reaching in this great effort and being led and inspired by our big brother, the great OUTDOOR AMERICA, may we go onward and upward until our great outdoor sports will again be what they were in our forefathers' time. Mad we replenish our streams, may our woods and fields again re-echo the sweet souny that so completely satisfies the soul of a real sportsman.

David Hazel and Charles Judd with their game.

What Are You Doing to Make Your Chapter Grow?

When writing advertisers give credit to Outdoor America

Ⓟeters Shot Shells

1. Steel reinforced riveted battery cup head. Added protection to the shooter no other shell gives. Gas-tight — no expanded rims, base wads cannot be dislodged.
2. Superior felt wadding. Tough, resilient, elastic, clean. Properly controls expanding gases.
3. Superior shot. Uniformly round, highly polished, proper temper.
4. Incomparable Ⓟeters water-tite bevel crimp. Smooth working in all guns, under all shooting conditions.
5. Ⓟeters superior loading method in combination with Ⓟeters superior components, results in maximum velocities, superior patterns, greater penetration and lower recoil.

Ⓟeters Cartridges

1. Semi-Smokeless loaded where others load ordinary black powder. Superior accuracy, uniformity, penetration and cleanliness. Smokeless powders loaded are the best obtainable for the various types of cartridges.
2. Primers are surefire, non-corrosive and non-erosive.
3. Ⓟeters bullets are non-metal fouling, are of proper weights with highest velocities, resulting in maximum shocking power.
4. For Big Game, the Protected Point Expanding Bullet has no equal. Accurate, with a shocking energy "that is almost astounding."
5. Once a user of Ⓟeters cartridges, always a user. Greater accuracy, velocity, range, shocking power and low trajectory, make lifelong friends wherever used.

But the big thing is Ⓟeters loading!

IT is not simply the superior features we have been telling you about that make for Ⓟeters supremacy, but it is the combination of these features with the inimitable Ⓟeters method of loading, that produces the superior results that all users of the Ⓟ Brand boast of. Ⓟeters loading is done on machines, designed, perfected and used exclusively by Ⓟeters, which charge with remarkable precision and which exert a uniform pressure on every charge, resulting in absolute uniformity of loads.

Ⓟeters loads are safe, uniform and develop maximum efficiency of all components. There you have the true explanation of Ⓟeters superiority.

Ask your dealer for our booklet "Quality Ammunition and the Proof". Every shooter should have a copy.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY
Address Dept. A-42, Cincinnati, Ohio
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

PETERS AMMUNITION

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

When Game Was Tame

The Hunting Story Contest *Edited by* M. L. GOCHENOUR

High Lights on a Hunt in Old Mexico

By
J. M. THRALLS

His Honor, the Mayor of the City of Wellington, Kansas, is a big game hunter of the sort that thrive on punishment in big doses. He has submitted some of the outstanding incidents that occurred on one of his excursions into Old Mexico, that will have a strong appeal for those who like the real thing. Take your choice between the lion, the bear, and the Greaser and Mexican justice! *M. L. G.*

BEFORE the Mexican revolution broke out I made two trips into Mexico hunting big game. The trophies I most desired were bear, timber wolves, and the various members of the cat family.

I entered Mexico from El Paso, Texas, through Juarez, one of the ports of entrance to Mexico, where I cleared through the Mexican Custom House, and gave bond for the return of my guns. I bought a railroad ticket to Casas Grandes, about one hundred sixty miles southwest from El Paso, where I met my guide, one of the Mormons who had retired to that country to evade the Edmunds Anti-Mormon Law. He was one of the squarest, most upstanding and honest guides I ever knew. I made two trips with him through the Sierra Madre Mountains in the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, of which last trip I am writing.

We had a pack train of seven ponies and mules, which carried us with our grub and duffle for twenty-one days. We crossed Governor Terasses' ranch. It was twenty-five miles wide where we crossed, and said to be two hundred miles long, north and south. The first night we camped in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, near where, a few months before, a cougar had caught and partly eaten a small Mexican boy about eight years old. The facts as told me, and which I afterwards verified, were that the boy and his father had made camp near a spring in the foothills and turned the pack of burros loose to feed around in the brush. After the meal the boy was sent out to drive up the burros. He did not return and the father went in search of him. He found his body, warm and partly eaten, and all around the body were cougar tracks. The next day a pack of hunting dogs were put on the animal's trail, where the body had lain. Inside of half a mile the lion was treed and shot. It was a medium sized male.

Roosevelt, in his write-up of the cougar, puma, mountain lion and Mexican lion, and the panther, says they are all one and the same varmint. I fully agree with him. Roosevelt says that of all reported attacks on the human family he could find only two well authenticated cases, one the case of a four year old boy in Washington, and the other of a negro man, in Mississippi.

I know the Mexican case is true.

Outdoor Life three or four years ago published an account of a lady school teacher in California being out with her class, when a cougar attempted to catch one of her little ones. She beat it off with a club, when it attacked her viciously and perhaps would have killed her but for the appearance of a sawmill crew near by, one of whom had a shotgun loaded with fine shot, and drove it off. This incident was verified by the editor before he published the story.

A few years ago a party of hunters and campers were out in the mountains, west of Leadville. In the party was a lady with a three year old baby. One day the men were all away from camp. The lady was lying in a hammock, with the little one playing around her. She went to sleep and was awakened by some unusual noise and jumped up, to find her baby missing. It was never found. She thought the noise was the scream of the child.

I believe the cougar is the most cowardly of large animals, yet there is a more widespread fear and dread of it than of any other American animal, excepting, perhaps, the larger bear. I believe our lion will attack a child, but not a man, unless cornered or wounded.

The next night we camped at the frontier Mormon settlement, Colonia Garcia, on the top of the mountain. Here we took on a cook, or rather an all-around man. The three of us left for the southwest, and the land where "cave dwellers," not cliff dwellers, had once lived. We made permanent camp, about forty miles southwest of the last settlement. Bear, cougar and little deer were plentiful.

The first day the guide and I were out locating the range and hunting. We were riding up a mountain canyon, when the mules we were riding began to act scared and wanted to turn back down the canyon. We urged them forward, a little farther—all the time looking for danger. The guide said there was a bear near, and to watch out up the hillside, that if he charged us, he would be coming down hill at us, the first sight we would get of him.

While we were engaged in trying to locate the cause of the scare and trying to urge our mules ahead, we heard the clanking of chains. In a very short time, we discovered a six hundred pound brown bear, with a forty-two pound No. 6 Newhouse trap fastened to his right front leg, trying to make his way up the mountainside. When the bear discovered that we could see him, he dropped into a seam in a rock, where for the time he was out of sight. Our mules at the time were almost standing on their hind legs. We were puzzled to know what to do with them, and how to get the bear. We did not dare to turn the mules loose, for fear they would not stop running until they got home, some forty miles away.

While we were trying to quiet and control the mules, the bear slipped out of his hiding place and made a hundred yards or more up the hill above us. When next we saw him, he was coming down hill, with that big trap fastened to his leg, making real bear time down that mountainside. The trap did not appear to impede his speed much until he ran into a clump of bushes. Of course, we did not try to hold the mules; in fact, we let them go, and encouraged them to go. The trap being so heavy, the bear could not control his direction and ran into more bushes that tangled him up and stopped him. We rode about half a mile down the canyon, to the mouth of a side canyon, and a short distance up it, where we tied the mules securely to a small young oak sapling, and doubled back on our tracks on foot, to find Bruin, wondering all the time where that bear and trap had come from, as we had no traps

We traveled, as much as we could, well up from the bottom of the canyon, to keep him from having a down-hill charge on us. When we got back to near where we had last seen him, we found he had untangled himself and had gone quartering up the mountainside over a quarter of a mile. Here was real danger to us. We were on a hillside so steep that we could scarcely stand, and that mad bear, which appeared to me to be about sixteen feet long, above us all the time. To make matters worse, there were small bunches of brush that he might hide behind, and wait for us to come up on him, and charge us at close quarters.

(Continued on page 54)

Read Hal Evarts' article on Pages 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12

Conservation of Fur Bearers

(*Continued from page 39*)

IV.

"We recommend that in drafting the various conservation laws and measures, the terms 'prime' and 'unprime' skins be eliminated, and that there be used the terms—'lawful skins' to signify those skins taken in conformity with law during the open season, and 'unlawful skins' to signify those skins taken in violation of law or out of season.

V.

"We deem it essential and recommend that the laws relating to fur bearing animals be formulated by the various legislative bodies, in pursuance of a uniform policy of conservation, and with as full co-operation as possible between states, of a similar climatic or natural condition.

"We suggest that the United States be divided into six zones and that the periods of open seasons in the states throughout each zone be uniform; that such zones be constituted as follows:

"ZONE I. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas.

"We recommend that the open season for such zone shall not commence prior to November 1st or end later than February 15th.

"ZONE II. New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska.

"We recommend that the open season for such zone shall not commence prior to November 1st or end later than March 1st.

"ZONE III. Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New York.

"We recommend that the open season for such zone shall not commence prior to November 10th or end later than February 10th, except that the open season on muskrats shall not end later than April 1st.

"ZONE IV. Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota.

"We recommend that the open season for such zone shall not commence prior to November 1st, or end later than March 15th, except that the open season on muskrats shall not end later than April 1st.

"ZONE V. Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, Oregon.

"We recommend that the open season for such zone shall not commence prior to November 1st, or end later than April 1st.

"ZONE VI. California, Arizona, New Mexico.

"We recommend that the open season for such zone shall not commence prior to November 15th, or end later than February 15th.

"At this time this conference does not recommend the lengthening of any existing open seasons in any State, but advises that no open season shall commence or end later than the foregoing specified dates.

"We favor shorter open seasons for par-

I got him in NORTHERN WISCONSIN

"It was just after dawn. We hadn't been out twenty minutes when he struck—"

Wisconsin's Land-O-Lakes—7,000 of them—are stocked with everything from speckled trout to muskies.

The golf, canoeing, hiking—just the balsam tang in the air peps you up.

Plan Now for Next Summer's Vacation

Send for illustrated folder giving full resort information and exceptional summer home opportunities. Address

C. A. CAIRNS, Room 208
226 W. Jackson St., Chicago

102

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

Waistline Too Big?

It doesn't need to be!

No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction *permanent*. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.

No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

Melts Excess Fat Away

But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. *It actually dissolves excess fat away*. With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Waistline is inches thinner with Director

Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic—*all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

Write Today for FREE PROOF

Write today for a Director and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail today.

Landon & Warner, Dept. 9-B, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

LANDON & WARNER
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. 9-B
Send me a Director under your money-back guarantee. My weight is ..... my height is .....
my waist measure is .....
☐ $6.50 enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D.
Name .....
Address .....
.....

MERCHANT TAILORS Write for special proposition. Here is an opportunity for profit while correcting figures hard to fit. No obligation in getting the facts. Write today.

High Lights

(Continued from page 52)

While we were following him we kept fifty feet or more apart, so he could not catch us both at one drive. He continued in this direction for perhaps half a mile, when he came to the rim of a deep canyon. He went down into this canyon backwards, dragging his tracks out with the trap after him. When he reached the bottom of the canyon, he stopped and was sitting there, with his back against the hill, looking up at us as we came over the rim rock, as much as to say, "Come and get me if you want me."

We were now in a position that we were not afraid of him getting us. After looking the situation over, we decided we did not want to kill him there, because the canyon was so steep, narrow and rough that it would be very difficult to skin him and get the hide and trap out. While the trap was not ours, we had no doubt but that the owner would be along in a day or two on his trail. The guide suggested that we try driving bruin down the canyon. With this purpose in mind, the guide crossed the canyon some distance above the bear, to keep him from crawling out on either side. We kept him ahead of us toward the mouth of the canyon. When we commenced to pelt him with stones, of which there was no scarcity, he started ambling off down the canyon, stopping every few rods to look around and rest. Several times while resting he would sit down and look up, first at one of us and then the other. Only once in a while would he growl at us. When we would come up with him he would start again. Once going by a bush, perhaps two inches in diameter and six or seven feet high, the trap swung around the bush. Bruin was on one side of the bush, his trap and sore foot on the other. He stopped and looked at us, with the expression of "Now you see I can't go any farther." After watching him a few minutes, we commenced driving him again, when he reached up with his free front paw, caught the bush, pulled it down, and drew the trap over it, showing as much sense as a man, and continued his way down the canyon. Soon he reached a fall in the waterway, where there was a sheer drop of six or eight feet. The sides of the canyon were so steep and of such smooth rock that he could not go around the falls. When he came up to the falls he looked over, turned around and sat down with his back down canyon, and faced us as though he were not going any farther, showing us his teeth with low "woofs." After letting him rest a little and think over the situation, while we studied bear habits when trapped, we commenced to "shoo" him along again. He refused to budge until we commenced to pelt him with rocks. He sat there for quite a little bit, warding off the rocks with his free foot, until we made it so hot for him, pelting him from both sides, that he squared around and pulled the trap up under him on the rim, stuck his nose between his legs and rolled down, none the worse from it. By the time we had climbed up and over the rocky sides of the hill, he had got quite a start of us. When we came up on him he had reached the mouth of the canyon and stopped again as though waiting for us. When he got onto the little flat at the mouth of the canyon, we shot him.

We had no clamp to loosen the big springs so we could get the trap loose from his leg. We put wooden wedges in the jaws of the trap on either side of his leg, and cut his leg off above and below the jaws of the trap, then knocked the pieces of bones out with our belt ax, cut the wedges out and let the jaws together. Then we skinned him. In skinning him we found under the hide eight or ten thorn points, that were the tip ends from a small bush that grows in the mountains. They have no leaves on them, but every twig ends with a hard thorn, that will break off easily about one-half to three-fourths of an inch back from the point. An animal running into the bush will get some of them into him. We found a few in a deer we killed. The guide told me it was quite common to find these thorns under the hide. He advanced no theory as to what became of them—they just appeared to be floating around in the "striffing," between the hide and meat. We did not find any sticking point in.

After skinning the bear, we brought the mules to carry the hide and trap out. It was necessary to blindfold the mules to get them up to the bear. We knew almost certainly that we would meet the owner of the trap soon, if the bear had not killed or crippled him. There was no toggle fastened on the trap. The third day after this, a man came to us on the top of the mountains. He had heard us shoot a deer. When he came up to us, he told us about losing a bear and his big trap. When he set the trap, he had it fastened to an oak pole about sixteen feet long. He said there was a knot on it that prevented him from driving the ring on the chain down as far as it should have gone. Bruin had worked the ring loose and walked toward the little end of the pole, thus freeing himself from the toggle. If a trap is fastened to anything solid, such as a root or a tree, a large bear caught in such a set will tear any trap to pieces, or pull his foot or leg off. For that reason, a toggle, usually a hardwood pole twelve or sixteen feet long, is used. When a bear is caught, he will start off with the trap and pole. A lion when caught in a trap will not go far. They do not stand grief like a bear. For that matter, I do not know of any animal that does. The hunter said he had trailed this bear about three miles and lost his trail. When he found us he was circling around, trying to pick it up again. He told us the bear had been in the trap for three days and nights and traveled about six miles. He was glad to get his trap again, and we were glad to get the hide. The bear was not half as big as I thought he was when he was following us down the canyon.

Trapping bear is a mean, underhanded way of taking that wise quarry, and causes much pain and suffering. The day is coming when it will be unlawful in all the States to use traps to catch the bear, our smartest of the large animals in America.

(Continued on page 71)

Wisconsin Convention

(Continued from page 49)

limit on fish to a size bag limit; secure a $10,000 appropriation from the legislature for the Conservation Commission to survey the natural habits of our fish, bird, game and plants, by experts; to more intelligently and properly restock and propagate our depleting stock under proper supervision and protection; increase the number of wardens.

The election of officers was by a unanimous vote, and resulted in the election of Haskel Noyes, of Milwaukee, as president; Jno. McHale, Green Bay, first vice-president; O. W. Smith, Evansville, second vice-president; Louis Radke, Horicon, third vice-president; John B. McCready, Fond du Lac, secretary and treasurer.

At the public banquet held Thursday evening, President Will H. Dilg, founder of the League, spoke on "The Winneshiek," and the work necessary to put the bill through congress. His address was repeatedly applauded as he related his experiences and narrow escapes the bill had.

Dr. Walter MacPherson, of Joliet, Ill., delivered the banquet address, and was well received.

Bob Daly, of Janesville, captured the audience by his character and sketch songs.

The convention was an interesting, important and memorable event.

Royalty A-Ranching Goes

(Continued from page 7)

the regard of the people in Canada if the difference between the Canadian and American peoples were not clearly marked. Here was a task capable of trying the ablest and most tactful man of the world. Yet the Prince of Wales sailed triumphantly over this troubled sea without getting even the slightest buffet from the waves. Nobody ever thought of saying in New York, Washington, Chicago or Detroit that he had forgotten that the people he was among were not his future subjects, or that he had been inclined to "come" the prince over them. In Canada on the other hand no one has ever said, "He has forgotten that he is one of us."

What delighted both the Americans and Canadians was the promptings of a good nature and of a strong desire to be worthy of his high name. The Prince of Wales is at all times a true sportsman. He has thoroughly enjoyed polo at Long Island, his visits to New York, Washington, Chicago and other places, the cheers of the crowds and the addresses of welcome. Everywhere he has appeared as the smiling, debonair Prince, who has ruffled innumerable feminine hearts, but few people have had an opportunity to gauge the real character of this young man. It is best exemplified in the following cable despatch from London sent shortly before he left for the United States on his recent visits:

"The Prince of Wales yesterday, in visiting a hospital for soldiers of the great war, was told that one sick soldier was so horribly scarred and disfigured that he was kept alone and no visitor was allowed to see him. The Prince insisted and, entering the hidden room, he knelt down and kissed the soldier's mutilated face."

Fools' Luck

(Continued from page 25)

Special, held in great local repute, and alike in pattern to one that James Latimer had given the game warden early that very morning. The warden was carrying his Winchester rifle and mentioned that he was after a wildcat whose depredations had been reported. The mate to that fly at that moment reposed in James Latimer's hatband.

"You must be posted on the fishing, and the flies used hereabouts?" ventures James Latimer.

"No," replies the youth. "It's just fools' luck. Gosh, I never caught anything before that weighed over a pound in my life! The warden gave me that fly this morning. Said it was a good one and told me to try it here. I sure expected that old line to give way at any time; I c'n break it between my fingers easy as anything. I've been up only two days, and I caught another this morning in a pool down near the mill."

"Up only two days!" And three fish! When it is no uncommon thing for sane and reputable citizens, if only they happen to be salmon anglers, to travel hundreds or even thousands of miles and to feel satisfied if they kill three salmon in one or two weeks!

James Latimer's sensations were peculiar. He'd been up there a week and the salmon of that day was the first he had hooked. His fishing license cost twenty-five dollars. Those two salmon were caught in *his* pool—*with his fly.*

But now a third person appeared without the screen of the nearby bushes from where she had been a silent observer of the whole proceedings. (The driver had returned to his team some time since.) She, too, was young, and pleasing to behold as, the sun glinting on her hair, she shyly approached; and witnessing the flush on her smooth cheek and the gleam of pride in her eyes when with parted lips of a small red mouth, she met the answering gaze of her companion the conqueror and then shifted her look to linger upon the beautiful trophies at her feet—well, where was room for the faintest spark of resentment in the breast of James Latimer?

But, by golly, if only some magazine would print this, maybe I could reclaim the cost of that doggone license, anyway! Perchance I may summon the nerve to make the attempt, if I could not follow my son John's suggestion. The local issuer of fishing licenses is a man of some seventy-five years and with even older heart and arteries. He had tried nine doctors in vain quest, alas, of one able to make him feel like fifty once more. Yet, just as I was about to depart, he was pathetically willing to try the tenth. Also he was quite deaf. Whispers Johnny at my side at the close of the consultation: "Charge him twenty-five dollars, Dad." —What's all this I'm babbling now?— It's a hot night and I couldn't sleep after returning from that late hospital call.— My mind must be wandering, wandering.

California

in comfort

new

—steel equipment
—double track—rock ballast
—powerful locomotives
—4 daily California trains, including the exclusively first-class California Limited.

Fred Harvey Meals

The Santa Fe is the only line under one management "all the way," thus insuring uniformity of service.

On your way, Grand Canyon National Park, without change of Pullman.

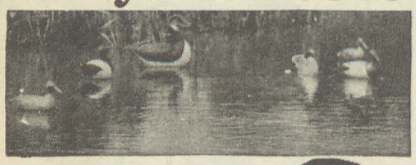
Mail This

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr.
Santa Fe System Lines
935 Railway Exchange, Chicago

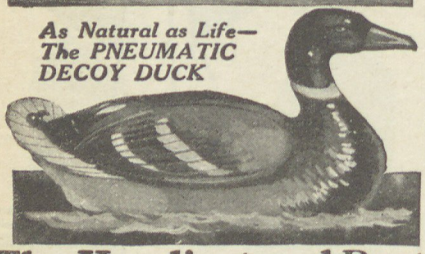
Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets —"California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "California Limited." Also details as to cost of trip.

.....

Carry a Dozen Decoys IN ONE Pocket



As Natural as Life—
The PNEUMATIC
DECOY DUCK



The Handiest and Best Decoy Duck ever Produced

You can carry a dozen in one pocket. You blow them up with your breath in a second when you want to set them. They weigh but a few ounces each. Does away with the heavy cumbersome decoys.

The Danville Airtite Decoy

Pat. in U. S. and Canada

So lifelike they fool the wisest duck. With ordinary care will last for years. Made of the very best, finely woven canvas, on which lifelike waterproof colors are permanently lithographed. Inside is rubber "inner tube" of great strength and durability with airtite rubber valve. In case of puncture from stray shot, a cold patch is easily and quickly applied. 500 hunters say—"finest thing we ever saw."

Quick Delivery—Order Now

We now have ready for prompt delivery Mallard, Canvas Back and Pin Tail—both male and female. In ordering, be sure to specify exact varieties desired. Price $24.00 per dozen, $12.00 per half dozen, $2.00 per single decoy. Postage prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

WHO WE ARE

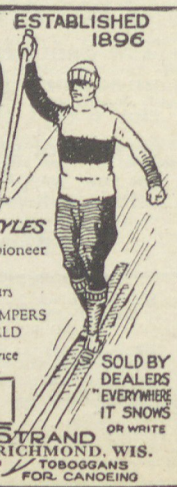
We quote a letter from our bank:—"We know personally all the officers of the Airtite Decoy Co. of Danville. They are well known Danville men of character and standing." Signed—J. E. McMillen, Asst. Cashier, Palmer Nat'l Bank of Danville.

CANADIAN BLACK GOOSE
$4.00 Each
$40 per dozen
$20 half dozen
The only practical wild goose decoy ever produced.
Canadian prices on Airtite Decoy Duck or Goose 10c each above U.S. price

The Airtite Decoy Co.
Dept. E **Danville, Illinois**

TRADE MARK
ESTABLISHED 1896

STRAND SKI



Most exhilarating of all out-door sports

60 SIZES, WOODS and STYLES

The STRAND SKI was the pioneer of America's winter ski-sport.

Recognized Leader for 28 Years

STRAND SKIS FOR EXPERT JUMPERS USED ALL OVER THE WORLD

Special Models for U. S. Army Service in National Parks and elsewhere.

FREE Sent to any Sports Club: Plans for Ski Jumping Tower and Tournament Rules

SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE IT SNOWS OR WRITE

MARTIN A. STRAND
126 STRAND ST., NEW RICHMOND, WIS.
STRAND ADULT AND "KID" TOBOGGANS
STRAND PADDLES FOR CANOEING

The "V-P"

A Day of Doubles

By
THOMAS AMBROSE

National Vice-President I. W. L. A.

ROUNDING the bend, casting a perfunctory fly, I saw that the spot where I meant to do my evening fishing was pre-empted by three men in a boat. As I drew nearer I was made aware that conversation was being broadcast over the sounding board of the stream for my benefit:

"Flies? I should say not! I would not give one bright lively chub minnow for all the flies in a dude fisherman's hat—oh yes, they sometimes catch little bass on flies, but you've got to give the *lunkers* something they know is good o eat—you can't fool an old he John Bass with a bunch of feathers.

"I'm a bait fisherman, so was Daniel Webster, and for that matter, old Ike Walton, too—Grover Cleveland was another. You should buy his book if only to read the chapter on Fishing Pretenses and Affectations He says there is a tendency toward effeminate attenuation and esthetic standards among anglers of an advanced type calculated to bring about a substitution of scientific display with rod and line for the plain, downright common sense enjoyment of angling—pretenses growing out of the exaggerated superiority claimed for fly fishing. He says it is the baldest kind of pretense that an expert angler can cast his fly through the air by a motion of the forearm while all above the elbow is strapped to his side. Bluff old Grover had a way of saying a mouthful—why, one of these wonderful experts offered to wager that he could cast a fly standing on a rocky ledge with a flat bottle of pre-war nectar held between the upper part of his casting arm and his side. He couldn't experiment with my bottle—if I had one."

By this time I had drawn quite near and was given a friendly hail by the monologist:

"Caught any?"

"Not yet."

"Well, you won't catch any with that rig of yours. We've got some mighty nice minnows here, and you're welcome to try them."

I declined with thanks the offer made with evident sincerity.

"How far down you goin'?"

"I meant to stop about here, but don't want to interfere with your sport."

"Stay right here, brother, your kind of fishing won't interfere with us. Plenty of room for all."

I was trying out a combination invented by my good friend Fred Peet, M. A. (Master Angler)—an eight-foot leader with a No. 4 Silver Doctor as stretcher fished "wet," and a three-foot "dropper," also looped to the reel line, carrying a Queen of the Waters tied and fished "dry."

The westering sun dipped behind a nearby hill, veiling the stream in shadow. A glance at my wrist watch told that the witching hour was come, when bass move from the deep water into the shallows to feed—and prompt to the minute a silent swirl about fifty feet down stream showed the bass were on the move.

The Silver Doctor dropped in the center of the spreading rings and my line tightened. I set the hook and a good bass leaped two feet in the air. While playing him my Queen was taken with a smash and my new Heddon curved further to the added weight of a second bass.

The men in the boat ceased fishing while I drove my leaping tandem of sea horses about the pool, until, reining them in, I slipped the landing net first under the stretcher, and then under the dropper bass, a couple of taps with the ever present "priest" and my creel was heavier by four pounds.

A second pair followed the first and shortly afterwards a third double was splashing and leaping to join the others in the creel.

Then came a hail from the man in the boat: "Say, brother, let's have a look at them bugs you're fishin' with."

I turned and cast the stretcher into the boat. While the fly was being examined and commented upon there came a tremendous splash and my Queen disappeared followed by a cry of pain: "Gee! he's got me hooked, stop him!" Holding aloft a bleeding thumb the man leaped into the stream and floundered after the frightened bass.

I could do nothing at my end of the line so I cried: "Grab the leader with the other hand and hold on."

This he did. I reeled in the line, killed and creeled a three-pound bass, and then turned to my catch on the stretcher fly.

"Say, don't hit me with that little club; you've got me hooked, but I'm no fish—me for town and a doctor to get this blamed hook cut out."

"You already have a Silver Doctor near at hand. Let me hold a consultation with him."

Nipping the shank between thumb and forefinger, I easily withdrew the hook from its deep bed in the flesh.

"You wonderful man, how did you manage to do that?"

"Dead easy; you see it's a barbless hook. Now we'll hold your hand in the cold water of that spring on the bank, until the bleeding stops, then a strip of surgeon's plaster upon the cut and you're all right again. That three pounder is yours, for I don't want to separate doubles and here's another good one to keep him company."

"Brother, you've not only hooked me but made a convert. I'll buy me a fly rod tomorrow."

He is now my good friend, a fly fisher, a member of the Izaak Walton League and of Smiling Bill's Barbless Brigade.

When writing advertisers give credit to Outdoor America

The Field Trial Classic for 1925

By
ANDREW BROOKS
Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

In every kind of sport where dogs are used contests do more for their better development than anything else. This can be applied aptly to field trials especially, as it has done more for pointers and setters than any other efforts directed for them. As proof of this we might refer to the Irish and Gordon Setters. They never shone at field trials. The first once in a while can produce a dog with class, but nothing like the red favorites of thirty years ago, and, as for the Gordons, they are as hard to find as a needle in a haystack. The breed is no more seen in the United States shooting grounds.

Masses only strive for better dogs when there are contests. The wherefore of this is not hard to discover. One fellow wants to surpass the other. When he is not able with the strain he has been breeding he goes to other quarters, and will try and try to improve his blood lines until he creates a winner. First the winner of derby and then an all-age and after that his mind is set on a championship stake. So long as such methods are the natural strivings of dog owners field trials will help any breed, when conducted properly, and, with the general run of dog men, improve their knowledge of dogs.

Grand American Champion

The Grand American Championship cup and purse of $1,000.00 guaranteed to be awarded the dog winning the title of Grand American Champion for 1925. A cup and a purse of $100.00 to be given the winner of each match race between a pointer and setter in the first series. All subscriptions and entrance monies for above, less actual expenses, to be given the winners in purses and cups.

CONDITIONS:

Six aged dogs of each breed to be selected by committee hereinafter named, from dogs nominated and entered to run.

Five Derby dogs of each breed, whelped on or after January 1st, 1922, to be selected by same committee.

First series—Each brace of aged dogs to run three hours and 30 minutes. Each brace of Derbys to run one hour and 30 minutes.

Second series—To run not less than two hour heats.

Third series or more at the discretion of the judges.

If judges select Derby dogs to run in second series, they should be run against aged dogs if practical in opinion of the judge.

A winner shall be declared in each heat of the first series. The breed winning the greatest number of heats of the eleven shall be declared the winning breed.

The judges must select two or more dogs from the winners, these dogs to run in the second or more series and after the judges have run these dogs to their

(Continued on page 76)

$500.00 for a NAME

NORTHEASTERN Minnesota with her marvelous lakes, streams and forests, with her fishing and big game hunting, needs a name by which it may be known to the nation as a great recreational region, just as Yellowstone Park is now known.

FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

Names submitted should cover three points—fixing the geographical location, emphasizing the recreational advantages and implying the thought that all America is welcome.

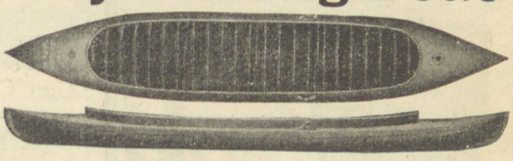
Contestants are not limited to one suggestion. Contest closes January 1, 1925. No obligation involved in submitting names. Well known judges will make the selection. The winner **receives $500.00 in cash.** All replies dated and numbered as received.

Civic and Commerce Association of Northeastern Minnesota
402 WEST FIRST STREET, DULUTH, MINNESOTA

MADE in four sizes—draws very little water. Built of white cedar and oak, painted three coats dead grass color. Flat bottom, 18 to 20 in. wide; clinker built sides. Used by hunting clubs and duck hunters for over 40 years.

Get the Kidney Catalog—describes and illustrates entire line of Kidney Boats. 6c stamps brings it by return mail.

The Famous Green Bay Hunting Boat



Built only by Dan Kidney & Son

DAN KIDNEY & SON - - - West De Pere, Wis.

Hunting and Fishing

is a monthly magazine, crammed full of Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, revolvers, fishing tackle, camp outfits, best places to go for fish and game, fish and game laws, and a thousand and one helpful hints for sportsmen. **Hunting and Fishing** tells what to do in the woods, how to cook grub, how to build camps and blinds, how to train your hunting dog, how to preserve trophies, how to start a gun club, how to build a rifle range. No book or set of books you can buy will give you the amount of up-to-date information about life in the open that you get in **Hunting and Fishing.**

Only $1.00 *for* Three Whole Years

Shoot your order in today on the blank below, with the distinct understanding that if at the end of three months you are not more than pleased with this magazine, just say the word and we will return your money without question or quibble.

HUNTING AND FISHING, 274 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

Enclosed find my $1.00, for which please send me HUNTING AND FISHING for THREE WHOLE YEARS, commencing with your next issue.

Name..... Street and Number.....

City or Town..... State.....

Russell's "Ike Walton"

"WHERE the pavement ends" is where Russell's "Ike Waltons" begin. On mountain, field and forest trails they are padding along giving mileage and comfort to men wise in choosing outing footwear.

The Ike Walton is a boot with a double vamp—made of the finest waterproofed imported French veal leathers, tanned and oiled to a pliability that gives no hint of ruggedness. Genuine moccasin construction.

The "never rip" seam, continuous on the vamp and toe piece, is sufficient assurance against the hazards of the worst of bad going. Flexible soles of wear-beating Maple Pac leather give four layers of leather between the foot and the ground. The lightest weight and strongest boot ever trod on; as waterproofed as a leather boot can be. Heights 6 to 18 inches, all sizes, army last.

R. B. Slatter, Brea, California, wore this boot from Vancouver, B. C. to Atlin, a distance of 1800 miles, in 153 consecutive days.

Ask any dealer who sells (or ought to sell) sportsmen's boots and shoes to show you Russell Moccasin Footwear. If he can not, write for our catalog, select the style and size you want and insist that he order them for you.

The W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Wisconsin St. BERLIN, WIS.

BINOCULARS

Brand new. Clear, white crystal 8 power lenses. French make. Central focusing and width adjustment. Large field of vision. Ideal for Hunting, Camping, Fishing, Hikes, etc. Guaranteed perfect. Well made and serviceable. Will last a lifetime. Black morocco-covered body. Strong case and shoulder straps included.

8 Power Big Value $8.75 C. O. D.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded

BENNER & CO. D-6 Trenton, N. J

SENSATIONAL SALE

GUARANTEED TYPEWRITERS

Limited quantity fully guaranteed standard make typewriters. **5 Days Free Trial.** Lowest prices ever offered. Some at $45.35. Easy payments as low as $3 monthly. Send today for FREE booklet of Valuable Typewriter Information and Special Sale Bulletin.

Smith Typewriter Sales Co.
251-360 E. Grand Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Trap Shooting Department

Conducted by GEORGE C. FRANKLIN

Trap clubs all over the country are asked to submit suggestions for increasing interest, helping beginners, caution to instructors, and matters of kindred interest, and to send in pictures of their clubhouses and of any of their members who are making phenomenal scores. This department will encourage discussion of the comparative merits of trap shooting and other sports and the great pleasures of the sport itself. All articles intended for this department should be mailed to George C. Franklin, Trap Shot Editor of Outdoor America, 1006 Patterson Building, Denver.

Heart of America Gun Club.

The Heart of America Chapter in Kansas City, Missouri, boasts of a large number of hunters who are very much interested in the question of game and fish conservation. The Izaak Walton Gun Club, organized last summer, has met with marked success among the shooters of the Chapter, and their meetings every other Sunday are well attended and a great deal of rivalry exists for the semi-weekly prize.

The Gun Club has gone a great ways to cement the good feeling among the shooters in the League, and would like to hear from any other Izaak Walton League Gun Club that may be organized at this time, with a view of holding competitive shoots, by mail or wire, each club shooting on their home grounds, and telegraphing results simultaneously.

We find a few of our Chapter Members are hunters exclusively, and this Gun Club has done a great deal to increase their interest in the Izaak Walton League movement.

Izaak Walton chapters are becoming more and more enthusiastic over the sport of trapshooting, and if the interest continues to increase we can soon arrange monthly reports of the individual chapters to be published on the same basis as the Sportsman Review now publishes the scores from the various gun clubs affiliated with the American Trapshooters Association.

Wouldn't it be great if enough chapters would organize trap clubs, so that we could hold an "Izaak Walton League Grand American Handicap" conducted on the same lines as the A. T. A. holds the big event each year?

Remember, trapshooting fills the gap caused by our restrictive game laws and makes it possible for the old time hunter to teach his son or his daughter to shoot accurately and quickly.

It is not possible for the boy of today to learn to shoot as you and I did, "Old Timer." There are no large coveys of quail and prairie chickens flushing by the roadside or calling from the corn field, affording us practice with the old muzzle loader! And the boy or girl who goes afield now without the opportunity to practice shooting at moving targets is sadly handicapped and is sure to come home discouraged at his or her failure to make good when the rare chance came and is very likely to be turned from the health giving wholesome days in the open with you and your cronies to companions and pursuits that are not in harmony with your hopes.

We had one wonderful day with our nineteen-year-old daughter before college claimed her this fall. The opening day of the duck season permitted us one day in the field before she must take the train for a faraway city to be gone for nine long months. She is a good trap shot and broke 25 straight, targets, just a few days before our hunt. If it were not for the skill thus acquired the sport would have been tame. But here is the story.

My two old hunting pals—Alice and myself—started down one of the sloughs in North Park, "Charm," the setter, close to my heels; Will and Alice on the opposite side of the creek. Whirr-rr—a great streak off to the left—an instant poise to gauge distance and speed, then up came the little 20—"Crack!" and Charm was tearing away across the turf to retrieve a beautiful blue winged teal killed at 60 yards. The girl's eyes were bright with the joy from unstinted

When writing advertisers give credit to Outdoor America

praise as she threw out the empty shell and started on a little in advance of the rest. A few yards down the creek and six big mallards rose. Again the little gun cracked. A bird fell. And then she swung and the second fell. As pretty a double as anybody ever made. Gee! it was great!

Twice that day she made a clean kill after one of us had had our chance. Does trapshooting pay?

HERE'S A REPORT FROM DETROIT

The Izaak Waltons staged a very successful shooting tournament Sunday, September 14th, at the Detroit Pastime Gun Club. There was a large attendance and about 75 members of the Detroit Chapter shot through the regular program, also a large number of non-members turned out and enjoyed a real day's sport. In the regular event of 50 sixteen yard targets, the contestants were divided into four classes, a trophy being awarded to the first three high guns, each class. It was a close race among the old timers for first place in Class A. L. C. Odell carried away the honors with a score of 47 out of 50. Wm. Cavers was a mighty close second with 46, only beating out Dr. J. C. Wray by one target who took third place breaking 45. In Class B, K. L. Cooper and J. P. Schank tied with 43, Cooper winning the toss up for first place, Schank taking second, G. H. Thomas beat out the other members for third in this class by a score of 41. Class C honors went to C. J. Kracht stopping 36 of the clays and Harry Gardner made smoke of 35 for the second trophy. A. N. McDougal was third with 33.

D. Sawyer topped the Class D shooters when he finished with 30, and J. Kilmer was second, scoring 29, third place going to H. Myers with 28 clean breaks.

Some real class was shown in the handicap event when Wm. Cavers and Chas. Watson tied for first place, only letting one target escape out of the 25, Cavers shooting from 23 yards and Watson 21 yards. In the shootoff Cavers took his opponent into camp. Dr. J. T. Wray came down the line with a score of 22 at 23 yards tying Charles Bennet a 21 yard man, the Doctor winning the toss-up for second and third High Gun Trophies.

In the special 25 target event, the clays going at such a speed that would make a blue wind teal look like a stationary object, McMacking gave the boys a sample of real shooting when he simply smothered 20 targets. Dr. H. F. Kimball took second honors with 16 targets and McDowell third with 15.

There was keen competition among the fairer sex, and when the fur cleared away Mrs. B. H. Hull and Miss Wood were tied for high gun honors, each were awarded a beautiful trophy.

Karl Maust won the Izaak Walton League non-member trophy scoring 70 out of the combined 50 sixteen yard and 25 target handicap events.

A demonstration of fancy rifle and revolver shooting was given by the representatives of the Peters Cartridge Company.

William Cavers, of the Detroit Pastime Gun Club, also gave the spectators a thrill with some very fine work.

Give Sporting Goods for Christmas

Gifts for every member of the family, relatives, business associates, and even the dog — appreciated tokens of the Holiday spirit. Choose your entire list of gifts from this great catalog. Complete equipment for every sport, summer or winter. Thousands of articles for everybody, from a dollar to a thousand dollars. We'll send this catalog FREE and tell you how to make Christmas shopping a pleasure.

Send for Christmas Catalog 65F TODAY SURE!

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE

The largest exclusive sporting goods store in the United States

33 S. WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

Give Your Friends the Famous WONDER PIPE This Xmas

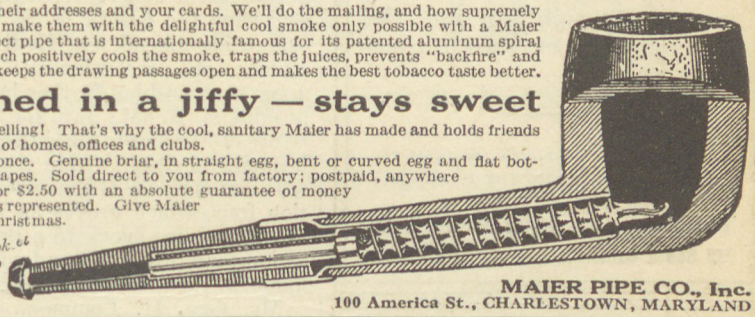
MAIER PIPE

Send us their addresses and your cards. We'll do the mailing, and how supremely happy you'll make them with the delightful cool smoke only possible with a Maier — THE perfect pipe that is internationally famous for its patented aluminum spiral and tube which positively cools the smoke, traps the juices, prevents "backfire" and tongue bite, keeps the drawing passages open and makes the best tobacco taste better.

Cleaned in a jiffy — stays sweet

Sweet smelling! That's why the cool, sanitary Maier has made and holds friends in thousands of homes, offices and clubs.

Order at once. Genuine briar, in straight egg, bent or curved egg and flat bottom poker shapes. Sold direct to you from factory; postpaid, anywhere in U. S. A. for $2.50 with an absolute guarantee of money back if not as represented. Give Maier Pipes this Christmas.



Write for book of interest to pipe smokers.

MAIER PIPE CO., Inc.
100 America St., CHARLESTOWN, MARYLAND

J. P. SAUER & SON

"World Famous"

Sporting Shot Guns, Sauer-Mauser Rifles

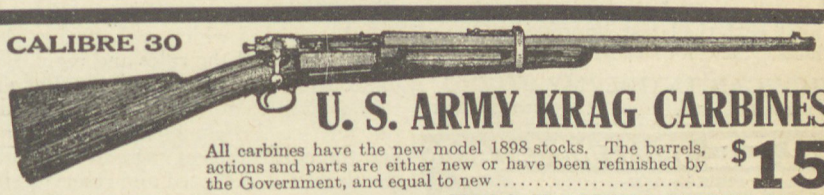
For over one hundred and seventy-three years the Standard of Quality. These well-known guns are once more available to American Sportsmen.

PRE-WAR QUALITY AT PRE-WAR PRICES

Address Sole U. S. Agents—THE MILFORD COMPANY

Milford, Delaware

CALIBRE 30



U. S. ARMY KRAG CARBINES

All carbines have the new model 1898 stocks. The barrels, actions and parts are either new or have been refinished by the Government, and equal to new $15

KRAG RIFLES, $12.50
CALIBRE 45 SHOT GUNS, $4.50

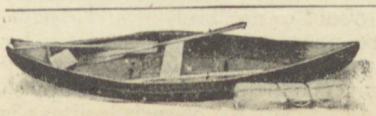
KRAG SPORTING RIFLES, $14.00
CALIBRE 45 CARBINES, $3.50

OLIVE DRAB **Wool Breeches** New—in sizes from 32 waist to 40 waist. Strong light weight wool. Made for the Home Guards. $1.50 Parcel Post Extra

UTILITY BAGS FOR BAIT, LUNCHES, etc., 40c. Parcel Post Paid

W. STOKES KIRK
1627 CM NORTH 10TH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Send for our complete catalog
ARMS, CLOTHING and things out of the ordinary



FOLDING PUNCTURE - PROOF CANVAS BOATS
Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.
KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO. 433 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Michigan

FREE
Moving Pictures
of
Trout, Bass and Muskellunge Fishing

The First Barbless Hook Pictures Ever Taken

EVERY Waltonian should see these greatest of all fishing pictures. They are not only full of action and beauty, but fully demonstrate the wonderful efficiency of the **Jamison Barbless Hooks,** as all the fish were taken on them.

See the Smashing Strike of the Rainbow, the wonderful jumps, the fighting and the landing. Never shown complete before.

Secretaries should write for dates at once. Films loaned free of charge.

THE W. J. JAMISON CO.
739 South California Ave., Chicago, Illinois

1924 Has Been a Big Year for The PIONEER
1925 Will Be a Better Year

The PIONEER is now the recognized leader in the row boat field

The PIONEER Combines
SAFETY—BEAUTY—SERVICE
Your catalogue is waiting for you—
WRITE TODAY
PIONEER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Middlebury Dept. E Indiana

SPORTSMEN—ATTENTION
Give us a trial on your next game head, birds, animals, fish or open-mouth rugs. We work with the latest, improved museum methods. Send for free lists.
MICHIGAN TAXIDERMY STUDIO
131 East Allegan St. LANSING, MICH.

FREE SPORTING CATALOG
Write *today* for FREE copy of New 1925 Catalog. It will *save* you real money on Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Outdoor and Athletic Supplies. *All Brand New—Fully Guaranteed.*
SPORTSMEN'S EQUIPMENT CO.
Dept. 8 1418 Vine Street, CINCINNATI

THE WORLD'S BEST!

Sporting goods, binoculars, telescopes, body armor, ultra modern arms, etc. Catalog AB free.
Pacific Arms Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

PATENTS Send sketch or model for preliminary examination. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer
644 G Street Washington, D. C.

Superior National Forest News

By PAUL B. RIIS
Pres. Superior National Forest Recreation Association

Outdoor America is the official organ of the Association

THE Sixty-ninth Congress will assemble within a few weeks to take up anew its labor to give concrete form to the many national problems confronting it. Many new measures will be introduced for action and there are also many held over from previous sessions. Among these of immediate interest is House Record 8812, a special act which intends to enlarge the present boundaries of the Superior National Forest.

The writer has just returned from Washington, D. C., where he had the pleasure of personally meeting Assistant Forester E. A. Sherman, of the United States Forest Service. H. R. 8812 naturally was the sole topic of conversation.

Mr. Sherman, who is thoroughly conversant with congressional procedure, in reviewing the fate of H. R. 488 and its succeeding amendment H. R. 8812, as a matter of precautionary expediency, urges that nothing further be done with pushing H. R. 8812 until the State Legislature of Minnesota has passed a law taxing mineral rights within the state.

It is this clause of the amendment, section four, which proves an insurmountable stumbling block to a practical consummation of the bill and which ties the hands of the Department of Agriculture.

Mr. Geo. H. Lommen, of Biwabik, Minn., chairman of the Civic and Commerce Division of the St. Louis County Club, who was asked to redraft the original bill, intimated that steps would be taken this winter to have the State Legislature enact into law a measure which subjects to assessment and taxation all rights and properties and the mineral and timber therein.

We quote verbatim Section Four of the amendment H. R. 8812:

"Section 4.—That the acquisition of any lands under this Act may be conditioned upon the exception and reservation to the owner from whom title passes to the United States of the merchantable timber, or any part of it, upon such lands at the date of conveyance, but in every case such exceptions and reservations and the time within which such timber shall be removed and the rules and regulations under which cutting and removal of such timber shall be done shall be expressed in the written instrument of conveyance, and thereafter the cutting and removal of the timber so excepted and reserved shall be done only under and in obedience to the rules and regulations so expressed. There is hereby excepted from the title and interest in and to land acquired hereunder by the United States, and there is hereby reserved to the owner thereof from whom said land is so acquired, his heirs and assigns, forever, all minerals therein contained, with the right to such owner, his heirs and assigns, to enter upon and occupy such lands for the purpose of exploring for and removing said minerals therefrom and to occupy so much of the surface of such lands as is reasonably necessary to carry on the business of mining, and to that end may erect structures, shafts, docks, trestles and railroad right-of-way and equipment incident to the carrying on of said mining business; PROVIDED, That the State of Minnesota and its political subdivisions shall have the right to levy, assess, and collect taxes upon any right, title, or interest in minerals or timber or both which are so excepted and reserved from the title to any lands passing to the United States under the provisions of this Act, and no lands shall be acquired hereunder subject to such exceptions or reservations until after June 1st, 1925; PROVIDED FURTHER, That said exceptions and reservations and all rights and property included therein and in the minerals and timber affected thereby and all structures and improvements upon said lands shall forever be subject to taxation and assessment by the State of Minnesota and its political subdivisions."

Many of our friends live in Minnesota who are vitally interested in the future of the Superior National Forest. This then is their opportunity to urge upon their Representatives and Senators the necessity of favorable action that a measure may be introduced and passed this winter. Without a state-wide interest and active cooperation, opposition will win the day. May we depend on you to do your part? Our Association is not in a position to prosecute an active campaign, as this is a state matter of immediate interest to Minnesotans only.

We are more than anxious to enroll additional members in our Association to enable us to carry on the work. The officers are giving freely of their time and efforts and finances. It seems but fair that a part of this burden should be borne by every friend of conservation. A dollar mailed to Geo. A. Perham, Secretary, Eveleth, Minn., makes you a member of our Association and gives you an opportunity to thus assist the officers in their work.

The Gray Canoe

(Continued from page 19)

as best they could. Pieces of flaming spruce and torches of birch bark dropped around them and began to start small fires. The smoke made breathing nearly impossible. Stumbling and staggering they went blindly on. Dumbly the Artist wondered about their direction and twice he went down. Again he fell and this time something seemed to give way for he lost consciousness.

"Meanwhile at camp we had watched the sudden appearance of the fire with great anxiety. We knew the dry forest would go like tinder and with the wind as it was we were bound to get part of it. Where was the Artist and Xavier? Could they possibly get beyond the fire front?

The Gray Canoe

(Continued from page 19)

The tents were taken down and sunk at the water's edge with stones. The meats followed.

The rest of the provisions we took to the peninsula and covered with wet blankets. We sunk the canoes and waited. We shouted. There was no response. I was stamping the peninsula in despair when the flames burst through the opposite shore and swept across the crest of the Falls. At the same moment a man came rushing down the moose-trail toward the peninsula. Hopefully I hurried to meet him. It was Xavier, black, panting and muttering French and Indian gibberish. I seized him and shook him awake. 'Where is he, where, where?' He pointed backward and jerked away. I started up the trail. Great waves of smoke and heat came down upon me. It was dark. I kept on till my lungs warned me that farther progress was impossible. I shouted and turned back. There was a hoarse gurgle near by. I looked and along the trail staggered an Indian with blood streaming from a great gash in his cheek. It was Waboosons. He was half dragging and half carrying the Artist. I grabbed the feet and between us we got the boy to the water. Here he partially revived and we moved him to the peninsula. The smoke had increased and sinking to our necks in water we breathed through the mesh of our steaming coats and sweaters.

"Hour after hour we waited. The denser darkness told us it was night. Light twinkled about like giant fireflies, or shot like rockets into the air. The snapping fires, the crash of trees, the boom of bleated explosions continued. It was a pyrotechnic display. After a time the wind seemed to change or become stronger. The heat diminished, the air cleared somewhat and we drew ourselves out on the rocks to lie down, and gradually come back to life.

"The fire had gone. A yellow murky moon came out and looked down not upon a magnificent forest, green, cool and fragrant, but on a multitude of cindered stems, dusty, sparkling, unshrouded and dead.

"We began to collect ourselves. The Artist excitedly told his story, as we washed and dressed the Indian's wound. To our expressions of gratitude Waboosons paid no attention save to look up occasionally with friendly luminous eyes. Little by little we learned that Waboosons was carrying on a feud with an old Medicine Man who had tried and was still trying to kill him. Waboosons had not yet got to the point where he could kill the old man in cold blood for he was his father-in-law, but he was camping on his trail and circumventing and rectifying his mischief wherever he could. The fire had been intended for Waboosons, but it nearly caught us all."

"Well, it is no wonder the Artist and Waboosons feel such a close friendship," said the Tenderfoot, "but what do you make of the gray canoe? Do you correlate that spectre with the old conjurer?"

"As for the gray canoe," I replied, knocking the ashes out of my pipe, "you have all the facts. Possibly you can help us with a solution."

ITHACA WINS

Ithaca No. 4

FOR CHRISTMAS

get an Ithaca shotgun. An Ithaca takes one out where health and happiness are to be found. We gladly advise, if you need a little advice in selecting just the right gun.

Ithaca double guns for game $37.50 to $700
Ithaca single barrel trap guns $100 to $700.
Catalogue free.
ITHACA GUN CO., Box 14, Ithaca, N. Y.

Attract Ducks! Fish! Game! and Birds!

to your favorite haunts by planting the foods they love—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, and 35 other varieties—something suitable for every condition. Liberal discount on orders entered during winter. Twenty-eight years practical experience. Questions gladly answered. Helpful booklet and price list free. Write

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM, 12 L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin

THE FIRE BIRD

By GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Every child in America—and many of us no longer children—are debtors to Gene Stratton-Porter. Her books of the Limberlost are wonder tales, and her thousands of readers will welcome her as an American poet. ***Price $1.75***

Published by

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., NEW YORK

The Fishing Book of the Century

Bass & Bass Fishing

By OZARK RIPLEY

The Noted Outdoor Writer and Fishing Expert

Positively the greatest book ever written on fishing. Contains advice on Bait and Fly Casting that will make a successful angler out of anyone. For a short time only,

Price, postpaid, $1.00

OZARK RIPLEY, *Publisher*

SOUTH BEND INDIANA, U. S. A.

Let Us Tan Your Hide

Save your trophies. Moose or deer skins tanned with hair on and made into rugs; or dressed into buckskin glove leather. Bear, dog, cow, horse or any kind of hide tanned with fur on, finished soft and odorless, and made into rugs, robes, coats, caps, vests, gloves or any garment for men or women.

TAXIDERMY AND HEAD MOUNTING

All kinds of game, fish and birds mounted. FINE FUR SKINS such as fox, coon, skunk, mink, muskrat, etc., made into garments of latest style. REPAIRING AND REMODELING. Estimates if desired. We sell at factory prices coats and furs made to order from high grade skins we carry in stock. Deal direct and save middlemen's profits. **FREE CATALOGUE AND STYLE BOOK** gives prices, tells how to take off and ship hides, etc. Write today.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY

Largest custom tanners and taxidermists in the world.

570 Lyell Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

THE STURDIEST ENGINE AT ANYTHING LIKE ITS PRICE

2 H. P.
Model Y
Weight
130 lbs.

Price with magneto $160

REGAL ENGINES

17 Sizes—From One Cylinder to Eight

Throttles to slow speed for trolling. For 22 years REGAL has meant reliable power in every type of marine engine—
at the rock-bottom price.

REGAL GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
Hudson Street, COLDWATER, MICH.

Geneva Binoculars

"Brings the view close to you."

Finest glasses the money will buy

A glass for every use and pocketbook.

4 to 20 Power
$12 to $60

Every glass sold on 10 day trial and guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money back. Get the Geneva price list first.

Send for Descriptive Circular Today.

GENEVA OPTICAL CO., 30 Linden Street, GENEVA, N.Y.

BECOME A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

Dignified, exclusive profession. Little competition. $5,000 to $10,000 incomes for experts. Easy to master under our correspondence methods. Assistance extended to students and graduates. Write today for full details.

American Landscape School, 91-HA, Newark, N. Y.

SIGNS. BANNERS. CARDS

Easily painted with the aid of Letter Patterns. Write for Free Samples. JOHN F. RAHN, 2433 Greenview Ave. Chicago.

A Terrible Turk

By

JAMES O. LEWIS

Edited by M. L. Gochenour

From Leon, Iowa, James O. Lewis sends a turkey story of the Missouri Ozarks that must gladden the heart of every Ike—and the Rachels, too. The author's sense of conscious responsibility is the spirit that made the League. The idea is the hope of the future. A mother's instinct and knowledge of Nature made this memory gem possible. It must be worth more to Brother Lewis than all the turkeys he ever killed.
M. L. G.

As a prologue to this story a ten year old boy was given a black and tan terrier puppy as a birthday present; partly because his father thought that a well trained pointer might be spoiled by playing too much with the boy. Further, the parent acquired an unimproved hill forty in the heart of the Missouri Ozarks where the family, including both dogs, went to live during a year that the father's business kept him travelling over the west. Soon the boy and his brother came into possession of a shot gun. I was the ten year old boy.

Native Hill Billies, plain Anglo-Saxon gentlemen of truth and outdoor accomplishment, used to tell us about the abundance of wild turkey. Once my brother and I found a winter roost, but before we could arrange a shoot there it was raided by a man who walked boldly up to the big birds at night while disguised as a cow. He carried a cow bell and stumbled about so awkwardly that the game was fooled; a clever design that was, of course, too well rewarded. Even after that slaughter we often saw turkey tracks in snow and when Spring came their mating calls could be heard on every hill.

Later, while walking with my mother across a narrow valley, we came to a spot where the dust was recently disturbed. The many tracks and an occasional deliberately plucked feather bespoke a "dusting bed." Just then a turkey hen flew noisily above us, scarcely over the tree tops. We had no gun and I expressed a wish for one.

"No, no, Son," my mother said softly, "she must have a nest near here. Wouldn't it be more fun to find the nest than to kill the hen?"

Thus simply was my quest changed. My brother and I hid for hours, even days, and watched that locality hoping to see the old turkey approach her nest at laying time. Our efforts were finally rewarded through the help of the terrier pup, who had borrowed some habits from the wise old pointer.

We lay far up on a knoll hopefully regarding a thicket near the converging point of two small hollows where we believed the turkey to be nesting. Purposely, we had left the dogs at home, so both of us were annoyed when we saw the little one trailing us through the east hollow. From having grown up with the bird dog he had developed a habit of raising a fore foot when questing the air and having a poorer nose he invariably stopped stock still when uncertain of a scent. In memory, I see him again, a black and tan midget trotting over those rocks, following us accurately but pausing and posing now and then in hope of winding our location and plunging by a cross trail directly to us.

He came on uncertainly until he was abreast of the thicket. Once or twice there he turned and smelled the air. Then of a sudden he stiffened a trifle and minced toward the brush. Both of us wished devoutly that we might silently attract his attention. I would have called but my brother restrained me.

"But he'll rush that old hen!" I protested in a whisper.

"Don't yell. I'll get him." My brother essayed a low whistled call. The terrier cocked an ear but would not turn his head. He crept slowly forward in a way that we knew presaged a rush. We were certain the turkey was there and we feared what the dog might do to her, taking her thus unawares. My brother whistled again and more loudly. As to a signal the little dog leaped ahead. For a moment he was hidden and quiet. Then we heard him yelp.

"Aw, he jumped an old rabbit," we thought.

But we were wrong. No rabbit ever emitted such a half squawk, half challenge as we then heard and no rabbit ever chased a terrier out of a thicket.

Barking, turning and twisting, the dog came out toward us. He was the center of a feathered storm of wings and beak. He had pointed a sitting turkey's nest and was receiving a well administered mauling for his misdirected zeal.

That old turkey was not so tame as game. Every time she beat the dog with her wing he came nearer to us. Finally he broke and ran. The angry turkey took a last peck at him as he left her behind. Then as victor in just warfare she shook herself, stretched her neck and straightened her ruffled feathers before stalking, with great dignity, into the thicket, cocksure that she had routed our dog. We had less sympathy than laughter for the whipped pup that came to us for protection he thought he needed. We protected instead the nest of a wild turkey and had our reward in seeing from time to time, a flock of young birds that we felt were partly ours.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

A Ten Gauge and a Ten Year Old

By
M. K. ROBERTS

Edited by M. L. Gochenour

Here is a boyhood story that will strike a responsive chord in every nimrod. How many of us got more "kick" out of the first forbidden use of Dad's treasured gun? Our Idabel, Oklahoma, brother must have been a normal American lad.

M. L. G.

IN the days when we thought a spring wagon was the Conveyance De Luxe for a fall or winter hunting trip, I was a lad of ten. I was blessed with a father who had the hunting fever. He provided an air rifle as a birthday present when I was six, and at eight, he gave me a Flobert 22 single shot with which I learned the rudiments of handling a gun that would kill small game.

In the fall of 1900, father and "Dud" Bates, who worked with him in the machine shops for the old Fort Scott & Memphis Railroad at Jonesboro, Arkansas, planned a hunting trip to the St. Francis River bottoms near Lake City, a small inland town. Overhearing all the plans, I begged so persistently that I be allowed to go with them that Dud, who favored taking me, finally persuaded father to take me. My tenth birthday had been in April preceding the November of this tale.

In preparation for the trip, father bought a new Studebaker spring wagon and Dud provided the horse and harness. They were both "in on" the tent and all the necessary provisions for the camp. Dud had a 38.40 Winchester, Daddy an L. C. Smith double ten and I was the possessor of a brand new 32.20 Winchester bought for the trip, as Dud said my pop-gun would not do.

On the evening of November 30th everything was loaded into the wagon ready for an early start the next morning. I hurried to bed about eight o'clock, but lay awake dreaming of all the great things in store for me on my first real hunting expedition until well past midnight, before I fell asleep. It seemed only a few minutes had passed when I was awakened by my father's voice saying "Wake up, Old Hunter, let's get going." I popped out of bed and dressed in "nothing flat." Mother had breakfast ready when I came down stairs and father and Dud were eating. I was so excited that I came to the table without washing face or hands and promptly was reminded of my neglect by mother. I washed, then ate a hurried, though sustaining, breakfast. Kissing mother, I ran out to the barn lot and climbed into the back end of the wagon. My reserved seat was on a roll of bedding where I could let my feet hang over the end gate and enjoy the scenery "going instead of coming," as Dud put it. Everything was packed ship-shape for the trip. Dud's gun and mine were wrapped in a bed-roll just behind the seat. Father's double ten was lengthwise in a fold of the roll upon which I sat.

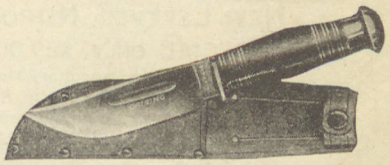
We were off as the first pink flush appeared to show where the sun would rise presently. With mother's well wishes ringing in our ears and high hopes entertained in each breast, especially mine, we drove out the gate and were on our way to the greatest hunting experience of my life. The morning was clear and cold, but I was so glad to get started that I never thought of the weather until we were at least ten miles from home. During this ten miles, father and Dud had been making sarcastic remarks about each other's hunting ability, all in a spirit of fun, but had concluded by making a ten dollar wager that each would kill the first deer.

After the argument was over I began to realize that I was cold and, as we were in the woods, I would hop off the wagon to run along behind when we drove up hill and would climb on again to ride down hill. While riding down one short hill dragging my feet on a high place in the road, looking backward, I saw two deer cross the road not a hundred yards behind the wagon. I did not emit a yell, but looked around for a gun, and the first one I saw was father's double ten hammerless. There were seven or eight shells in a box close by. I grabbed two of them and the gun, hopped off the wagon and cut through the woods in the direction the deer were headed when I last saw them. I ran a little way and started crawling along until I came to a pine stump which was about waist high to me. Here I squatted and laid the big gun across the stump to wait until the deer came in sight. A moment later the deer walked out in plain view and all I did was to point the gun at the biggest one, the one with horns, and pull the trigger. In the excitement, I pulled both triggers, and the quiet of the pine woods was very much awakened when the roar of a double charge of powder and twenty-four number five buckshot took a hand at killing a deer. I went over backward with a bruised shoulder.

The gun landed on the ground muzzle first. The next thing I knew, father and Dud were coming in a run to where I was

(Continued on page 65)

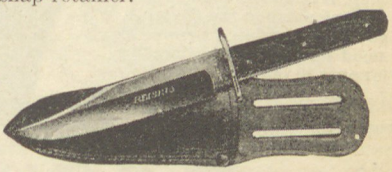
REISING KNIVES
BEST MADE



REISING HUNTING KNIFE

Just what you need in the woods. An all-around hunting knife that can be used for skinning any kind of game, large or small. Serrated back to prevent your thumb from slipping when skinning.

Made of the finest Sheffield steel — the same wonderful material and workmanship as in the REISING PISTOL —*and has perfect balance.* Length, 9½ inches; blade 4¾ inches long, with a width of 1¾ inches. Comes in a heavy-stitched cowhide sheath with special snap-retainer.

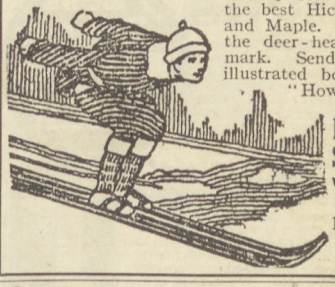


REISING Hunting Knives — REISING Fishermen's Knives
REISING Bowie Knives — REISING Trappers' Knives
REISING Camp Axes

Write for prices and description of the REISING line.

The REISING MANUFACTURING CORP.
41 Trinity Place \ New York City

Experts and Beginners Find
NORTHLAND SKIS
speedy and easy to learn on. They are scientifically constructed of the best Hickory, Ash and Maple. Look for the deer-head trademark. Send for free illustrated booklet on "How to Ski."



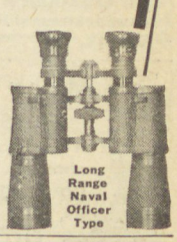
Northland Ski Mfg. Co.
World's Largest Ski Manufacturer
16 Merriam Pk.
St. Paul, Minn.

"Would Be Cheap at $50"

Says Navy Man "I cannot see," writes Mr. Harold G. Gould, of Northome, Minn., "how such a glass can be sold for anything like the price you ask; $50 would be cheap enough for such a fine instrument."

A 10-Power Megaphos Stereo-Prism Binocular for only $27.00

By actual test this long range, Naval Officer type binocular equals the best German 10-power instruments selling for over $100. Large field of view with wonderful illumination and definition. Weighs but 20 oz. Central focusing with individual eye-strength and width adjustments. Amazing value. Complete with case and straps, prepaid, for only $27. Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned. 8-power glass similar to above, only $18.50.



Long Range Naval Officer Type

Catalog Free—200 Glasses—$1 to $125

DU MAURIER CO., Dept. 1012, Elmira, N. Y., *America's Leading Binocular House*

NATURAL FOODS FOR ATTRACTING WILD DUCKS

You can have a thousand wild ducks on your waters to every hundred that come there now by providing plenty of their favorite foods. Only freezing waters can drive them out of a good feeding ground.

PLANT TUBERS, ROOTS AND SEEDS IN THE SPRING

Thirty different duck coaxers for Spring planting. They are natural Wild Aquatic foods which are very hardy and guaranteed to grow and produce results. Liberal discount on early orders. Write describing waters and conditions and receive free expert planting advice, Literature and Prices.

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331, OSHKOSH, WIS.

Lefever

NEW LEFEVER NITRO-SPECIAL ONLY $29.00

O. K.'ed and purchased in quantities by the U. S. Navy. Well finished, considering the price. Built to shoot right and stand as much use as the most expensive gun. Most durable lock ever put in a gun—first lock fired over 77,000 times.

Every gun proof-tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., and 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. with 14 in. stock and about 2⅞ in. drop. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for Catalogue*

Lefever Arms Co., Ithaca, N. Y.

Elto

The FASTEST LIGHT TWIN

Designed and Built by Ole Evinrude

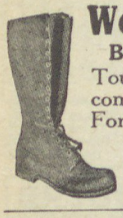
Weighs Less Than 17 lbs. per H.P.

Ole Evinrude builds the lightest 3 H. P. motor made. He could as easily build the lightest 1 H.P. or 2 H. P. motor. But he knows that less than 3 H. P. is not enough for the speed you want or the safety you have a right to expect in rough waters, or with heavy loads. In the Elto Twin you get not only ease in carrying, but one half more power and much more speed.

"STARTS with a TOUCH"

No other outboard motor gives you instant starting every time, and safe rudder steering, leaving both hands free to troll or cast. The Elto is the safe family motor. No danger of sudden capsizing of boat while reversing. Weed-free self-tilting propeller. Trouble proof carburetor. The Elto fits in carrying case without taking apart. Write for free catalog.

Elto Outboard Motor Co.
Manufacturers' Home Bldg. (2) Dept. 42, Milwaukee, Wis.



Wear Hand-Made Boots

Built Strictly to Your Measure

Tough, strong, waterproof—solid comfort. All styles—all weights. For sportsmen, hikers, engineers, etc.

Send for Catalog

OUTING FOOTWEAR CO.
714 W. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE SPORTING CATALOG

Write *today* for FREE copy of New 1925 Catalog. It will *save* you real money on Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Outdoor and Athletic Supplies. *All Brand New—Fully Guaranteed.*

SPORTSMEN'S EQUIPMENT CO.
Dept. S 1418 Vine Street, CINCINNATI

Old October Days

By
JOSEPH DOUGLASS STEVENS

A Beautiful Story by a Good Writer—M. L. G.

"Can't explain but they's something 'bout Ol' October knocks me out."
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

October, the orchard of the year. October, with its wealth of golden grain; with its orchards bending beneath their weight of fruit; with the yellow pumpkins gleaming among the serried ranks of corn shocks and which have wrung from Mother Earth her utmost gold. June is the promise. October is that promise fulfilled and the evidence of that other promise given to mankind while yet the world was young, that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail."

It was a beautiful morning in the month of October in the middle "seventies." The woods of Washtenaw County, Michigan, were clothed in all their autumnal splendor. The bronze of the oaks, the gold of the poplars, the scarlet of the maples all blended in a riot of color which no artist could ever hope to put on canvas.

The air, scarcely in motion, had that exhilarating tang which only comes with this golden month and the youth who was slowly walking through the dim aisles of this primeval forest with gun in the hollow of his arm, carefully scrutinizing the trees and ground around him, drew in deep breaths of the fragrant air.

Then there came to his ears the indescribable cooing or clucking of the passenger pigeon. Following up the sound he came to the edge of the wood, surrounding a piece of new ground which had just been sown to wheat and upon the ground, a few yards away, saw a small flock of pigeons industriously picking up the kernels of grain which the harrow had failed to cover. His gun flew to his shoulder and as the report of the firearm rang out on the frosty air the pigeons rose with a wild beating of wings—all but three, which were fluttering upon the ground. Hastily vaulting the fence, the youth secured his game and returned to the tree against which he had stood his gun. As he was smoothing down the rumpled plumage of the beautiful birds before putting them in his bag, he was startled to hear a voice a few feet away:

"Douglas, I am sorry you did that. Why did you not wait until they flew?"

The speaker was a man slightly more than three score years of age, but lithe and muscular. His hair was silver white and surmounted a face which might have been called effeminate had it not been for a big square chin in which there was just a suggestion of a dimple, but which looked like a dimple in granite—if one can imagine a dimple in granite. His eyes were gray-brown and in their depths always lurked a glint of laughter albeit that on occasions they could flash with a dangerous light. They were flashing now as he repeated the question.

"But, Dad, I was afraid of missing them if they flew—they fly so fast, and I cannot shoot like you can," replied the youth, anxious to justify himself.

"Then miss them. And I hope that never again will you shoot at a game bird without at least giving it a chance for its life." Then sitting down on a log, that father read his son a lesson in true sportmanship; a lesson which was driven home on many a subsequent occasion both by precept and example; a lesson which, although the lips which uttered it are now forever stilled, is as clear and vivid today as when first spoken so many years ago; for I was that boy, and that father was my father—the best father a boy ever had—except, possibly, yours.

You will pardon me, I trust, if I introduce to you a little more intimately this companion of many golden years.

Dad was a native of New Jersey and came to Michigan in 1838, settling near the (then) little town of Ann Arbor. He was not a religious man in the ordinary acceptance of that word, although he had an abiding faith in God and a true reverence for all sacred things. Never, in all the years of our camaraderie did I ever hear him take the name of the Diety in vain. He used tobacco in moderation, but he was one of the very few who could truthfully say:

> "I never in my youth did apply hot and rebellious liquor to my blood; therefore my age is like a lusty winter—frosty but kindly."
>
> —As You Like It.

He was an ardent sportsman and loved the fields and woods and he possessed that uncanny skill with a fowling piece that Fenimore Cooper ascribes to his hero in the Leatherstocking tales in the handling of a rifle, and to which that hero was wont to modestly refer as his "gift." Dad brought with him to Michigan a fourteen gage, double barrel, muzzle loading fowling piece, of English make; a beautifully made gun for those days and I grew in time to know its voice from those of other guns, for it "spoke" with the sharp, whip-like crack of a rifle—so different from the roar of those old army muskets which the men brought back from the civil war. I wonder if any of you old sportmen can recall those old army muskets with the big percussion cap, having a flange around the edge, which makes them resemble nothing so much as a miniature "plug" hat. And when they were discharged, the only safe place was behind them, as they would scatter shot all over a township.

I have said that my father was an ardent sportsman. He was also a true sportsman in every sense of that admirable word. The only time I ever heard him approach an oath was once in

When writing advertisers give credit to Outdoor America

speaking of the wanton destruction of the pigeons in their rookeries in the pine barrens of the north woods, where sulphur was burned under them at night, strangling old and young alike. He called the perpetrators of this outrage "infernal miscreants," which was certainly a mild term, for of all the deplorable incidents connected with the non-enactment of proper game laws, the destruction of the passenger pigeon was the most appalling. It was so systematic and so ruthless.

Perhaps there are only a few of us old fellows left who can recall the flight of this noble bird—in the spring when returning to their northern rookeries and again in the fall when on their southward journey. I have seen them in such numbers as to cast long shadows on the earth, one great flock merging into another in an almost continuous flight. And I was told that these flights were nothing compared to those "before the war."

Not many birds were taken during the spring flight, as they flew high and did not stop, but in the fall they returned in smaller flocks and stopped to feed upon the fields of newly sown wheat. A field partly surrounded by woods and containing a few trees was their favorite feeding ground. They would first alight in the trees; then drop to the ground in twos and threes and dozens until the ground was blue with them.

Although then too young to tote a gun, I have often gone with dad in the golden October days; seen him step out from cover and flush them off the ground; then, as they "bunched," fire one barrel of the gun. I would then run out and pick up ten or twelve birds. Boy-like I was anxious to continue the sport but was met with a stern: "No, boy, we have enough and a good sportsman takes no more than he needs." The ravages of the unspeakable pot-hunter, however, were soon apparent and by the time I was trusted with a gun, there were only a few scattering flocks, and a few years later they were extinct so far as I know.

It was another October day a year later. I was then the proud possessor of a shiny new single-barrel, purchased with the proceeds of many a scorching day in the harvest fields setting up wheat at seventy-five cents a day; I had a couple of gray squirrels reposing in my game-bag and once or twice I had heard the report of Dad's gun. Standing in the thick woods, my eye ran along the top of a fallen monarch of the forest a few yards away. Then I saw, standing like a statue on his drumming throne, a cock grouse or "partridge." His ruff was already raised and I knew it was but a question of seconds when he would launch himself like a thunderbolt. My gun again flew to my shoulder. Then came to my mind the admonition: "And I hope that never again will you shoot at a game bird without giving it a chance for its life."

But I had never been able to acquire that accuracy of wing shooting, notwithstanding the many patient lessons I had received. Plainly the "gift" was not for me. Why, then, was I not justified? Thus reasoned one set of brain cells against the other, but at last the "other" set won. I stepped toward the bird. With a thunder of wings he shot into the air, and, taking the best aim I could, I fired—and missed him a mile. With a despairing gesture I dropped the gun in the hollow of my arm. Then the report of my piece was drowned in the whip-like crack of that gun whose voice I knew so well. The partridge crumpled in mid-air and struck the ground with a soft thump. I whirled just in time to see dad step from behind a clump of red willow, a wisp of smoke curling from the muzzle of the gun and a look in those gray-brown eyes I shall never forget. He did not speak. He did not need to. One look into his face and I knew that henceforth and forever I was enshrined in the innermost temple of the true sportsman. He held out his hand to me and I grasped it with a heart of perfect understanding.

"Go get your partridge, son," was all he said.

We walked home through the fragrant dusk in silence, but I was not on the ground. I was walking on air, conscious of the fact that at last I had gained the entire trust and confidence of the dearest pal and the cleanest sportsman I have ever known.

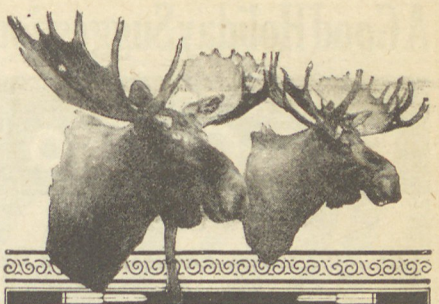
A Ten Gauge and a Ten Year Old

(Continued from page 63)

sitting. Everything was chaos to me. Without delay, father cut a switch and gave me the flailing of my life for using his gun, which no one but he had ever shot, and he had always said that he would whip anyone else who fired it. Dud made himself my lifelong friend by prevailing upon father to stop and then asking me what I shot at. I was rubbing both fists in my eyes and merely mumbled "Deer." He asked, "Where?" and when I just pointed, he said, "Come. Show me." I went to where the deer was when I shot at it and Dud, who was an experienced hunter, looked the ground over and walked a few steps toward a little creek. When he came back, he called to father, "Come on, George, the Kid has killed one." I looked back at Daddy. He had a stick and was digging the dirt from the muzzle of his gun. He quit promptly and came to where we were. The three of us, Dud leading, entered a small thicket. We had not gone over thirty steps when Dud said, "Here he is." Sure enough, there was a fine twelve point buck—the victim of one end of a double ten hammerless.

We carried him to the wagon and Dud drew him while father talked to me and made up with me for the whipping. To cap it all, each of them gave me five dollars and called their bet off and father said that I could shoot any gun on the place, any time. Then I was the happiest boy in the world.

Now, I am a member of Idabel, Oklahoma, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America and have a ten-year-old daughter who has a father with the hunting (also fishing) fever, but she will not be able to kill a deer for several years, as we have a closed season in Oklahoma. She has to be content with killing rabbits and other small game, for the days are gone (at least for a while) when game was tame.



A Masterpiece—

FREE

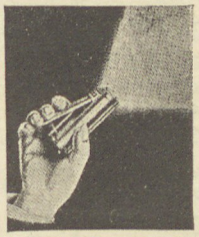
Cur beautiful new catalogue—a masterpiece of printed art with 32 richly illustrated pages—will charm you and give you a new conception of what Art in Taxidermy can accomplish in the mounting of your trophies. Send for this catalogue today — it is free.

JONAS BROS.

1026 BROADWAY Denver Colorado

Ideal Holiday Gift

Novel — Useful — Everlasting



Light Always Ready. No Battery Required.

Electro-Automate LAMP

Latest Popular and Only Permanent Lamp. 3 Models, 2 Attachments. Prices **$4.50, $6.00, $7.50** Spot Service, Never Fails. Brilliant Light. **Model 1, Price Postpaid.....$4.50**

Order Today. Send no money. On arrival pay Postman $4.50. Absolutely Guaranteed.

Sold by Agents Everywhere

J. L. Chantemerle 216 E. Tremont Ave. NEW YORK, U. S. A.

FURS FOR EVERYONE

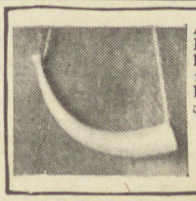
at Lowest Prices

We tan all kinds of hides and manufacture them into Coats, Robes, Caps, Mittens, Throws, Capes, etc. to your order. Deal direct with a reliable, long established manufacturer and save money. Expert workmanship—Latest Styles—Accurate Measurements—Best linings and findings. All work guaranteed. As Custom Furriers for 48 years, we have a reputation for fair dealing and reasonable charges to live up to. A trial order will prove our claims.

Write for FREE Illustrated "Fur Book"

READING ROBE & TANNING COMPANY

57 East Street **Reading, Michigan**



Aluminum horns. Texas Model. Patented. Loud Beautiful Tone. Easy Blown. 17-inch $5.00 C. O. D. Money Back Guarantee. Also Hound and Dog Supply Catalogue.

BECK BROTHERS

Herrick, Illinois

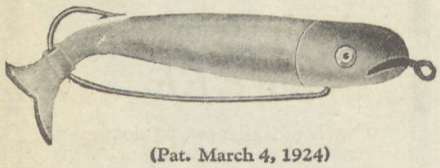
TAXIDERMY AND FURS Raw skins tanned and made into two style neck pieces (animal shape and choker style). Fox or coon, $9.00 each; muffs and caps, made up, $9.00 each. Deer heads, mounted, $15.00. Hoofs and horns polished and made into gun or hat racks or other useful articles. The same skins or specimens you send me returned parcel post or express, C.O.D.

J. G. BURST **Ridgewood, N. J.**

A Good Holiday Suggestion

STREICH'S FLEX-O-MINO

The artificial
BAIT WITH A LIVE MINNOW
(body and tail) ACTION



(Pat. March 4, 1924)

The thrills of a catch of one outing will more than re-imburse you for the investment.

RETAIL PRICE $1.25 EACH

MADE IN 3 STYLES:
"A"—Red head and white body
"B"—Copper head and white body
"C"—Nickel head and white body

Your dealer can supply you, or your order accompanied by remittance of $1.25 each will receive prompt attention.

STREICH BAIT WORKS
629 Cass St. JOLIET, ILL.

The Rod
Real Fishermen Use

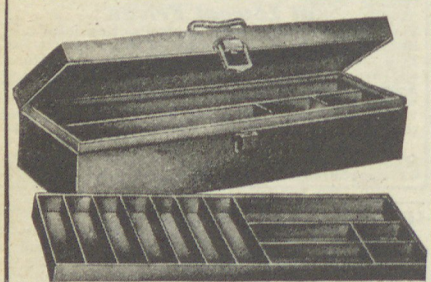
You've run across them—real outdoors men—real fishermen—one look tells you they know how. You'll find, too, that they usually use split bamboo rods—Heddon's.

Whether or not you're one of them yourself, you'll get just as much kick out of a Heddon rod—either bait casting or fly. Pick one out now. Our catalog tells all about them.

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dept. 1011 *Dowagiac, Mich.*

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Heddon Made—*Well* Made

For "Him" for Christmas



K-3, 22" x 6" x 5"

Whether he's husband, brother, sweetheart, son or friend, you need ask yourself but one question: Does he fish? He does.

Then nothing will please him more than a HOBART WATERTITE, all steel tackle box.

Price, $5.50 postpaid

Seven other sizes. Catalog on request.

HOBART METAL MFG. CO.
16th Ave. & 8th St. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE

Edited by WILL H. DILG

Every Fisherman Has One Good Fishing Story in His System

CAMP LIFE ON THE KANKAKEE RIVER

By WALTER L. THOEMING

MY buddy and I decided to go fly fishing for black bass one evening in August of 1923. One would fly fish, while the other would pole the boat along the shore upstream, but either one did not find it much of a success after fishing along the shore about two miles up the stream from the camp.

The sun had settled behind the hills for the end of a perfect day, but as for fishing, the day or evening had not been as near to perfect as a fisherman might want it to be, and as no moon was forthcoming and getting darker every minute, we turned the boat and drifted downstream toward camp.

My buddy was poling the boat leisurely along the shore's edge and I sitting on the other end of the boat tossing my double-O spinner, with a Johnson fancy fly, from one side of the boat to the other, just playing and talking with my buddy what we would have to say on arrival at camp, with no fish for the evening, when my 5½-ounce fly-pole bent with a sharp bang and I hollered, "Hold her, Chet, I caught a snag," thinking I caught on a limb, and the next instant, holding a tight line, a big fish jumped right by the boat, my fly-pole giving at the same time, and then bent clear under the boat again, the sensational feeling of knowing whatever I had on the line must be a whale of a fish. My buddy had his landing net trying to get him by letting him jump out of the water alongside of the boat to shake the hook, but always unsuccessful for many attempts. After about fifteen minutes' fight we finally landed him in the boat; I pulled out my flashlight and there, to our amazement, was a two and a quarter pound small-mouth black bass.

We were about half-way toward our camp, according to our bends in the river, so I suggested that I pole the boat and let him try the same stunt in tossing the bait from one side to the other, telling him as long as we were buddies in service we could not go back to camp unless he had one the same size as mine. It being ten minutes past nine, and dark as pitch, he took his fly-pole and I started toward home again, when just about nearing the end of a small island he got his strike with the same splash and more splashing, but neither of us could see what we had. With my buddy calling out "Walt, I got your double, by the pull on the fly-pole," and after playing with a fish drifting down stream, and every time he splashed our hearts stopped beating thinking we lost our fight, only to have our hearts start beating again by my buddy saying he is still on the line. Finally we landed him in the boat. Flashing the light we saw it was a nice small-mouth black bass, but hurried back to camp. Arriving at camp we called out the men and women to see the pair we caught, but upon emptying out the fish bag neither of us could tell which fish he caught, for they were the same size.

The thrill, and a fisherman so-called bass fishing sensation, we sure did experience it that night on the river together.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION

By A. J. PATCH

THIS is a story told because it is my belief that the ways of the woods, the waters, and the ways of the denizens of both are beyond the bounds of imagination, and that any yarn concerning trout should not be scoffed at as the unbelievers have scoffed at this tale.

Three of us arrived at Bannon's place on the Pere Marquette River at five o'clock one June evening. On the way in from Reed City, I had alternately listened to the rumble of thunder and the statements of my two companions that a rain would not hurt the fishing on the Pere Marquette. The Pere Marquette never got roily. The Pere Marquette flowed through a sandy region which produced no roil.

"Oh, no," they said, "it's never roily, no never."

We arrived at Bannon's at five o'clock. The rain arrived thirty-eight minutes later. It took us that long to tell Mrs. Bannon who we were, to get our duffle unloaded, and to walk to the river. The rain chased us out of the river in a few minutes with a record of three wet men and no fish. The old song about the non-roily river was sung at the supper table. The load upon the supper table would have cured a worse pessimist than myself, so after listening to the enchanting music of many trout being creeled by word of mouth, I went to bed soothed into optimism.

The rain stopped some time during the night. I rolled out at daylight, urged upon my companions the need for a before breakfast walk, and in their company paid a visit to the translucent stretches of the Pere Marquette. The non-roilable river was exactly the color of a Chesapeake Bay dog.

I said, "Where do we go from here?"

They said, "We go to breakfast."

They were right once, because the breakfast was the kind that ought not to be abandoned with less than an earthquake for an excuse.

Bannon said that our only hope was to gather some ground hackle and fish a

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

small stream a few miles away. We took his advice both as to hackle and location for fishing. The stream was reported to be the home of some wise old brown trout. The supply of Colorado spinners owned by the three of us totaled four. I took two of them. The other boys were polite and they also lacked weight. Each of us picked out a portion of the stream to fish, and I started a spinner down stream. The water was high, but fairly clear. A few trout had as weak morals as I did, used worms, and lay down in my creel to think about the ways of the transgressor.

I ran my spinner down into a likely-looking hole, had a bite, lost the fish, talked to myself, rebaited, and ran the spinner into the hole again. When I started to work the spinner back up the stream I found that I was snagged. As all attempts to loosen the spinner proved futile, I walked down beside the hole, and located the spinner. It was hooked on the under side of a snag which stuck up at an angle from the bottom. Some more attempts to loosen the spinner and some remarks about snags convinced me that the spinner in my pocket was the one to use. A steady pull on the line left the snagged spinner and three feet of leader in the stream. I could see the light reflected from the spinner as it turned in the current still hooked to the snag.

As I was looping on my last spinner I heard a trout jump on the other side of the hole. This drew my attention immediately, because I had not seen a trout rise before that day. The trout had jumped on the opposite side of the stream where the high water had submerged some overhanging alder tips. The little disturbance on the surface caused by the trout eddied away, and I could see the glitter of something in the water under the alder tips where he had jumped. The tips rose and fell in the current, and as they rose I could see a spinner caught in the alder branches. A trip back upstream to a place where I could wade across and a trip back down to the alder clump was rewarded by the retrieving of my lost spinner with its attached portion of leader. The leader had become tangled in the alder as the trout jumped. The trout had picked the baited spinner off the snag, had been pricked by the hook and jumped among the alder tips. Of course I immediately told my companions how the trout were acting as retrievers for me and confidently expected to be acclaimed as champion trout fisherman of all time.

One of my companions openly sneered at me; the other said, "Do you expect me to believe that a trout picked your spinner off a snag, and then threw it up in the bushes where you could get it? Why, that yarn would make Ananias blush."

Since that time much pain has been brought upon me by repetition of that story. No man has believed it. I present the story again to the readers of "Angling Memories." Perhaps there is a curse upon me for using worms for trout bait, but I believe that there must be someone among the disciples of Izaak Walton who will know that the ways of the woods, the waters, and the ways of the denizens of both are beyond the bounds of imagination.

Then turn to Page 42 and for God's sake do your part!

The NEW South Bend Bait Named by Radio

Angler radio "fans" throughout the U. S. were interested in naming this new South Bend Bait. And they named it well, for WIZ-ORENO is rapidly proving itself a "wizard" for luring the big fellows—especially small and large mouth bass.

WIZ-ORENO is practically a weedless bait. It combines with a single hook, the lure of a swirling spinner—gay hackles—and Jack's Wiggle-tail pork rind. With it all is that irresistible Bass-Oreno action supplied by the grooved head and wood body. Comes in six colors—RH—RHA—SF—YP—R and RAIN.

In the water, WIZ-ORENO has an enlivened action unlike any other bait now on the market. Can be cast right up in the thickest of lily pads and docks.

Hundreds of telegrams suggesting names for this bait were sent to WGAZ, South Bend Tribune, which station broadcasted the "new name" contest. Over $400.00 in South Bend tackle was given as prizes.

The trade-mark known for SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE BAIT COMPANY *dependable tackle by all Anglers*

SOUTH BEND BAIT CO.

1372 High Street · South Bend, Ind.

High-Grade Split Bamboo FISHING RODS

Write for Special Booklet describing

Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods

Made at the Rod Shop of

THOMAS ROD COMPANY

BANGOR, MAINE

Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

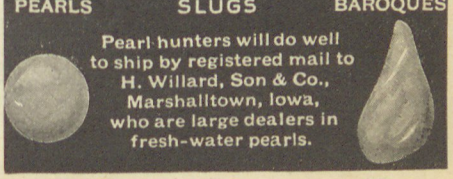
NEARLY 10,000

Fishermen have written for HILDEBRANDT'S HINTS on Fly and Spinner fishing. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it today.

The John J. Hildebrandt Co.
4125 High St., Logansport, Ind.

COLLECTORS, ATTENTION! I carry large stock o Curios, such as Stone Age specimens, old and modern Indian Trappings, rare old guns, pistols, daggers, etc., rare coins, rare stamps, minerals, fossils, pioneer china, brass and pewter ware, etc. Ill. lists. 10c- N. E. CARTER, Elkhorn, Wis.

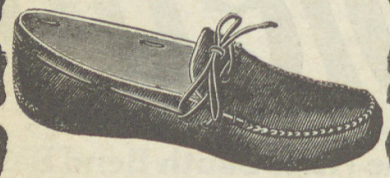
PEARLS SLUGS BAROQUES



Pearl hunters will do well to ship by registered mail to H. Willard, Son & Co., Marshalltown, Iowa, who are large dealers in fresh-water pearls.

'BASS'

RANGELEY MOCCASINS



For Christmas

HERE is a most pleasing and practical Christmas gift—a pair of genuine Rangeley Moccasins.

There is a Rangeley for every member of the family and a style for every need—from the high cut hunting boot to the comfortable indoor slipper.

Give a Rangeley Gift Certificate for Christmas.

Send for Catalog O and full information about Rangeleys for Christmas.

G. H. BASS & CO.
Shoemakers

WILTON, MAINE

FURS TANNED
and Made Into
Beautiful Garments

Have a stylish fur made for mother, wife, sister or sweetheart from your raw furs. You get greater satisfaction and pride besides a lasting remembrance of your trapping or hunting experience. Over 60 years dealing in furs assures you of our reliability and of best workmanship.

FREE Catalog gives latest style suggestions, full information on tanning and shows how you save 30% to 50% by obtaining your furs this way. Write Today for your copy.

H. WILLARD, SON & COMPANY
The Old Reliable Fur House
61 S. First Street Marshalltown, Iowa

Carrying Case FREE with Big 3 ft. Telescope

See people and objects miles away just like they were close; see Moon and Stars as never before. Opens over 3 ft. long, 5 sections, brass bound, powerful lenses. Useful and entertaining. Could tell color of aeroplane 4 miles away."—Mrs. Yarbough. "Watch my boy arrive at school 2 miles away."—Mrs. Horn. "Read numbers on freight cars mile away, see mountains on moon."—A. C. Palmer. Thousands pleased.

Send No Money Write today; on arrival of Big 3 ft. Wonder Telescope with FREE Carrying Case and Strap pay Postman only $1.85 plus a few pennies postage. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FERRY & CO., 3222 N. Halsted St., Dept. 3919 CHICAGO

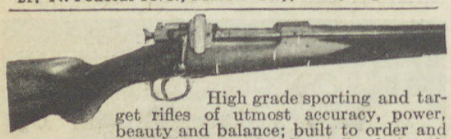
HIDES TANNED
and made into Coats, Rugs, Robes, Mittens, etc., will give years of service. Game heads of all kinds mounted to your order.

SHIP US YOUR HIDES, FURS AND WOOL

FREE PRICE LIST will give you full information and prices.

FURS REMODELED AND REPAIRED

MASON CITY ROBE & TANNING CO.
217 N. Federal Ave., Mason City, Iowa, Dept. M



High grade sporting and target rifles of utmost accuracy, power, beauty and balance; built to order and to measure and also in stock. Specially designed, fine quality equipment, which spells comfort for the hunter and camper. Eiderdown sleeping bags.
Send for Illustrated Circulars.

GRIFFIN & HOWE, Inc., 234 East 39th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Forest or Famine

By
C. M. ROBERTS

THAT Minnesota must do reforestation goes without saying. Those of you who bought white pine lumber 30 years ago and have had an occasion to buy the same grade lumber today, will realize that within another 30 years a forest famine will be upon us, unless we start extensive reforestation in the very near future.

The remaining small area of woodland in Minnesota is dimishing rapidly, while the areas in waste lands are increasing correspondingly. Less than 50 years ago our timber supply was looked upon as inexhaustible; today most of the lumber companies that have depended on local timber to operate their mills have been forced to suspend operations entirely or move to western U. S. or Canada, where they will be closer to the source of supply. In 1923 there was over ten million dollars paid for freight on lumber shipped into Minnesota.

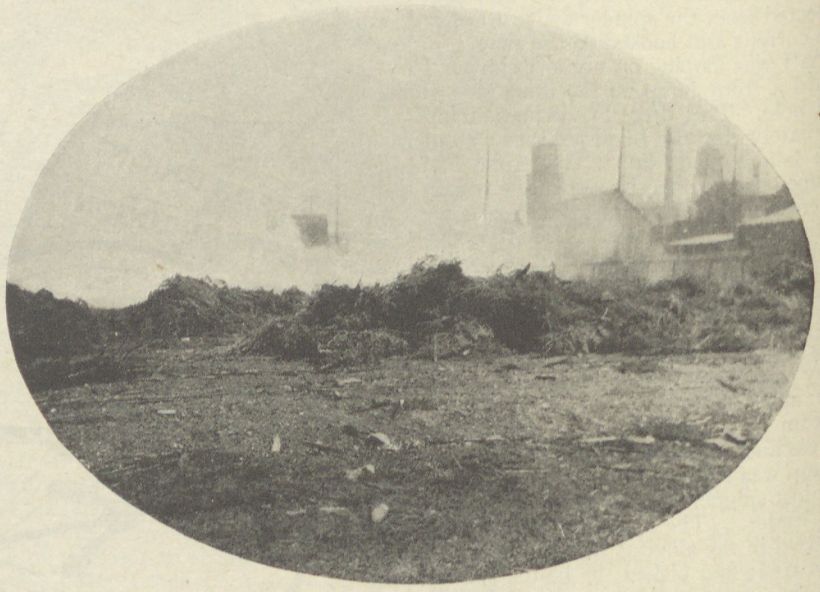
I do not blame the lumber companies and jobbers for cutting the matured timber. The demand has always been for a good grade lumber. Poor lumber was very cheap in the early days and it did not sell readily; there was considerable competition in the lumber business and for that reason the operators were compelled to deliver a good grade of logs to the mill. The tops of the trees are knotty, due to the many limbs, and it did not pay at that time to deliver any great quantity of that grade of logs, so they were forced to leave them in the woods; there was nothing else to do with them. However, I cannot see where this excuses the lumber companies for wasting that which they did not cut. Had they been more careful in their cutting so not to have damaged the smaller trees, and kept the fires out, they would have provided for a future supply of timber and could have been operating their mills in Minnesota today.

It would have been a wise move for the large manufacturers of lumber to have grown timber to supply their factories for years in advance.

In doing so they would have established a continuous operating and selling value, thus placing a living insurance on their investment.

I might mention some of the lumber manufacturers in the East who are operating along this plan. A little over a year ago I had an occasion to visit some of the woodworking industries. Among these was a large box manufacturing company, situated at Winchester, N. H. This company owns and operates eight factories located in different parts of the state. The one at Winchester uses from eight to ten million feet of logs a year and all made into boxes of various sizes. This timber is cut from local forest, some taken from their own plantation, and some bought from farmers. This company owns 30,000 acres of forest lands. They employ a trained forester whose duty is to estimate all timber on their holdings, supervise the cutting and select the areas to be replanted where several hundred thousand young trees are planted annually.

This is one of the many large companies of this kind in the East that do not propose ever to run out of a supply of timber. They think not only of themselves, and their immediate wants, but they are helping provide for the future needs of those who are to follow.



Our Annual Christmas Tree Slaughter.

When writing advertisers give credit to Outdoor America

Surf Casting Trophy Won by Asbury Park F. & G. Club

The Asbury Park Fishing and Gunning Club surf casting team won the ninth annual match for the handsome Ocean City Cup at Ocean City, N. J.

Five man teams from the following clubs competed and finished as indicated:

Team	Average
Asbury Park Fishing and Gunning Club	380-ft. 10-in.
Ocean City Fishing Club	371-ft. 1-in.
Anglers' Club of Ocean City	360-ft. 9-in.
Long Island Casting Club	320-ft. 3-in.
Belmar Fishing Club	310-ft. 1-in.
Anglers' Club of Absecon Island	309-ft. 1-in.
Dover Fishing Club	273-ft.
Wildwood Crest Fishing Club	262-ft. 7-in.

The conditions of the match were the average of five casts per man, 4-oz lead, open field. The trophy is a beautifully modelled cup by Caldwell, of Philadelphia, sterling silver, 43 inches high, and weighs 220 ounces. Its inscription reads: "Ocean City Cup—A Perpetual Trophy for annual competition in Casting—Presented by Ocean City, New Jersey, to the Ocean City Fishing Club."

The cup was donated in perpetuity to the Association of Surf Angling Clubs by the Ocean City Fishing Club in 1915 and has been competed for annually since 1916.

At the outset favor was about evenly distributed between the two Ocean City clubs and the L. I. C. C. The former teams were composed of the seasoned veterans of several past matches, each having won the cup on three occasions. The latter team included Berger, the present World's record holder, and Shaw, a recent record holder, as well as that strong and steady old-timer, George Robinson. The Asbury Park team contained three members who dated back to the victories of 1916 and 1917, Clayton, Sahdala and Kain, with two splendid youngsters in the persons of Harkins and Astarita, who had been through the grilling experiences of two previous matches.

Berger's first cast for the Long Island team was a heart-rending break which sent his lead and his team's chances glimmering into the dim distance. Collard, of the Anglers' of O. C., suffered the same misfortune on his first. Genuine sympathy was expressed throughout the throng of spectators and amongst the other teams as the struggle narrowed down to a test of ability to hold leads and accumulate distance between the Asbury Park and the Ocean City Fishing Clubs.

The former emerged from the first round with a lead of about fifty feet. Intense excitement followed through succeeding rounds as the South Jersey team slowly but surely cut into the narrow margin of ten feet per man, and cast after cast went to the 400-ft. mark and beyond. A good wind from the south was on the backs of the casters, of which they took every advantage. Meantime the L. I. C. C. and the Anglers' of O. C. teams were working valiantly to win back their lost advantages should unhappy fate, in the shape of a broken line, overtake the leaders. Jordan, of the Anglers', made the longest cast of the match, 448 ft., 8 inches. Lentz's individual average in the match, 434 ft., 7 inches, set a new record for the match.

When the fourth man of the Ocean City F. C. team came up in the fourth round, that fighting outfit had crept to within twenty feet of the smooth running Asbury Park machine. The slender, steel-muscled Vanderherchen had been crowding the cool, steady, youthful Harkins of the Asbury team with savage valour, up to this point. But here the fickle goddess of Chance tilted her chin and turned her favor from him—a grain too much strain on the slender line in starting the cast, a loop of the slack around the tip as the 4-oz. lead went boiling past at the rate of over a hundred feet a second, some trifling irregularity in spooling the line on the previous cast—no one will ever know just what happened, but the tense silence of the moment was punctured by a wicked snap as his line parted and another match was lost and won.

Having shaken off their last threatening competitor, the Asbury team slowed down and devoted all their care to the holding of the next eight leads, but finished with an average within 5 ft., 7 inches of the top score made by the Anglers' Club of Ocean City in 1923.

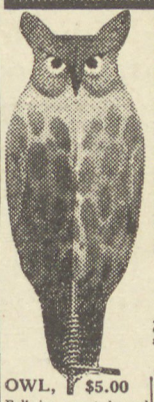
In every match but one, that of 1921, the trophy has gone to a team casting without break or backlash. In 1921 the O. C. F. C. lost one lead and won because their competitors lost two or more. The lines used in these matches break at 12-lbs. strain, yet the caster must impart an energy of 40 or more foot-pounds to the lead in something less than a third of a second—and this without reinforcement of the line. The rods are the most powerful of all that come into the hands of the angler. The reels revolve at the rate of over two hundred times per second for four or five long, nerve racking seconds, and for the last two seconds of the cast the thumb is off the spool entirely. No automatic checks or brakes are used. The spool is free and thus it imparts initial velocity to the line, leaving to the lead the slight duty of continuing that velocity.

In no field of casting does the man take such great chances on his gear. Every ounce of his strength is put into the "wallop" of the powerful rod whose connection with the quarter-pound casting weight is but a 12-lb. strain line knotted directly thereto with all the sacrifice in breaking strain that is inherent to knots.

And in the two hundred and twenty-five casts, made by the winning teams of the past nine seasons, but one lead has been cast off.

The Asbury Park Club has been holding a fine glass case since the erection of their new club house, two years ago, for the display of the trophy.

Dewey's Metal Folding Decoys



Life-size, accurately colored, fold flat; give full bodied view from any angle when open.

CROW KILLER Combination Includes one spring-leg Owl Decoy, two spring-leg crow decoys, one three-tone crow call, complete in case $7.50

Dewey's 3 Tone Crow Call Aluminum; perfect imitation, fools the wisest. Each . . . 85c

Crows, $1.00 each. $10.00 per doz.

Folding Duck

$1.75 ea. $18.00 per doz.

Accurately colored; durable; convenient to carry. Carrying case for one dozen decoys with anchors, 8 x 13 x 17 in.

FOLDING GOOSE DECOY Spring Leg or Floating; most life-like. Each, $3.75; per dozen, $42.00.

FOLDING SNIPE DECOY Spring Leg which gives life-like action in the wind. Carry a dozen in your pocket easily. Each, $1.00; per dozen, $10.00.

OWL, $5.00 Full-size, great horned Owl, Spring leg. Dewey's Folding metal decoys are the most durable and life-like made.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Special Introductory Offer! If your dealer cannot supply you, we ship on approval. Send no money, just name and address. Postman will collect. Money back if dissatisfied. FREE circular on request.

DEALERS write for proposition. AGENTS and DISTRIBUTORS wanted in open territory.

OUTING MFG. CO.
558 East Jackson Blvd., Elkhart, Ind.

Sportsmen and Hunters

Send us your raw furs and have them tanned and made into beautiful chokers, neckpieces, etc. Workmanship and style guaranteed. Write Dept. 21 for prices.

M. GELLER
Furrier and Tanner
1446 St. Johns Place Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOG CABINS!

Built to your order of logs carefully selected for size; peeled and seasoned. SHIPPED READY CUT AND FITTED FOR ASSEMBLY. May be stained or painted in any color. Beautiful and durable. Reasonably priced.

Write now for information.

The C. S. Johnson Timber Co., Iron River, Mich.

STATE SERVICE STATION FOR REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY

Extra barrels and all parts carried in stock and fitted in our own shop. Our workmen have taken a special course on care of Remington guns. One-day service. *We repair any fishing rod.*

307 North Broadway *Forests* Okla. City Oklahoma

ROD AND GUN HOSPITAL

Learn to Mount Birds

Learn at home to mount birds, animals, game heads; tan furs, make rugs and robes. Complete lessons. Easily and quickly learned by men, boys and women. **FREE** Write for Free Taxidermy Book. Tells all about it. Every sportsman, trapper and Nature lover should know this wonderful fascinating art. Save your trophies. Big profits. Success guaranteed. 75,000 graduates. Investigate. Write for Free Book.

Northwestern School of Taxidermy 3919 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

NEW METHOD
GUN BLUER
Makes old guns like new

Easily applied with a brush. No heating is necessary. Restore the finish on 5 guns in ten minutes for..... $1.00

NEW METHOD GUN BLUING CO.
Dept. L-12 BRADFORD, PA.

DUCK HUNTERS
Get Borum's "Lock Up" Duck Bag
for carrying your game on train or boat; gives absolute protection. Write for descriptive folder.
J. R. BORUM 716-720 Freemason St. NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

No Library Is Complete Without

The Book of the Black Bass

By Dr. James A. Henshall, *Dean of American Angling*

THIS scientific volume, replete with color illustrations, contains in its 550 pages, complete information on the types, habits and various methods of catching the black bass—"inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims."

Dr. Henshall is 89 years old. Most of his life has been spent in the study of this species of fish, and he knows his subject.

For a limited time, Dr. Henshall will autograph each book sold.

Order now from the Stewart-Kidd Pub. Co., or direct from National Headquarters, I. W. L. A., 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. *Price, 4.50*

BOOKS FOR THE SPORTSMAN

"Plantation Game Trails"

(Houghton-Mifflin)

"The best book on the deer, the alligator and the wild turkey." —N. Y. Evening Post.

Price, $3.50

"Days Off in Dixie"

(Doubleday-Page)

"The author does for the South what Roosevelt did for the West." —N. Y. Tribune.

Price, $3.00

"Old Plantation Days"

(Frederick Stokes Co.)

"Thrilling tales by a veteran hunter and story-teller." — Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Price, $2.50

"Heart of the South"

(The State Company)

Thirty of the author's best tales, including three prize stories.

Price, $3.00

ORDER FROM THE AUTHOR
ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE
MERCERSBURG, PA.

Offiicers and Directors of the Izaak Walton League of America

President, Will H. Dilg, Chicago, Ill.
Honorary President, Dr. James A. Henshall, Cincinnati, Ohio.
First Vice-President, Thomas Ambrose, Chicago, Ill.
Second Vice-President, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Princeton, N. J.
Third Vice-President, James O. Heyworth, Chicago, Ill.
Fourth Vice-President, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Berkeley, Calif.
Fifth Vice-President, Col. A. E. Humphreys, Denver, Colorado.
Treasurer, Charles W. Folds, Chicago, Ill.
Secretary, Fred N. Peet, Chicago, Ill.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Geo. E. Scott, Chairman.

Hon. J. M. Dickinson
Glenn Griswold
R. M. Eastman
William V. Kelley
Fred J. Lane
D. R. McLennan
George M. Seaman

NATIONAL DIRECTORS

Thomas Ambrose, Chicago.
Dr. Preston Bradley, Chicago.
W. L. Brann, New York, N. Y.
Dr. Karl T. Brown, Muncie, Ind.
Harry A. Collins, St. Louis, Mo.
Mark W. Cresap, Chicago.
J. R. Cunningham, Kansas City, Mo.
James Oliver Curwood, Owosso, Mich.
Robert H. Davis, New York, N. Y.
Hon. J. M. Dickinson, Chicago.
Will H. Dilg, Chicago.
R. M. Eastman, Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. L. Finley, Jennings Lodge, Oregon.
Charles W. Folds, Chicago.
Professor Stephen A. Forbes, Champaign, Ill.
Alexander Friend, Chicago.
Murdo Gibson, Duluth, Minn.
Judge Henry Graass, Green Bay, Wis.
Zane Grey, Altadena, Calif.
Glenn Griswold, Chicago.
Guy Guernsey, Chicago.
George H. High, Chicago.
Donald Hough, St. Paul, Minn.
Col. A. E. Humphreys, Denver, Colo.
Dr. Burris D. Jenkins, Kansas City, Mo.
William V. Kelley, Chicago.
Charles K. Knickerbocker, Chicago.
Fred J. Lane, Chicago.
D. R. McLennan, Chicago.
John P. Naas, Dayton, Ohio.
Hon. John Barton Payne, Washington, D. C.
Fred N. Peet, Chicago.
K. D. Phillips, Omaha, Nebraska.
Gene Stratton-Porter, Los Angeles, Calif.
Harold T. Pulsifer, New York, N. Y.
Frank K. Reilly, Chicago.
Dr. F. W. Samuel, Louisville, Ky.
Anderson Lee Scott, Pittsburg, Kansas.
George E. Scott, Chicago.
George M. Seaman, Chicago.
Prof. B. Shimek, Iowa City, Iowa.
George R. Skinner, Chicago.
O. W. Smith, Evansville, Wis.
Earl M. Stapleton, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.
Frank L. Stick, Asbury Park, N. J.
John B. Thompson, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Clarke Venable, Chicago.
Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, Urbana, Ill.
Mrs. Francis E. Whitley, Webster City, Iowa.
H. H. Windsor, Chicago.
Judge G. W. Wood, Waterloo, Iowa.
Harold Bell Wright, Tucson, Arizona.
Hal Evarts.
Irvin S. Cobb.
H. H. Windsor, 2nd.
J. M. Dickinson, Jr., Chicago, General Counsel.

Railroad Work
Heavy Excavation
Highway Construction
Foundations

James O. Heyworth

Engineer and General Contractor

Chicago, Illinois

River and Harbor Work
Hydro-Electric Development
Concrete Construction
Industrial Plants

Highlights on a Hunt in Old Mexico

(*Continued from page 54*)

While out in the mountains one day, I set my 35 calibre automatic down on the ground at my side, having hold of the muzzle of the gun, and for some unaccountable reason the gun was discharged straight up into the air. After our surprise wore off a little the guide said, "I am sure glad that did not kill any of us." I was surprised at such a remark, as it sounded as though at some other time he might be glad if it had killed one of us. He explained that if one of the three of us were killed on such a trip, and it became known to the Mexican authorities, the other two members of the party would be thrown into prison, if caught, and without defense would be hurried off to the penitentiary for life.

The guide and cook both lived in the same Mormon colony and were familiar with an accident that occurred near them as follows:

Two little boys, about nine years old, one a Mexican, the other a white boy, were playing in the yard of the Mexican boy's home with an old rusty revolver. First one would have it, then the other. They were chasing each other around the yard, snapping the old gun. The little white boy had it and ran at the Mexican, snapping it. It went off and killed the Mexican boy. The mother of the Mexican boy stood in the door watching them play, when the accident occurred. She did not blame the white boy, for her son a minute before had the gun and was doing exactly the same thing, only the old thing did not go off in his hands. The little white boy was arrested and taken to prison. At his trial, all the facts were presented. But he had killed the boy and must pay the penalty with life or imprisonment. This happened two years before I was there. The little fellow was still in the penitentiary, among the hardened criminals, washing dishes. This was under the Diaz reign. I suppose there has been no improvement in that or any other law in that benighted country. The whole country has grown much worse in every way since the war commenced.

We continued our hunt for twenty-one days in one of the best game countries I ever hunted, and that includes most of the western states. Conditions were ideal for a pleasant hunt. We were most of the time in southeastern Sonora. When we got down to the larger streams we found a great abundance of small trout. I presume there must be a great abundance of game in that country now, as there has not been any hunting there since the war commenced.

Armed parties cannot get permits to go into Mexico. It would be exceedingly dangerous now for small hunting parties to go into the forests, on account of wandering parties of brigands. They would hear of the party going into the woods, follow them and rob them of all they had, if they did not murder them. We came near having an experience with a Mexican outlaw and murderer in southeastern Sonora. We were riding along through the timber, when a Mexican suddenly stepped out from behind a large fir tree, frightening our mules. He had his Winchester lying across the hollow of his left arm—ready, we thought, to throw the gun to his shoulder before we could possibly get our guns to a ready. The guide knew him by description, and answered his questions in Spanish. He wanted to know who we were, where we were going, what we were out there for, and several other like questions. Then he said we were going to stay with him a while. The guide told him we were on our way home and were going now. He put up some more bluff. We started off, while he stood there looking after us. We had ridden two or three hundred yards before I realized that we were not going to be shot in the back. After we had traveled about half a mile, we discovered the outlaw riding almost parallel with us and about a quarter of a mile above us. It was a rough country and one in which we could easily have been waylaid. When we saw him again, he had fallen in behind us but was still following. We reasoned that he had regretted letting us go without toll from us and was going to exact it yet, if he could get the drop on us again. It made us feel "creepy" to have him stalking us. We made up our minds, to have it out with him. When we got to a place where we could get our horses out of sight and let him ride up on us, about a mile farther along, we tied our horses in the mouth of a canyon and went back a short distance and took positions and waited for him to ride up on us. We waited several minutes for him, but he did not show up any more. We concluded he must have turned back or ridden off to his camp.

The next day we moved camp several miles onto another stream and hunted two or three days longer, then started home. The guide said the outlaw had been hunted for two or three years and that there was a price on him. He may have thought we were hunting for him and was on guard against us. Anyway, he put fear into our hearts.

I had a great hunt those twenty-one days we were out in the woods. I brought out three bear skins, two cougars or lions, two timber wolves, two wildcats and some smaller hides. Besides, we killed several little red deer, the largest of which would weigh about sixty pounds. We could have killed a hundred of these little deer had we wanted to. We got a few turkey, an occasional quail of a species known down there as the fool hen, on account of their sitting till one could walk up almost to them before they would fly. They are not like the fool hen of our Rockies, found in the northwestern States. The latter are a species of pheasant, much larger than the Mexican fool hen.

JONES
WATERPROOF HUNTING
CAP

A cap that affords real protection and service under the hardest conditions. Made of Olive Green Khaki or Red Flannel, has rubberized lining, which makes it absolutely waterproof. Cap has Fur or Flannel inside band to be pulled down over ears in cold weather. Outside rim also can be turned down, preventing water or snow running down back of neck. This is the best and most practical cap ever made for autoist and all who are much outdoors. See them at your dealer's. If he will not supply you we will send prepaid on receipt of Express or P. O. Money Order for $2.50. Write for booklet of other styles, including Auto Caps.

Do not send personal check

Mention size wanted and your dealer's name

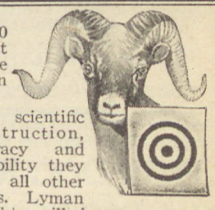
PRICE
$2.50

Dept. O.

Beware of Imitations. Look for Label in every Cap

JONES HAT COMPANY St. Joseph, Missouri

Over a Million Sportsmen use LYMAN SIGHTS



For nearly 50 years experts at target and game have used Lyman Sights.

For scientific construction, accuracy and durability they excel all other sights. Lyman Sights will increase your skill many fold. If your gun is not Lyman equipped it will pay you to

Send 10c for Complete Catalog or ask for Free Folder.

The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation

No. 1A $4.50

120 West Street MIDDLEFIELD, CONN.

Are you doing your part in the membership drive?

Send your Friends a Subscription to OUTDOOR AMERICA for Christmas and Help the Drive

Sporting Spaniels AT STUD
SPRINGERS
Int. Ch. Horsford Harbour . . Fee $65.00
Ch. Winnebago Whirlwind . . Fee 50.00
COCKERS
Imp. Goldstream Friar Tuck . Fee $25.00
We usually have some puppies and young stock from typical matrons for sale at all times. When getting a Spaniel, get the best and breed to the best at all times. Our stock comprises the best in America.
WINNEBAGO KENNELS, REG.
Box A. 153 Oshkosh, Wis.
"The Home of Champions" (5)
DR. and MRS. A. C. GIFFORD, Owners

Collins Kennels
For Great Danes that have size and intelligence, write Collins Kennels, enclosing 15c for catalog.
GREAT DANES
Are the He-Man's Dog
— the companion par excellence for man, woman or child. Two thousand satisfied customers will prove this.
COLLINS KENNELS
Reedsburg Wisconsin

Free Dog Book
by noted specialist. Tells how to
FEED AND TRAIN
your dog
KEEP HIM HEALTHY
and
CURE DOG DISEASES
How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

Q-W DOG REMEDIES
and 150 illustrations of dog leads, training collars, harness, stripping combs, dog houses, etc. Mailed free.
Q-W LABORATORIES
Dept. 70 Bound Brook, New Jersey

COLLIES
Safest dog for children.
Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.
JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
WAUSEON, OHIO
"A Jefferson White is a Collie of a Type"

SEND FOR YOUR COPY
Two hundred page illustrated dog book about world's largest kennels and its famous strain of Oorang Airdales specially trained as companions, watch-dogs, automobile guards, stock drivers, hunters, retrievers.
Ten cents postage brings book with price lists of trained dogs, puppies, supplies, feeds, medicines, etc.
OORANG KENNELS, Box 130, La Rue, Ohio

ENGLISH SPRINGERS
Called the poor man's hunting dog, for they hunt fur or feather and are the best of water retrievers. Get one for next fall. A beautiful lot of exceptionally well-bred puppies of field trial, bench show and working stock from imported parents. Eligible A. K. C. Sire, Banchory Mate, field trial winner. Dam, Ch. Wish of Fordyce. Shatton, Leam, Rivington, Horsford and Avendale blood. Whelped July 11th, 1924.
DONALD N. FORDYCE, Box 326, Allentown, Pa.

AT STUD English Setter
LAD DE COVERLY
F. D. S. B. 87094 Fee $25.00
Correct type—Benchshow winner and a high grade bird dog that sires remarkable puppies. Booking necessary. Field trial bred pups and other stock for sale. Correspondence invited.
H. L. McELROY, 527 W. 6th Street, ERIE, PA.

The Kennel Department

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

The Real Value of Amateur Field Trials

WE have to give lots of thought ahead to our breeding activities, particularly so to the matings which will produce the best dogs for our purposes, whether we are grouse, chicken, quail, fox, ring-necked pheasant or plain everyday coon hunters. You cannot find a man loving dogs at this period who is not fully absorbed with the idea that like produces like and therefore he wants to breed the best to the best because he feels certain these bloodlines will be transmitted to the progeny.

That old certainty of like producing like is the sure stumbling-block for beginners and upon which their good ship "Hope" is so often wrecked. A poor dam will produce inferior puppies no matter how great the sire. A good dam will also produce poor puppies if she is not bred to a dog with the right potentialities in his makeup. Furthermore, there are capable sires that are merely individuals of quality with no quality back of them and as such cannot perpetuate quality which is confined to them alone and not their ancestors. Then too, there are dogs that have won field trials that do not produce in their young their own qualities.

This last trait is seemingly rather a queer one, which has for years puzzled all breeders interested in animals used in sport. It is hard to comprehend why good field dogs, winners in contests, or crack shooting dogs do not produce when bred on some bitches that are apparently their equals in every way—yet do produce good dogs when bred to other bitches. It is one certain type of blood with which they can produce and with nothing else. High class breeders are always on the lookout for the right producing blood type and are willing to spend much money experimenting with it. If results were such simple matters as popular fancy indicates the world would be full of crack dogs instead of widely advertised prospects that never have a chance to live up to the praises of their exploiters.

During fall and the early part of winter it is really worth while to study meticulously the performances of the winning field trial dogs. Then they are before the public eye and when the time comes to make your selection of a stud dog, you can judge between reputation alone and actual performance and not be caught by some of the splendidly written stud ads that deceive the novice.

Reputation is a great thing when combined with performance. When it has no performance to back it up it is like a flower without perfume, an apple without taste, or a likely looking quail country without birds.

A good one—owned by R. T. Corbell.

This is how a novice in the breeding game goes wrong and often parts with his money for something not really worth while when he is entitled to the best stud for the money he pays out.

Many dogs are advertised as having won field trials. They did win these trials but the question is in what company and under what conditions.

Company means a lot. The winner of a trial cannot lay claim to any greatness which warrants a fifty or hundred dollar stud fee when he wins over mediocre performers. He is not entitled to be bred to a high class shooting bitch if he has only won by start and range over his competitors and his bird work was nothing extraordinary. A dog that wins in competition in a country where few birds were found may be bountifully supplied with bird sense—but let him prove it before you depend upon it. Conjecture is a bad

Let's all go! Owned by E. J. Hawbaker.

thing in breeding and nothing dependable can be vouched for in advance when conjecture is the only basis upon which breeding activities have been arranged.

Another thing which makes breeding plans go all wrong is the exploitation of a litter brother of a winner through the actual performance of the winner. Before the winner delivers the goods, perhaps the litter brother was an unknown quantity, an indifferent performer, but through his relationship the latter suddenly assumes a monetary value in the stud past all credence, yet people reading about such bloodlines pay the required fee without comment; and, strange to say, the stud fees in such instances are almost as high as those of the actual winner.

If you have a high class bitch it pays to breed only to the best, irrespective of cost. But do not be fooled by something nearly the real thing. Reputation is a fine thing to go by but bank on performance every time as superior to it. Often a dog suddenly gets a reputation at periods when he does not deserve it. Take the field trial dog that is started year after year in every event without winning, but presently happens along the time when he makes a winning and right off in advertising he is praised to the skies. Everytime he started before, is no longer mentioned, no longer considered a matter of history though it is the most necessary thing for the breeder to know.

Another class of stud dogs we have to study is the kind that makes one brilliant winning in his early days and after that, never repeats. But in that one winning he is advertised heavily, yet no matter how often he is started afterward he cannot duplicate his one performance. A breeder should avoid such dogs because they have the choice of dogs that are consistent winners. When a dog keeps going and does not win, unless he has some physical defect, he had better be let alone.

A man must have a high class bitch to produce high class puppies even from a real champion. The dog cannot do it all nor can a great bitch make up for the deficiencies in a stud dog. The best breeders of the times are those that give the breeding interests one hundred per cent studs and leave nothing to guess work. Reputations, however exploited, mean nothing to these men. They want to make dams and sires that are not in and outers, but the kind that can deliver every time they are put down in the field.

This business of how many consistent winnings and how the winnings were made must everlastingly be the standard of selection. If you adhere to it you will never go wrong.

The dog that blinks, false points or is a straight-away road runner without any objective except running as far out as he is able, is not the stud dog for your shooting. If you are thoroughly in earnest and plan to produce good pups, it will more than repay you to study reports of every field trial. You will see the value of this as you grow older in the game.

While this has been written apparently as though the bird dog was the only one in mind it applies to all sporting dogs that come under the public eye.

A classic—owned by E. J. Hawbaker.

Make Your Price on the
Very Finest Labradors in the Land
Puppies born Sept. 13th, and two 2-year-old bitches trained as brace or single. Best hunters in the country, barring none. All guaranteed. All papers with all dogs.
I expect to quit dog business with the best offers from this ad.
JOHN KOHLER MOHR BAY CITY, MICH.

Russian Wolfhound Puppies
Bred from the very best imported strains. Puppies ready for shipment.
PRICES REASONABLE
CATALOG 10c.
Arkansas Valley Kennels
D. C. Davis, Prop.
Cimarron - Kansas

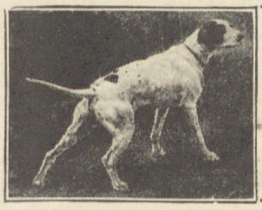
Russian Wolfhounds
The Aristocrat of Aristocrats
Ranch Raised Puppies. Excellent Blood-Lines. On approval. Prices reasonable.
GEO. E. HINEMAN
DIGHTON, KANSAS

Lou Holliday's Super-Airedales
(ORIGINAL LIONHEART STRAIN)
Favorably known all over this Continent. Recommended by such men as Freeman Lloyd, Wm. Brutte, Walter Johnson, etc. Reserve your Christmas puppy now, by paying a small deposit. Seven grand litters to choose from. Mating list and literature free.
LOU HOLLIDAY, Victor, Mont.

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs
"Character plus Appearance"
You can pay more but you *can't* get a better dog.
SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS
New Brunswick, Eastern Road, New Jersey

German Police Puppies
WE SHIP ON APPROVAL
VON HOCHSTEIN KENNELS
ALVA - OKLAHOMA

Irish Setter Puppies
One male; three females for sale.
From finest pedigeed stock.
WALTER McROBERTS
1213 Knoxville - Peoria, Ill.
(Established 1907)

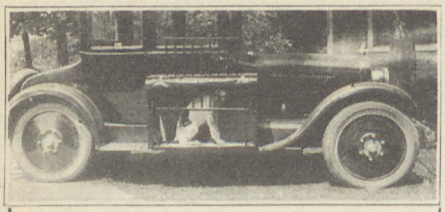


POINTERS
Puppies, Broken Dogs, Brood Bitches, Dogs at Stud. Write me your wants, please.
U. R. FISHEL
Box W Hope, Indiana

English Springer Spaniels
Young and grown stock. Sent on trial. Write your wants to
A. G. SCHUTTLER Oshkosh, Wis.

FOR SALE Chesapeakes of excellent type and breeding. Fine sturdy fellows. Price right.
Clare John Thomas, Grand Forks, N.D.

AIREDALE TERRIERS of RANK
Their Individual Qualities Please
DR. KNOX Box 50, DANBURY, CONN.



The Bird Dog's Palace
Pat. Applied For

HOW often have you wished you had some place for the dog to ride? Be prepared for the coming season and place your order now for the Bird Dog's Palace, a comfortable ideal carrier for the hunting dog. Clamps on the running-board of any car and can be removed in one minute. Light weight, strong construction with tapered back to fit body of car; has storm curtain and is something extra nice for the sportsman who wishes his dog to go in comfort as well as himself.

Price $12.50—Two Dog Size, $15.00.

THE DWIGHT McBRIDE YELLOW PINE SALES CO.
GOLDEN CITY, MO.

SPRINGER SPANIELS FOR SALE

A few select registered puppies, various ages. Reasonable.

HERBERT S. ROUTLEY
563 Weller St., Peterboro, Ont., Can.

DELCRED DOG REMEDIES
Recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.
Free Kennel Manual
How to care for your dog.
Dept. Z, The Delson Chemical Co.
42 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

English Setter Puppies

Seven months old. Farm raised. Just right to break this fall. Are hunting now. Best of breeding.

All papers to register.

WM. S. HEDGES, WAINSCOTT, L. I.

50--Setter Puppies--50 ENGLISH and LLEWELLIN

World's best breeding. For Playmates, Pals or Bird work--we have the best that can be bred.

Enclose stamps and send for prices and descriptions.

Thoroughbred Setter Kennels, Hesner Blk., Edgewood, Ia.

DOG INSURANCE

Policy covers Death from any cause, theft and loss by escape at reasonable rates.

LLOYD'S NATIONAL UNDERWRITERS
PEORIA ILLINOIS

French Bull at Stud

King Tut A. K. C. Reg. 378455. From imported stock. Fee $35.00.

DR. ANTHONY W. MARSH, JACKSON, MICH.

Police Dogs and Puppies

from Germany's best blood lines. Thoroughbred and sound. Prices reasonable.
COOPERSTOWN POLICE DOG KENNELS
Cooperstown North Dakota

Coonhounds and Combination Hunters

for coon, opossum, skunk, squirrel. Rabbit hounds. Sent on trial. Catalog ten cents.
SAM STEPHENSON Covington, Tennessee

Gordon Setter puppies $50.00, from field-broken Imported and American Champions. Inglehurst Kennels—home of imported CHAMPION JOKER. CHARLES INGLEE, 155 Montague, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR SALE POLICE PUPS $30 UP
MRS. WM. McCULLOCK, COOPERSTOWN, N. DAK.

Kentucky's Favorite Sporting Dog

By

LEWIS B. ELY

"Bon"—a hound for hospitality.

Kentucky's favorite horse is Man o' War.

Kentucky's favorite dog by even greater odds is my pointer, Bon Aventure ("Bon" for short), whose surpassing field achievements at the age of only eleven months mark him par excellence the greatest sporting dog of the Volsteadian Era.

The wildest game in Kentucky, as is well known, is that of locating moonshiners and their stills and especially their stocks. It is in the latter feature of the game that Bon has distinguished himself. For a time I regarded him as a pointless sort of pointer. He showed no particular sporting blood. He turned up his nose at small game. He was a lovable companion, but mere petty quail hunting bored him—he refused to go through the motions. Up to the time of his great achievement he had never pointed anything but a dish of cornbread and gravy.

I had utterly despaired of him as a useful factor of life until the day we rambled in remote woods. As we came into a deep fastness he became wildly excited, barked, danced and ran around in ever widening circles, making the welkin ring, and finally took a stance pointing to the base of a large poplar tree. Approaching the spot cautiously, I heard a hissing sound which I thought must emanate from a snake. Investigating, I found a sizzling and bubbling jug whose fermentations had loosed the cork. The contents proved to be a tasty mixture of a recentness which does not permit its being termed a vintage, but of a purity and flavor of rarely appealing promise when its maturity should be realized if one could wait for that. . . . Repeated visits to this lonely spot by Bon and me were invariably rewarded by similar finds. We concluded that this was a trysting place between maker and the intended consumer, and we always took care that part of the contents should be left to reach the intended destination.

Later, extending our rambles in these same wilds, Bon discovered a veritable treasure trove and cache of matured corn liquor in a buried cask. He has made my old Kentucky home deservedly popular and restored it to its delightful traditions of old time hospitality. Nothing in the world could induce me to part with this dog. I have refused fabulous offers for him from sportsmen and gentlemen all over Kentucky. A man may sell wife and children, and indeed man's noble canine friends are sometimes parted with for a consideration. But who that calls himself a man would sell the dog that saved his life!

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

Proper Dog Food Essential

By ANDREW BROOKS

Former Assistant to Ozark Ripley

THE food of a dog depends naturally on the amount of work he is going to do, but when growing puppies, like man, to get the best growth, they must be fed a balanced ration. So much food is unfit for young dogs. A great number of sportsmen think cornmeal and milk the proper diet. Others go in for milk and keep all the bones and meat away from them. Meat is the natural food of canines and you will find that if they are fed on it they will thrive better than on anything else, particularly if it is balanced with some cereal not too heavy in carbohydrates, as cornmeal, the staple food in most parts, is.

A growing pup has to have food that will make bone and muscle. From meat he will get sufficient protein, not too much of it. If you go through most kennels where dogs begin to slump in form, and trace the cause, it will be discovered to be lack of meat. In all the ramifications of breeding the high bred sporting dog of today needs a certain amount of meat, despite all the prejudice that has been voiced against it. If dogs are not exercised much their food should be cut down in quantity. Dogs that do not work have no need for a great amount of meat. Then an excess of it will cause harsh coats, while the reverse will be when they are fed clean, fresh meat.

Most smelly coats come from meat feeding; it is not so much the meat itself that effects it, but in so many instances the meat is fed raw, and only after it has become tainted. The meat is thrown here and there on the ground and accumulates a vast amount of dirt which may contain many germs injurious to dogs. All meat should be cooked, or at least scalded with boiling water. This is a preventative measure not to be underestimated. Large bones should be given dogs to gnaw on. They are positively necessary for their health, as they provide the only perfect teeth cleanser for them, and at the same time furnish the amount of phosphorus necessary.

Some cereal can profitably be given with meat. Stale wheat bread that is clean and free from changes caused by dampness helps keep dogs in condition, because it balances up the ration. A little cornbread can also be fed effectively with meat. But cornbread is a trouble maker when not thoroughly cooked. Half cooked cornmeal in any form causes eruptions very similar to mange, but much more difficult to cure. All the cereals now on the market for dogs are excellent feeds. They have an amount of meat and grain, so perfectly balanced that they have been adopted by the majority of large kennels. They help greatly in this puzzling business of feeding, and keep fresh a long time, if not permitted to remain in a damp place.

Conservation of Our Fur-Bearers

(Continued from page 53)

ticular animals where their needs or local conservation conditions demand it.

VI.

"We urge that the price lists issued by the receiving houses shall not claim that the prices quoted represent the general market price, but that the prices so quoted by the particular house are the prices which it will pay based upon its regular standard of grading; that such grading shall at all times be fair as is generally understood in the trade; that no price lists be sent to any section prior to November first, that no fictitious prices be quoted, that advertising material shall at all times contain only correct statements, that the utmost endeavor be made to foster full compliance with the laws relating to fur bearing animals, and that an earnest effort be made to discourage the taking or shipping of trash or practically valueless skins.

"The houses represented at this conference pledge themselves to comply fully with the foregoing.

"For the protection of the consuming public, we particularly condemn the misnaming of furs and skins, and we urge that proper steps be taken to enforce the naming and advertising of each fur or skin, whether raw, dressed, dyed or manufactured, by its correct name.

"We recommend that the National Association of the Fur Industry shall create, at the earliest opportunity, a vigilance committee to eliminate unfair practices of any kind."

These resolutions open up a tremendous field of work for our organization. We would be at our wits'end were it not for the fact that the conservation movement has reached a point where action rather than talk is the order of the day. We have the help of the fur trade. It is assured by these resolutions drawn and passed by the most eminent men in the Trade. We expect, with full confidence, the help of conservationists.

Springer Spaniels

Six months old puppies—best of breeding. Sired by Ch. Springbok of Ware. Dam, Rena of Avandale. Color, black and white. Puppies registered and insured in buyer's name. For prices and further information, write

Harold J. DeJong, Orange City, Ia.

SILVER FOXES

BEFORE YOU BUY
WRITE FOR MY FREE FOLDER
"60 Facts About Silver Foxes and Prices"
WESTERN RESERVE SILVER FOX RANCH
Ashtabula Ohio

For Sale Registered Silver Foxes, Canadian Government inspected stock. Also **Asiatic Karakul Fur Sheep,** that produce Persian Lamb Fur. Also **Crossbred English Bloodhound** and **Foxhound pups.** Best Fox and Coon dogs. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. Write

Charles A. Reasbeck, Vankleek Hill, Ontario

FANCY AND RARE BIRDS

A large importation of highest quality, vigorous birds has just arrived from Europe. Send for a list.

WE ALSO OFFER

all varieties of fancy pheasants, wild and ornamental ducks and geese, peafowl, swan, quail, cranes, etc. SATISFACTION AND SAFE ARRIVAL GUARANTEED.

TWIN BROOK GAME FARM, Box 614, MIDDLETOWN, N. J.

BOB WHITE QUAIL

NATIVE EASTERN also MEXICAN BOBS WILD raised on large islands producing superior breeders. By express from my quail farms, Pascagoula, Miss., OCT., NOV., also next March and April.

M. E. BOGLE
Huntsville Texas

Sportsman! Is Bob White whistling in your meadow? Are ruffed Grouse drumming in your woods? Do you have any pheasants or wild ducks to hunt? Do you *want any?* You can easily produce an abundance of birds for your own sport and pleasure—or for profit if you wish. We invite correspondence on stocking problems—or with those wishing to raise pheasants and other game for profit. Game and ornamental pheasants, quails, partridges, grouse, wild turkeys, wild ducks, wild geese, peafowl. Finest birds for breeding or stocking.

THE POSSUM HOLLOW GAME FARM
R. 9-46 Springfield, Ohio

RAISE BELGIAN HARES

New Zealand Reds — Chinchillas — Flemish Giants
MAKE BIG MONEY—We Supply Stock
and pay you following prices for all you raise: Belgian Hares $2 each—New Zealands $3 each—Chinchillas $4 each—Flemish Giants $5 each. 32-page illustrated book, catalog and contract, also copy of **Fur Farming** magazine, tells how to raise skunk, mink, fox, etc., for big profits, all for 10c. Address
OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., Box 48, Holmes Park, Missouri

Squab Book FREE

Squabs selling at highest prices ever known. Greatest market for 20 years. Make money breeding them. Raised in one month. We ship everywhere our famous breeding stock and supplies. Established 24 years. Write now for big illustrated free book, How to Make Money Breeding Squabs.
PLYMOUTH ROCK SQUAB CO.
216 H St., Melrose High., Mass.

BLACK SILVER FOXES, MINK & RACCOON
FOR SALE. WRITE FOR PRICES.
Coats Black Silver Fox Co., Inc. ESTHERVILLE IOWA

WATERWEEDS REMOVED EASILY AND EFfectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Pheasants—Golden and Amherst

also Japanese Silkie Bantams. Quality stock.
S. M. Snyder Metamora, Illinois

The Ideal Christmas Gift—
OUTDOOR AMERICA

Magnificent specimen of bear killed on the Carmen Club property.

The Greatest Private Game Preserve in America

NORTHWESTERN Coahuila, Mexico, today stands pre-eminent in the variety or quantity of big game. This includes white tailed, mule and canyon deer, antelope, mountain sheep, peccaries, bears, mountain lions, ocelots and several other cats, wolves, foxes, raccoons, turkeys, several species of pigeons, four species of quail, ducks, etc.

In the center of this region the Carmen Mountain Club owns in fee, 114,000 acres of land. The Club property is unique and cannot be duplicated on the continent. It has an altitude varying from 5,000 to 11,000 feet, and owing to this unusual elevation the rainfall is abundant and never failing. The southerly latitude combined with the high elevation gives this region a delightful all-the-year-around climate that cannot be equalled in the United States.

The wild scenery is magnificent beyond description; tremendous jagged peaks, deep canyons and lovely valleys form a Club setting unsurpassed on the continent. Over a hundred miles of streams as clear and pure as the mountain streams of New England add to the charm of the Club property. Both hard and soft wood timber grows to an immense size and clothes the mountain slopes with widespread forests.

Most of the wild fruits of the temperate zone grow abundantly including cherries, plums, grapes, strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, haws and madronias. The luxuriant grass, green in places the year around, combined with vast quantities of acorns, nuts and fruit, makes this one of the greatest game supporting countries in the world.

This region is being dedicated to the use of a hunting Club and a game preserve while still possessing the primitive game conditions that existed in our own west fifty years ago. By the establishment of sanctuaries, the enforcement of proper game laws, the thinning out of the numerous mountain lions and other predatory animals, and the introduction of new species, the Club proposes to preserve these primitive conditions in existence for all time. Every man who is interested in the natural resources of North America, whether he likes to hunt or not, should become a member of the Carmen Mountain Club and help to preserve one of the most interesting regions on the continent.

Many Ocelots, Mountain Lion and other Cats are to be found in the Carmen Mountains.

The time is very close when the only way of hunting and observing our big game is through membership in a private hunting Club and game preserve.

If you want to insure for your son the pleasures that mean so much to you, acquire a membership in the Carmen Mountain Club.

The Carmen Mountain Club has the co-operation of the Mexican National Association of Hunters, and the approval of the Department of Hunting and Fishing of Mexico.

The location is easy of access for members, being only an interesting five hour auto drive from Del Rio, Texas.

There will be the added sports of golf, polo, tennis, mountain climbing, riding, bathing, etc.

The Club House will be a picturesque log building, located in a beautiful canyon. Members may build their own cottages if they choose.

Club standards are high and the membership will be limited.

Write today for further information and booklet.

CARMEN MOUNTAIN CLUB,

325 New York Life Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me free booklet and complete information about Carmen Mountain Club.

Name _____

Address _____ *Occupation* _____

Field Trial

(Continued from page 57)

full satisfaction, they shall declare the Grand American Champion.

The club would like to see as many as possible of the committee on each breed attend the All American, U. S. and National Champion Field Trials, all to be run at Grand Junction, Tenn., during the month of January, 1925, for the purpose of seeing all dogs work that are nominated and present and ready to start, so that they will be posted to select the very best available dogs from each breed.

The committee shall run the aged dogs heats first, followed by the Derby heats in the first series. The committee shall draw for choice to name the first dog to run in the first heat. After the winning committee makes its selection, the other committee shall name a dog to compete in said heat. The second committee shall then name a dog to run in second heat and the first committee shall name a dog to compete in said heat and each committee shall alternate in making their selections for the remaining heats. All dogs to be run in the order named, and cannot be changed or withdrawn except for a reasonable cause and with the consent of the judges.

Nominations close January 14th, 1925.

Nomination fee $10.00. Starting fee $65.00.

All nominations and starting fees including all contributions after deducting actual expenses shall be divided among the winners as follows:

25 per cent will be expended for suitable cups.

75 per cent will be paid as purses to winners.

The Grand Champion will receive 50 per cent of the purse money in addition to the championship trophy.

The winner of each heat in the first series will receive a cup and 50 per cent of the purse money divided equally to each heat winner.

The following judges have been invited to serve:

Fred Hall, Detroit, Mich.
Chas. E. Pierson, Terre Haute, Ind.
W. J. Shaw, Brownsville, Tenn.
J. W. Ray, Alexandria, La.
Phil Essig, Atlanta, Ga.

Committee invited on pointers:

Wm. Zeigler, Jr., New York City
E. J. Rowe, Birmingham, Ala.
U. R. Fishel, Hope, Ind.
Frank Fellows, Springfield, Mo.
C. E. Griffith, Big Cabin, Okla.

Committee invited on setters:

Frank Reilly, Medford, N. J.
Dr. P. K. Phillips, Cincinnati, Ohio
Carl Duffield, Tulsa, Okla.
J. M. Avent, Hickory Valley, Tenn.
Tye Cobb, Augusta, Ga.

If judges and committees invited fail to act the club reserves the right to select others. Also to decide all business not provided for.

All those interested in seeing or having the two breeds thoroughly tested may send their contributions to our Secretary, Mr. Ed. Coe, Nesbit, Miss. The names and amounts of those subscribing will be duly published from time to time in the sporting papers and other papers.

Be sure to read the ads in Outdoor America

RESORTS & CAMPS
HOTELS—GUIDES—PROPERTY

SPORTSMEN!

When going through Chicago on your fishing or hunting trip—north, east, south or west—make your headquarters at

THE BLACKSTONE
South Michigan Avenue facing Grant Park
or at
THE DRAKE
Upper Michigan Avenue facing Lake Michigan

The Blackstone

These two magnificent world famed hotels are equi-near the center of the city's activities. They are connected by the Famous Boulevard Link, an important part of Chicago's "City's Beautiful" Plan.

Booklet on request

THE DRAKE HOTEL COMPANY
Managers Chicago

CURRITUCK DUCK-SHOOTERS LODGE
CURRITUCK, N. C.

Now Booking Reservations for Coming Season. Duck, Goose, Snipe and Quail. Modern and Best Equipped in N. C. Ref. in all parts of U. S. Bass and Rock Fishing Oct. Correspondence Invited.

Best available hunting site for brant and geese in Dare Co., N. C., for sale.

Nearest land to best hunting reef in Pamlico Sound. Strictly private. High land and densely wooded—50 acres. *Particulars write*

MAUDE O'NEALE, Hatteras, N. C.
Controlling interest

Why Wait until Spring to plan your next FISHING TRIP?

Start planning now and let us send you descriptive booklet of CAMP EUCAROMA.

ROBERT D. MORGAN,
529 Guardian Bldg., Cleveland, O.
Please send Timagami camp booklet to
Name .....
Address .....

For Sale: Hunting Lodge

About 8,000 acres—water front—North Carolina—cheap—wonderful duck shooting.

Joseph P. Day Inc.
Sole Agent.
67 Liberty St. N. Y. City — Cort. 0744

1400 Lakes, 1000 Miles of the Best Black Bass Fishing

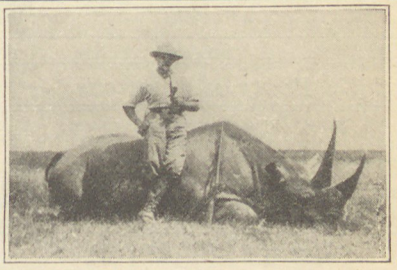
to be found. Good boats, guides, accommodations at reasonable rates. Local chapter I.W.L.A. For reservation write
MAGNOLIA HOTEL, Leesburg, Fla.

GOOD SPORT IN THE SOUTH
Near Georgetown, South Carolina

Wild turkey, ducks, quail, and other game in the Sautee River section. A remarkable location for visiting sportsmen. Accommodations for ladies and gentlemen. Also an attractive winter home and plantation for sale. For full particulars and reservations address
F. E. Johnston, P.O. Box 533, Georgetown, South Carolina

In the Heart of Currituck Sound

To Wild Fowl Shooters: If you want a comfortable bed, good, plain, substantial food and the opportunity to kill your limit on ducks and geese every day of the season make your reservations now. Our years of experience and wonderful stool of decoys enable us to hold our patrons year after year. Write us now for references. We prefer our satisfied guests to speak for us.
SANDY POINT PRESERVE, KNOTT'S ISLAND, N. C.
F. L. Williams, Proprietor



SIEDENTOPF BROS.
AFRICAN
Hunting Expeditions in Portuguese East Africa
"The Hunters' Only Paradise"

OUR 18 years of actual experience guarantees you the finest specimens of all big game as well as a full complement of antelopes and gazelles, in well conducted safaris.
Now is the time to sign up for the best reservations in 1925.
Snapshots and motion pictures of wild animals a specialty.
Temperate climate—Healthy country—Fine scenery.
TERMS: $1350 first month, $1100 each month thereafter. Everything furnished except guns, ammunition and license.

A. R. SIEDENTOPF
CANON CITY COLORADO

White's Game Preserve
Waterlily, Currituck Sound, N.C. (Waterlily P.O.)

Our duck, goose, quail and snipe shooting equals any in North America. Season November, December and January. Best to make reservations early. We think our Canvasback shooting is better than any.
If interested in growing duck food, write us.

At NAPLES-ON-THE-GULF, the
NAPLES HOTEL AND COTTAGES

A high class winter resort in Southern Florida—catering to lovers of sports and a matchless winter climate. We have fine GOLF—TRAP-SHOOTING—QUAIL—DEER—TURKEY—SNIPE SHOOTING. *Wonderful winter* FISHING—SURF BATHING. SWIMMING POOL—SADDLE HORSES—BALL ROOM—ORCHESTRA—BILLIARD ROOM—MOVING PICTURES—1000 FOOT PIER *extending into Gulf of Mexico. Thoroughly modern hotel with accommodations for 250 guests. Open December 1st.*

FOR RESERVATIONS ADDRESS
PETER P. SCHUTT, MGR. NAPLES, FLORIDA

Advertisers in this Department are Receiving Wonderful Results

A Trial Ad Will Prove It

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

ADVERTISEMENTS from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 10c a word per insertion, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words.

Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than $1.

All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 1st of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

536 Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Boats and Canoes

16 FOOT Flat Bottomed Rowboat. Easily made. Construction blueprint, 30c. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

ROWBOATS. Easily made. Interesting literature free. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit, Mich.

Camps and Cottages

FOR RENT—Two new three room furnished cottages, including garage and rowboat, at Crystal River. Best fishing place in Florida. $250 each for season. Geo. DePeyster, Morris, Ill.

Coins and Curios

GENUINE Indian curios prepaid at following low prices—Terms cash with order. Buckskin Moccasins, $5.00. Beaded watch fobs, $1.50. Beaded belts, $5.00. Beaded hatbands or headbands, $3.00. Ladies' necklaces loom beaded, $2.50. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Chief Flying Cloud, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (9X)

RARE Coins—Silver, gold, copper and paper money of the world; Mexican bill and new catalogue 10c. Alexis Mengelle, Box 387, Colorado Springs, Colorado. (3-12)

CALIFORNIA gold, quarter size, 27c; $.50 size, 53c; dollar size, $1.10. 1,000,000 German marks and catalogue, 10c. Norman Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo. (6-5)

5 DIFFERENT foreign coins and price list 10c. Otto Oddehon, Independence, Mo.

Dogs

GENTLEMEN: My dogs are above the average. I am offering some of the finest setters of the day. A litter by Mickey Mohawk. One by Rigolettos Granddaughter. One by Glads Lady Lou out of Phill's Ben Pall and the wonderful Sire Billie's Eugene M. $25.00. Candy Kids Cotton. By Countess Mitsie. Nicely started. All white Black Ticks. Attractive, wonderful, $75.00. Better get on him. Mickey Mohawk 4 years, Staunch, Good Retriever, go from sun up till sun down. White Orange Beauty, $150.00. Tom Doon's Margoreta, out of Newtons Nell's Queen Past Year, not broken or spoiled; nicely started. $200.00. Out of Tom Doon; enough said. Best pointer blood in U. S. A. E. J. Caldwell Setter Kennels, Lockwood, Mo.

LOOK Look Sport Hunters and Bargain Buyers. I offer you for sale my pair of rabbit hounds, Rock and Fan. They are 2 years of age, full blooded hounds, extra good lookers, O. K. in every respect. Open trailers and all day hunters. This pair of dogs are the dogs that you all have been looking for. Will ship on 15 days' trial. First $35 gets them C. O. D. Jesse Cain, Murray, Ky.

POINTERS and puppies. World's best breeding. Vaccinated against distemper. Three six months old, registered pups for this fall's hunting. Also own stud dog, Broomhills Elkwood "Jack" sire Champ. Broomhill Dan. Dam Queen of Elkwood (Hal Kent ex Bell of Elkwood). Fee, $25.00. Write for descriptive circular. C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill.

LOOK Look Sport Hunters—I offer you for sale the Kentucky English strain of hounds, coons, opossums, minks, skunks and rabbit hounds. Pointers and setters. All dogs sold under a guarantee. Please give description of dog wanted. Reference: First National Bank, Murray, Ky. A. F. Doran, Murray, Ky.

FOR Sale—German shepherd puppies. We think we have one of the best litters of puppies that was ever sired by International Ch. Hamilton Erich von Grafenwerth P. H. We also have some cheaper puppies. Ray R. Shepherd, Bicknell, Indiana. (3-1)

BROKEN Beagles, Rabbit, Coon, Fox-hounds. Trial pups. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-12)

Dogs

GERMAN Police Puppies for sale. Double cross of the World's famous Kriminalpolizie. Silver grey and solid tan. Price $35 for Females and $50 for Males. Female, silver grey, Palisade Zipp, one year old, safe and a wonderful playmate for children. Price $75. K. F. Hogrefe, Battle Creek, Neb.

FOR SALE: Litter of enrolled Irish Setters by nationally known Monty Oges King. Three months of age. Dam combination. Law and Clandvirick blood. Thirty-five dollars each and on approval. Pedigree and photos on application. Inquire C. L. Phillips, Barnard, Mo.

YE OLDEN TYME extra long eared black-tan, registered American foxhound puppies, bugle voiced, cold nosed, all day runners, intelligent, persistent, unbounded endurance; in a word the best in hounds. Descriptive illustrated circular, 10c. Earl Gossett, Bannock, Ohio, Box 35A. (3-2)

ENGLISH Springer Spaniel Puppies. June whelped. Large upstanding springers. Bloodlines double champion Horsford Hetman. Double champion Flint of Avendale. Either sex. $50. Imported broke dogs, $250. Walton Kennels. 646 Olive St., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR Sale—Beautiful German police pups, all colors, from prize winners in Germany, police trained, best bloodlines. Sold on approval. Papers furnished. We have pleased hundreds since 1914. Dr. Almklov, Cooperstown, North Dakota. (3-1)

FOR Sale—High class Foxhounds, Beaglehounds, Coonhounds, bloodhounds, and Setters; partly and well broken; puppies of all breeds. I ship C. O. D., no money in advance; stamp for booklet. Landis-Kennels, Mohnton, Pa. (3-12)

FOR SALE: Six pups. ¾ blue ticked, ¼ black and tan. Four months old. Sire and Dam my two best dogs. $25 and $15 each. Also four young dogs started on bear and lion. H. M. Elkins, Hunter and Guide, Gardiner, Mont.

FOR SALE: English setter puppies. Whelped May 18th. Ready to break. White with orange ears. All papers. Females, $20; males, $25. Pointer puppies, no papers. Will ship on approval. Alfred Krogstad, Avoca, Minn.

BLACK, Tan, Blue Ticked Red Bone Birdsong coonhounds, $50.00. Best rabbit hounds in the south, $20.00. All dogs sold on ten days' trial. Bates Bros., Box 342, Mena, Ark. (4-2)

CHESAPEAKES for Sale. Grown dogs and puppies for sale. Trained and untrained. Prices reasonable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Pedigree furnished. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-12)

HIGH class Irish, English, Llewellyn, Gordon setters and pointers. Also Irish Water Spaniels and Chesapeakes. Puppies and trained dogs at all times. Stamps. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (3-12)

POINTER Puppies, 6 months, enrolled out of Hard Cash Bitch and Grand Son Champion Hard Cash Pointing Readey, $40. C. O. D. on approval. Postage. S. Sharkey, Westminster, Md.

FOR SALE: Registered stock of English Llewellyn Setters and English Pointers, 7 months old and younger pups. Price right. List free. H. L. Brandl, New Munich, Minn.

FOR Sale—American Brown Water Spaniels. Guaranteed to hunt at one year of age or money refunded. Wolf River Kennels, New London, Wis. (3-1)

FOR Sale—Chesapeake Bay Retrievers and English Springer Spaniel puppies. Best blood lines obtainable. Satisfaction guaranteed. Goodspeed's Kennels, Waverly, Ia. (3-12)

TRAINED Stag hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-1)

FOR Sale—German police dogs, best of pedigrees. Arthur Anson, Mose, North Dakota. (3-1)

Dogs

SPORTSMEN—Real Cooners, Redbones black and tan and blueticks. Foxhounds, skunkhounds, wolfhounds and rabbithounds. Ten days' trial. Square dealing. Leo Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

REGISTERED German Police puppies of supreme type and breeding. Ideal Christmas presents $35 to $50. From imported stock. Earl Gossett, Bannock, Ohio.

I AM a Postal Clerk. Keep few good hounds for my own sport. Have four month old pups to spare, at $5 each. Pictures on request. Roy Bales, Mena, Ark.

FOR SALE: Fine high-class coon, skunk and opossum hounds. Not culls but real tree dogs. Also six Red Bone pups. Price reasonable. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (2-1)

IRISH Terriers—Protect your loved ones and property. Pal for children. Gamest dog on earth. Litter imported. Dare Devils for sale. Red-Top Kennels, Teague, Texas.

GUARANTEED tree dogs and running hounds. Raised and trained in the heart of the Ozarks, where hunting is real. Write your wants. C. L. Currier, Ozark, Ark.

NO. 1 coon, opossum, skunk, fox and rabbit hounds. Trial. Prices reasonable. Will furnish papers with some of tree dogs. Joe Sarver, Cowden, Ill.

POLICE dogs and pups. Sturdy northern stock. Championship eligible bloodlines. Very reasonable prices. Dawson Kennels, Dawson, Minn.

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies, Champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City.

SETTERS—Forty pound youngsters, also brood bitches, registered stock, good ones, shipped on approval. J. Libby, East Rochester, N. H.

HIGH-CLASS fox, deer, coon hounds. A few still trailing coon and varmint dogs. State wants. J. R. Stephens, Marshall, Ark.

RABBIT hounds for sale cheap—$17.50 each. Free trial. Order from this ad as long as they last. Joab Hicks, Hanson, Ill. (3-2)

FOR SALE: Trained and untrained hounds, from mountain section, North Arkansas. Address Noah King, Calico Rock, Ark. (2-1)

FINE beagle eight months old. No training. Exceptional prospect, $20. John Crego, 13 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

IMPORTED pups and grown dogs for sale. Entire kennel of trained dogs. Veri-Best Police Dog Kennels, Portland, Ind.

HUNTING hounds, rat terriers, beagles, airedales, collies. Trial allowed. Lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box O A, Pana, Ill. (3-2)

FOR SALE: Pointers and setters, all ages; satisfaction guaranteed. Write for list. L. A. Welden, Gilman City, Mo.

FOR SALE: Tree and running dogs. 10 days' trial. Money back guarantee. A. F. Cooper, Knob Creek, Ark.

LABRADORS, incomparable retrievers of feather and fur. Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Mont.

FOR SALE: Started Coon and Skunk hounds. Real Cooner. Route 2, Frank Carpenter, Lake City, Minn.

ENGLISH Setter Pups. Best of breeding. All papers. Priced right. Fred McGough, Backus, Minn.

INTELLIGENT Registered Mammoth Great Dane puppies for sale. Box 23, New Richmond, Ind. (3-2)

THOROUGHBRED Airedales. All ages. Real guards. Floral Hill Kennels, New London, Wis. (3-2)

FOR Sale—Airedale puppies, pedigreed; best hunting strain. Wm. Jordan, Hermann, Mo. (3-1)

TRAINED rabbit hounds. $20 each. C. O. D. trial. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Ill.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Dogs

FOR SALE: Wolf Hounds. None but the best. Some pups. William Petrie, Sylvia, Kans.

FOR SALE: Four trained coonhounds and six young dogs. Euell Lowery, Cullman, Ala.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial catalogue. Beck, D-45, Herrick, Ill.

ENGLISH Bull puppies, Fox Terriers, Collies, $10.00. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (3-1)

REGISTERED Redbone Coonhound puppies. Charles Hodgen, R. I. Franklin, Ohio.

Dog Remedies

SACOL Canine Remedies are the best that can be had when real scientific and successful dog treatment is desired. In a class above the ordinary dog remedies. Endorsed by the most prominent dog breeders and veterinarians, including the famous dog trainer, Capt. Engerer. Send stamp for our booklet and supply of pedigree blanks. Sacol Laboratory, Box 24, Ridgewood Sta., B'klyn, N. Y. (6-3)

WORMS—The Government found Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure, 100% effective against hook and round worms in dogs, and also the safest. Insoluble non-breakable capsules for dogs and puppies, 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11X)

SIXTY-MINUTE Worm remedy for dogs. Vegetable compound administered with food. Harmless; results guaranteed. Prepaid, 15 doses, $1.00; 36 doses, $2.00; 75 doses, $3.50. Chemical Products Co., Ellsworth, Minn. (5-2)

Firearms

The New OVRUNDA Double

THE New Christoph Funk Over and Under has wonderful balance and workmanship, the result of 90 years of manufacturing fine arms. The acme of perfection for trap or field. Regular doubles, three-barrelled guns and double rifles in stock and made to order at very moderate prices. Send for illustrated circular. Baker & Kimball, 38D South Street, Boston. Sole American Agents.

Sauer Shot Guns and Sauer-Mauser Rifles

Your safety lies in your dealing direct with the factory's Sole and Only Agent in America. By doing so you will receive Genuine NEW goods of Pre-War quality and at Pre-War Prices. You have the Guarantee of J. P. Sauer & Son, as well as our own, back of every transaction. Address (3-12)

The Milford Co., Milford, Delaware

SAUER SHOTGUNS AT CUT PRICES

CLOSING out our small stock of genuine J. P. Sauer guns at less than wholesale prices, to make room for our new line of Funk arms. Send for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston.

SELL—10 gauge Ithaca, Smith, Winchester Lever, Baker, Parker, Super Fox, Duck, Goose Guns. Heavy Duck, Goose and Fox Loads any gauge, High Power Rifles. Firearms list 100 guns 10c. Frayseth's Hardware, Milan, Minn.

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

FIREARMS, ammunition and components. Loading tools. Marble goods. Hand cast and gas check bullets. W. A. Clark, Colton, N. Y. (3-2)

GUNSTOCK Blanks—Selects, $1; fancy, $2.50; extra, $5; sporters, $1.50, $3.50, $6. C. T. Harner, Isabella St., Springfield, Ohio. (3-2)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

RODS wound and refinished with Dercelen guaranteed enamel, $1.50 a section. Dercelen Enamel—Color Preserving, Rod Finishing, Heavy Flymakers. Any grade. 4-oz. can, $1, 3 for $2.75, prepaid. Leon Derr, Rodmaker, 5065 Claxton, St. Louis, Mo.

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN Exchange—We exchange guns, rifles, field glasses, cameras, watches, etc. Or will buy for cash. Write us what you have, what you want, or send us the article with a letter, and will make you an offer by return mail. Best prices paid for tanned skins. E Wanger, 502-A Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-2)

FOR SALE: Share in one of best duck hunting clubs along the Illinois river. Inquire J. L. Bane, Ottawa, Ill.

PEDIGREED Airedales, for guns, tents, motors, cash register or offers. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minn. (3-1)

TRADE—Prisma Binoculars 8X, new. Want pedigreed beagles or firearms. B. Ferringer, Mayport, Pa. (3-2)

Game Birds and Animals

HOW to Attract Ducks. Grow their favorite foods, Terrell's Wild Rice, etc., in your waters. Seeds for every condition ready for fall planting. Write for free illustrated booklet giving expert advice on what and where to plant. Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 10-L Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-12)

FOR SALE: Three young black male raccoons, one hundred dollars each. Largest breeder of black raccoon in the world. Circular how to care for them, ten cents. Two large grey males, two grey females, two years old, fifteen dollars each. L. S. Russell, Cardington, Ohio.

CHINESE Ring-neck and Fancy Pheasants, wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Waterfowl, Deer and Elk. Eggs for spring delivery. Stamps for price list. E. Jaser Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich.

THOROUGHBRED St. Andrewsberg roller canaries. Fine, healthy singers and breeding pairs. Ship anywhere. Prices reasonable. Frank Caduff, 317 Sixteenth Avenue, Newark, N. J.

SMALL English callers $10 pair. Trapped Mallards $5 pair. Domesticated Mallards, $4 pair. Decoy Neck Holder 25c, dozen $2 postpaid. O. Robey, Maryville, Mo. (3-2)

SPORTSMAN—We sell live cotton tail rabbits, squirrels, quail for stocking, also dead rabbits for kennels. Tarman's Fur Farm, Quincy, Penna. (3-1)

BREEDER of Pedigreed Rabbits, Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Belgian Hares. Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

FOR SALE: Ferrets, skunks, raccoons, opossums, muskrats, red fox, muscovy ducks. B. Tippman, Dept. N, Caledonia, Minn.

FERRETS—First class rat and rabbit hunters, stock guaranteed. C. E. Crow, New London, Ohio.

SILVERBLACK Foxes $350 Muskrats. Time payments. A. C. Schumacher, Lockland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—Silver, Patch and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N. S., Canada.

Hunting Horns

FOX Horns—30 days' trial—money back guarantee—illustrated booklet. Karl W. Kahmann, 2513 Lincoln Avenue, Box, 61, Chicago, Ill. (3-1)

Miscellaneous

BROTHER Coonhunters and Trappers, all of you, to get your name and address to me at once. Don't fail; investigate; be successful. Important information for you. Increase your knowledge; don't miss this. Send me name and address at once for particulars. A post card will do. Write plainly. No obligations. Address: Raymond Bingaman, Batavia, Ohio, Route 1.

FOR SALE: Navajo Indian rugs. The most unusual Xmas present that you can buy, hand woven from pure wool by Navajo Squaws, will last a lifetime, prices $7.50 up delivered. Illustrated descriptive folder upon request. Buel H. Canady, Box 393, Winslow, Ariz.

FOX Hunters and Trappers: Seven out of every ten Foxes you go after. A set that rain, ice, snow or rabbits never destroy. Try my method. Sample snare, illustrations and instructions all for $3.00. A. F. Josco, So. Paupack, Penna.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can show any reader of this magazine how to get them. Just drop me a card for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-2)

Miscellaneous

VENTRILOQUISM taught almost anyone at home. Small cost. Send 2c stamp today for particulars and proof. Geo. W. Smith, Room M-928, 125 N. Jefferson, Peoria, Ill.

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (6-2)

FORMULAS: New. Guaranteed. Make own extracts, syrups, beverages, etc. Also baits; scents. Valuable information free. Meriden Co., 3322 White, Seattle, Wash. (3-2)

WILD Game Pictures for your den, office or home. Natural surroundings. Thirty-six subjects. Send for descriptive circular. Neumann & Liek, Gardiner, Montana. (3-1)

CIGAR Smokers—Buy direct—Long-filler Perfectos. Highest quality. $3 per hundred, postpaid. Double value guaranteed. Carney-Graham Company, Paducah, Ky.

EVERY Sportsman should use my guaranteed waterproof shoe grease; send 35c and a can will be mailed to any address in United States. Ole Hansen, Ludington, Mich. (3-2)

HIGH Blood Pressure easily, inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (2-12)

DESIGN patents—$30.00 total cost. Patents for sale. Patent News, 210 Washington, D. C. (3-1)

INDIAN Handwoven Blankets, table runners, rugs, moccasins. Also genuine Hudson's Bay "Point" blankets. Theodore Langguth, Boise, Idaho.

MEN wanting forest ranger, postal clerk and other government positions; particulars free. Write Mokane, Dept. A-57, Denver, Colo. (3-2)

THE North Sewage Screen will remove pollution from domestic or industrial sewers. Bay Foundry & Machine Works, Green Bay, Wis.

TYPEWRITERS: $20 up. Easy payments. Free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kansas. (6-5)

Printing—Typewriting

250 BOND Letterheads or Envelopes, $1.25. W. E. Moyer Supply House, Milton, Pa.

TYPING, revising, correcting, putting into proper form, articles, stories, essays. Typing done at fifty cents per thousand words. Authors National Typing and Service Co., Box 420, Port Huron, Mich.

Real Estate

MOOSEHEAD Island, situated on the beautiful Moosehead Lake at Greenville, Maine. 137 acres. Deer, Moose, Bear. Fishing. To close estate, $5,000. Write F. E. Darragh, 1331 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks $100; hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (3-12)

5 ACRES fruit, poultry, ginseng farm, $76; $1 down, $5 monthly. Hunting, fishing, trapping. Ozarks. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark.

Taxidermy

LIFELIKE plastic Taxidermy. Prof. Stainsky of National Reputation. To be sure your trophies are preserved true to life, they should be mounted by Prof. Stainsky, originator of Plastic art in Taxidermy. Send for price list. We save you money. Colorado Springs, Colo.

ALLIGATOR skin, tanned, head and feet on, 4 feet long, $9. Just the thing for your den. Mountain lion and other skins. Albert Gerlach, New Orleans, La.

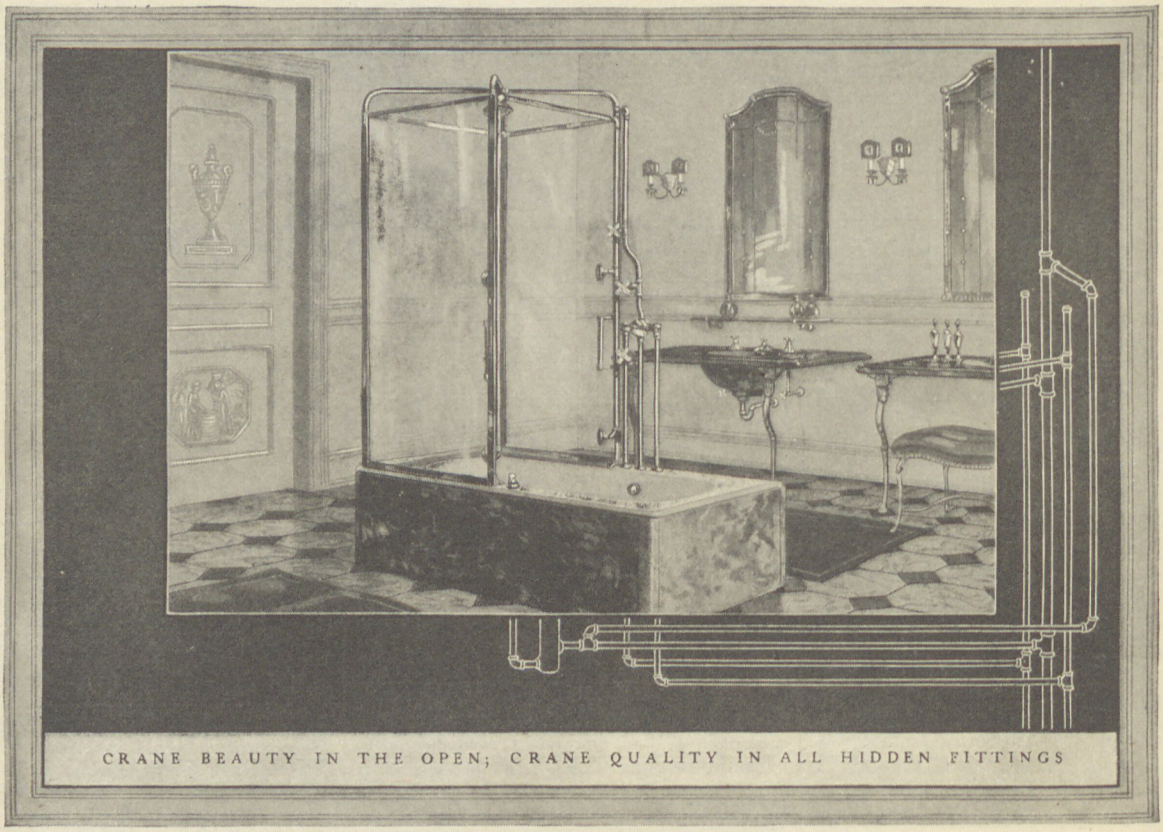
FEW uncalled for first class mounted Deer heads at cost of mounting. Stainsky's Fur & Taxidermy Co., Colorado Springs, Colo. (2-12)

MOUNTED Trout. Natural, artistic, permanent. Several choice specimens, $10 up. Theodore Langguth, Boise, Idaho.

Wanted

WANTED to buy. "Woodcraft," by Nessmuk. Any edition prior to Nineteen Hundred. Harry F. Lotz, Joliet, Ill.

WHO breeds or who will sell Black Pope pointer, old or young? Kenneth Thomas, Calais, Maine.



CRANE BEAUTY IN THE OPEN; CRANE QUALITY IN ALL HIDDEN FITTINGS

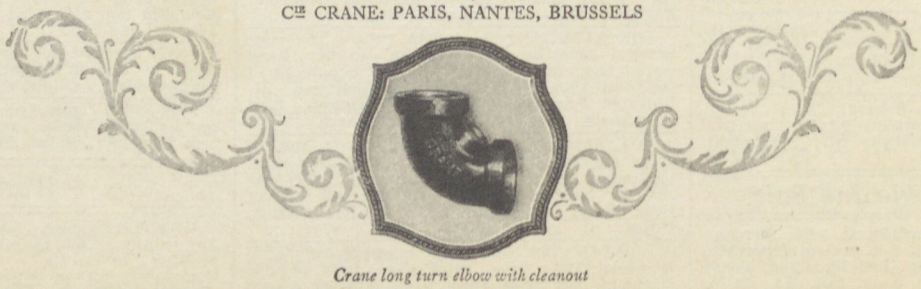
An inclosed shower bath, lighted, ventilated, free from clinging curtains, yet entirely splash-proof, has long been the ideal of discriminating home makers. Costly built-in construction seldom results in the perfect comfort desired.

The Crane *Crystal* shower satisfies the most exacting standards of beauty, luxury and convenience. Plate glass incloses three sides. Four horizontal sprays supplement the overhead needle spray. In combination with the *Tarnia* bath, no more space is required than for an ordinary tub. They can be installed in the most interesting of all settings, in the open, away from walls and corners. Plaster or tiles may replace the black and white marble encasing the *Tarnia* above.

Crane plumbing and heating materials, sold by contractors everywhere, include fixtures within reach of all. Write us for "The New Art of Fine Bathrooms."

CRANE

GENERAL OFFICES: CRANE BUILDING, 836 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO
CRANE LIMITED: CRANE BUILDING, 386 BEAVER HALL SQUARE, MONTREAL
Branches and Sales Offices in One Hundred and Forty-eight Cities
National Exhibit Rooms: Chicago, New York, Atlantic City, San Francisco and Montreal
Works: Chicago, Bridgeport, Birmingham, Chattanooga, Trenton and Montreal
CRANE EXPORT CORPORATION: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, SHANGHAI, CHINA
CRANE-BENNETT, LTD., LONDON
CIE CRANE: PARIS, NANTES, BRUSSELS



Crane long turn elbow with cleanout

"I've Got a Boy—

"Like his Dad, my Bill can't make his fire on the Alaskan tundras, but he can spend hours with the men who do. He can't tramp the Amazon jungle trails, but he can chum with the fellow whose machete cleared them. He can't fight and roast and ride with Ramsden, but he can listen while Jeff tells him all about it. He can slip into the shadows around the Campfire, and hear men's stories about men's jobs and, if he gets what is there for him, he will just naturally soak in the lore of '71. Once let him get the taste of the salt on his tongue, and the feel of the sand in his hair, and the cheap and the sham and the rotten will lose its appeal. I don't know any better grounds for recommending Adventure. Do you?"

Adventure is for All—

This is a typical letter from a typical Adventure reader. Adventure is for boys —of all ages from seven to seventy-plus. It's for *all* who like the great out-of-doors, who like clean, well-written stories of action, of adventure in all countries, in all times, told by those who know.

Such famous authors as Rafael Sabatini,* Talbot Mundy, Robert Simpson, Hugh Pendexter, J. Allan Dunn, Leonard H. Nason, Arthur D. Howden-Smith, Thomson Burtis, W. C. Tuttle, Gordon Young, etc., are Adventure writers.

Do you know Adventure? If you like it you'll read it forever.

Find out about Adventure. Sit in on its Campfire—listen to the experiences of others and, if you will, contribute your own. Send your questions on camping, hunting trips, etc., to Ask Adventure experts. Read their answers to the questions of others. Get a copy of Adventure and see for yourself what it offers.

Adventure

The coupon below brings you a copy of Adventure —free. Fill it out and mail it today. There is no obligation—but do it *now*, before it's too late.

** "Captain Blood" and "The Sea Hawk," two of Sabatini's most famous novels, were first published in Adventure*

Clip this Coupon and Mail Today!

Dept. E

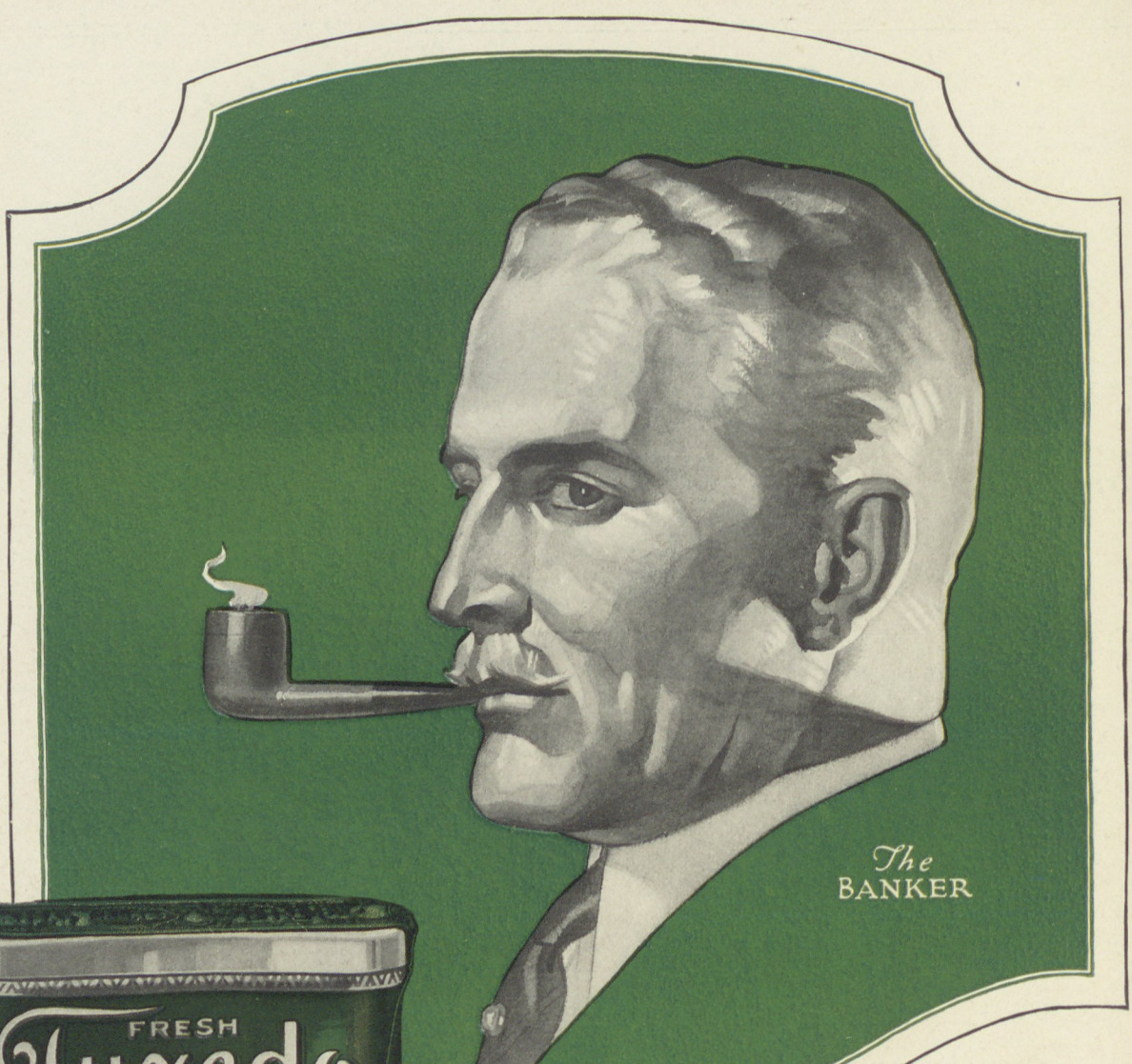
ADVENTURE
THE RIDGEWAY COMPANY
Spring and Macdougal Sts., NEW YORK, N.Y.

GENTLEMEN: I'd like to read a copy of Adventure. Please send a sample copy to the address given. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... *STATE*.....



Men who know values quickly appreciate quality.

Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

FRESH
Tuxedo
TOBACCO